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DESTINY; OR, LIFE AS IT IS.

R. M.

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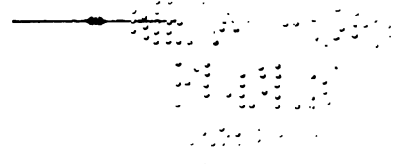
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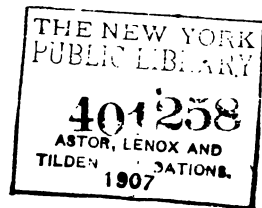
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MISS FAIR. C. LAYNE,

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FOND LOVE, OF ———,

**ROSALIE MILLER MURPHY.**

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## PREFACE. .



WHAT shall I say? Offer an apology for the folly of writing and publishing a book, lay on a fine amount of "flattering unction," deploring imperfections, begging a kind and not critical reception? Really, I think the above style out of date.

I frankly admit that it is anything but a paragon in the literary way; but where so many write, and so few write *well*, I consider it no special egotism on my part.

Those who admire lightness and simplicity, and desire relaxation from the abstruse and learned works of fiction that the Stars of the Literati are and have been producing, will find this "bonnie wee thing" quite *apropos*.

Very truly,

ROSALIE MILLER.

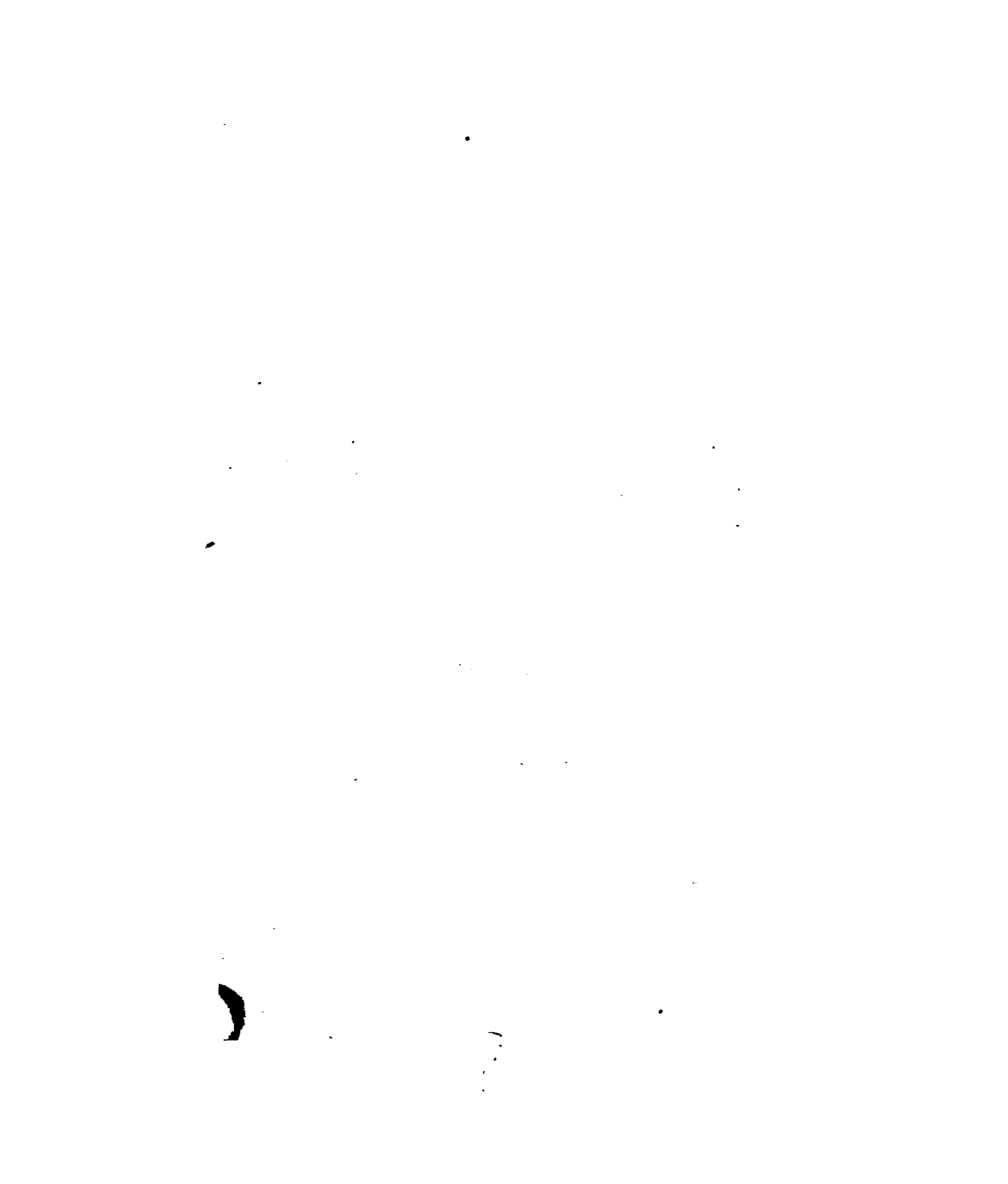
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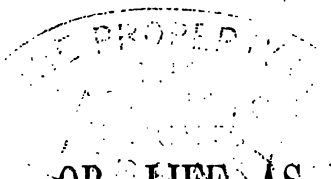
P. S.—The late war prevented an earlier publication, Having other works in preparation for the press, I might, under different circumstances, throw this aside; but being my first waif of Romance, I feel an affection for this "maiden effort" akin to the glow of emotion that flushed the cheek and brightened the eye of girlhood. Hoping the young fledgeling may bravely buffet the waves of public opinion,

I am, very respectfully,

ROSALIE MILLER MURPHY.

NEW YORK, 1867.





# DESTINY ; OR, LIFE AS IT IS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

A young, beautiful, and happy girl,  
With step as soft as summer air,  
And fresh young lip, and brow of pearl,  
Shadowed by many a careless curl.

WHITTIER.

SPRING-TIME, early spring-time, of 1856 ; the earth is robed in a delicate coloring of green ; all nature looks fresh, and vernal. The blossoming leaf, the half-formed bud of floral beauty, the shooting stem of plant and flower, awaking into new life, gives a rebound of impulsive and passionate warmth to the human heart, and reinvigorates the soul of mankind.

What season could be more appropriate to begin the penographic sketch of the destiny of a fair and blooming creature, just expanding into womanly existence, than the bright, beautiful, dawning of an April day ?

'Tis, we think, peculiarly *apropos*. Life, itself, is like an April day. Its vicissitudes are as changing, its lights and shades as fickle ; its brightness as fleeting ; its brilliant morning quickly and unexpectedly dimmed by noonday clouds ; the brightest dawning often closing in the gloomy evening of sorrow.



What, then, is so near a simile of the mixture of smiles and tears, the joy and sadness, of human life as an April day?

A pony-carriage has just drawn up in front of the cast-iron gate opening into the shady avenue of an old brick mansion, that is almost hidden from view by the tall magnolias, water-oaks, and wild orange, that grow in luxuriance, and bend in loving care, around and about this home of peace and happiness. The town of C——, located in one of our Southern-Atlantic sea-girt States, boasts of many beautiful, richly-decorated, and almost palatial homes, yet our old brick mansion can favorably compare with any of them.

Winding 'round the carriage-drive, the vehicle stops at a side entrance, and the next moment a graceful, though delicately-formed, lady steps from its cushioned seats to the velvet grass-plot, and glides out of view, as a very lovely girl, in a sky-blue morning-wrapper, whose tiny feet scarcely touch the steps in descending, follows after,—'tis our heroine, Emma Emerson, with her mother, just returned from a morning drive.

An hour later, and we see Emma gathering a bouquet of the early flowers that have opened in charming variety, spangling the border of the lawn with artistic beauty. Hat and books are thrown carelessly aside, and now we may look, uninterruptedly, at the picture of our heroine thus presented.

A fair, high brow, cheeks of peach-blossom hue, very dark brown hair, waving in native ripples over a graceful neck,—a form not faultless in classic symmetry, yet unmistakably beautiful. But those eyes,—they redeem any homeliness that could be

seen in the other features; large, lustrous, and very dark blue: from their depths shone the reflection of a generous and impulsive heart. An irresistible attraction lurked in them. When lighted up with joy they sparkled with a fascinating spell of delight that flew, contagion-like, to all within their gaze. When kindled by curiosity or expectation, they were restless, telling by their ever-varying beam and anxious, inquiring glance, their impatience, their hopes, their fears, and ideal surmises. When fired with the passionate spirit of anger, which sometimes swept over my heroine, (for she is by no means a paragon in temper or style,) their penetrating, withering gaze of ironical contempt or displeasure, would make her school-girl companions shrink back in semi-fear and awe. But beautiful eyes never show their supreme and entrancing power till they catch the magic electricity of love; and our school-girl of fifteen summers has never known that potent spell.

"Perseverance is a good quality. . Father says it is my redeeming trait. By perseverance I have gathered a nice bouquet, and it being early for such a variety of flowers I will give them, an offering of *atonement*, to Mr. Vallean, dear old French-master, who does not scold me, but merely shrugs his shoulders, good-humoredly, and says, 'Ah, Miss Emerson, vill you try to translate that sentance again,' when I so often, wickedly I own, attempt to tease him by speaking low at the most difficult, and of course important, part of the French lessons."

With a smile of satisfaction she gathers her books, and, throwing on the broad brimmed hat, walked to the gate, where she paused, awaiting her friend and desk-mate, Molly Elby, who came tripping along

with a gay "Good morning," and characteristic light heart.

Together they wend their way, busy with social chit-chat of "text books," school friends, drives, walks, etc. Entering the arch gateway of the Female Academy of C——, we will leave them to prepare for the hours of recitation.

Emma Emerson is the only child of Hon. John Emerson, a wealthy and intellectual Southern planter and lawyer, an honorable, high-toned man, who deserves the popularity and prosperity that has crowned his life, and placed him on the *role* of the generous and hospitable men who form the basis of the admirable character that Southerners have won for gentility, refinement, and appreciative hearts and heads. His wife is truly amiable and interesting; reared by fond and indulgent parents, she has known but little of sorrow, care, or disappointment. Her keen, hazel eyes, slender figure, and rather nervously-formed face, black hair, and pale white brow, are quite a contrast to her husband. Certainly "opposites" were attracted in this husband and wife. Hon. John Emerson is a fac-simile of his daughter. The same high, intellectual brow, dark brown hair, which, though kept nicely trimmed, twists and curls into locks of careless yet beautiful appearance, and the eyes are quite the same. No one who has listened to the sublime and eloquent speaking of this Senator, and watched the peculiar and indescribable expression in his deep blue-black eyes, could be puzzled to know from whom Emma inherited those thrilling and potent orbs that made her a syren, to woo and win her way with ease to all hearts, even in her young, childhood days.

They watch and guard their daughter—the enthusiastic and impulsive Emma—with all the parental fondness and solicitude that a father and mother can only feel. They regard her as a gift of heavenly bounty, and their greatest joy is to carefully train and mould into sweet and charming womanhood this beautiful gem that God has given them, to be the star of hope and ambition in the evening-tide of their life. Carefully they guard and treasure this blue-eyed daughter of warm, mutual, and happy love.

Having entered the old Female College of C—, and being surrounded by competent instructors, morally and mentally, she certainly encourages her parents, relatives, and friends, in the pleasant expectation of seeing her, in a few brief years, take her position in society as an accomplished and intellectual young lady. Of the depth, the power, and the purity of her young head and heart, her wisdom or folly, nothing will now be said, leaving the pages of her destiny to unfold, in the subsequent scenes, their own eulogy and censure, which certainly should, and will be reliable, if not interesting, since it will possess the merit of being truthful.

Charles Elby and John Emerson were friends in boyhood, entered college and graduated together. Emerson excelled Elby, however, in all his classes, and carried off the victory, delivering the adieu or valedictory in his college. Settling in the same town, and continuing the intimacy, it was quite natural that Emma Emerson and Molly Elby should have been associates from earliest recollection. They have played together from the days of “merry wee children,” studied for years under the same tutor, and, as emerging from the days of toys and tiny

childhood into the beauteous buds of unfolding womanhood, they are, indeed, inseparably linked in a devoted spirit of friendship, cherishing fond and sincere love for each other. Such feelings of confiding trust and affection often springs into life by constant association, even when the persons are quite antagonistic in their views, their hopes, their tastes and habits. Emma was enthusiastic, ardent, determined, and persevering; Molly cheerful, gay, careless, with but little depth of thought, and only a moderate share of ideality, but a very good sprinkling of girlish curiosity, which often made her arouse from her apathetic spirit of nonchalance and dive spiritedly into intricate problems or enigmas, but she usually revolted at the idea of bestowing too much time on the articles called "text-books;" yet these two were as sisters. Emma was as necessary to Molly's happiness, in carrying out any programme of amusement, as the sunlight is to dispel the gray clouds of morning; and the same was equally true of Molly.

The busy hours of the day have run their course; the sun has sunk behind the hills, sending rays of departing glory out in golden flashing over the western sky.

The college-bell an hour since rang the welcome signal for dismissal; but still crowds of students are lingering on the college grounds, at the gate, or walk leisurely away with favorites and confidants. Under the archway is a bevy of young beauties, as varied in manner, dress, voice, size, and spirit, as a sultan's harem; we see Emma, and her friend Molly, discussing some feminine gossip, no doubt, or probably criticising the merits, appearance, and style of the

assistant music instructor. A young man with sad face, olive complexion, sandy hair and whiskers, *a lâ militare*, who has just arrived to supply the vacancy caused by the ill health of his predecessor. As each one gives Mr. Carlos their gratuitous criticism, with their original and amusing ideas, all rousing into animated conversation, we can not behold this group of pure and warm hopeful hearts, without invoking a kind Providence to shield and save them from the sorrow of human life. The blighted faith, broken vows, icicle hearts of hopeless, and yet proud followers of fashion's circle; where we only dare to worship mammon, which is the fate of many of the beautiful and lovely ones of earth, who, turning from the wretchedness of a disappointed but irrevocable affection, learns to take their characters in the drama of life, and play them after the Byronic rule—by their actions, tacitly admitting that they have decided to—

“Be hypocritical, be cautious, be  
Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.”

“Come, Molly, we have a long walk, and it is getting poetical twilight.”

“No need to be in haste; I really like going home in the twilight.”

A few moments, however, and the two walk off, homeward bound.

Emma looked rather thoughtful, and as Molly observed it, she said:

“Do you think of enjoying a tour to the usual fashionable places of interest this summer, such as Niagara, Saratoga, Cape May, the Virginia Spring

region, or Mammoth Cave, and the pleasure of roving over Kentucky's hunting grounds?"

"I scarcely know where mother designs going; however, if it were left to my choice, I would unhesitatingly decide in favor of Niagara. I have a perfect passion for water-falls. I shall never forget the fascinating music and picturesque scenery of Tullulah Falls in Georgia, and several little beauties of lakes and falls that are hid away in almost undisturbed seclusion near our home. I desire to visit Niagara very much, and I do not wish to wait until I have completed my studies, but would prefer going with my parents as an unattractive young Miss in her teens, and not be bored with sycophants, as I fear me I would be a year or two hence."

"It appears that you have an idea of creating quite a sensation when you make your debut in society, as the fascinating and beautiful Miss Emerson," replied Molly, with a mischievous laugh, adding as she looked at a young gentleman in grey cadet-suit that was rapidly approaching: "There comes your handsome cousin, Lionel Mortimer."

"Yes, I see him dimly in the distance. I wonder how it is he generally happens to meet us just about 'half way ground' as we go home; he appears quite careless as to military taps or anything of the kind, don't you think so, Emma?"

"But he is sufficiently guarded and punctual in discharging his duty to escape demerits generally."

The young cadet in question walked up by his cousin's side at this moment, ending her observations with a pleasant smile and polite bow, and insisted on being allowed the privilege of carrying their books,

receiving as he did so Molly's rhetoric, and her thanks, by declaring that he was a "model and attentive gallant."

"I thank you, Miss Molly, but would prefer no such teasing compliments. The next thing you and this mischievous cousin of mine will bestow on me the undesirable epithet of being a 'Lady's man,' which is nothing more in my view, than a nonsensical, foppish biped, with not two original ideas. Though I ardently admire your sex, I would not be called a lady's walking-stick!"

"'Teasing compliments.' Mr. Mortimer, I pray you believe no such thing. I spoke from real appreciativeness."

"Why, is it possible that such mere myths of school-girls as Molly and I can tease you, my dashing, ambitious Sir Lionel!" said Emma.

"What shall I do?" mockingly sighed Lionel. "A forlorn chap, with natural diffidence! between the keen, cutting jests of two bright-eyed and impulsive young Misses. I pray your mercy, fair cousin and friend!"

"We grant ye," said Emma, with comic seriousness.

"How do you like Mr. Carlos, the new Professor in Music? O, you can't imagine, Miss Molly, how he is envied; the idea of bending over, around, and near so many beautiful forms and bright eyes, hearing the soft voices, which are being taught to woo many, ah, too many, siren-like, to fatal destruction,—his position is indeed enviable."

"You would not think so, could you hear the reports of his nervous, agitated manner in going through his duties to-day. I think he has become



deeply smitten immediately with some of the college girls, probably Emma's eyes, for they do look captivating when playing some of Beethoven, Handel's or Weber's symphonies, or else we have frightened him out of his wits by our mischievous airs; what say you, Emma?"

"That I have not given this Don Carlos, with his sandy hair and military whiskers, scarcely a thought; but we did tease and annoy the poor man too much to-day."

"I must say you look sweetly repentant, and as if you intended to make reparation and grow sanctimonious," said Lionel to his cousin Emma, with a countenance that evinced it was all irony. "But you have been meditative for the last square; what has caused you to put on your thinking-cap?"

"I agree with you, Mr. Mortimer. Emma must be imagining an encounter with some foreign minister, or a terrible accident on the Suspension Bridge at Niagara as she crosses it this summer."

"Indeed; and does cousin Emma expect to visit there this vacation?"

"I cannot say; but I shall go if father and mother will so decide. What do you think of it?"

"Do go by all means, if convenient. I only regret that we have no vacation, and I cannot accompany you. It will be truly a grand and agreeable tour to one of your appreciative and enthusiastic disposition; it will certainly be productive of rare and delightful pleasure and interest"——

"Here we are at the Lawn gate," said Emma, interrupting the young cadet in his remarks. "I must say good-bye, unless we can have your pleasant faces at tea-table?"

"I must decline, as you know I've too many prosy text-books to pore over to dare enjoy the invitation," replied Molly.

"Neither can I accept, for I must be in barracks in fifteen minutes, or suffer the consequences of over-staying leave."

"Which means arrest and extra duty, I suppose; but remember, you dine with us Saturday, cousin Lionel."

"I cannot forget so pleasant an engagement," said he; and with a merry good-bye, Lionel Mortimer and Molly Elby passed on, as Emma disappeared in the shadow of the old oaks.

A week or two subsequent, and at twilight's fading hour, Emma is mounting the marble steps. Seeing her father seated in the porch, with a tired air she threw off her hat, and called Henry to take her books. Gliding up behind the wicker chair, she bent over her father, and softly pressed her lips to his brow. Drawing her to his side, he said: "My child is growing weary of her studies and daily routine of collegiate duties, patiently awaiting summer vacation; and where shall we take our mischievous Emma to pass the time in agreeable and instructive pleasure, surrounded by scenery that will at once please, interest, and expand your intellect? Mother can't decide, and we have determined to let you select."

"I must own I am quite, or will soon be, willing to lay my books on my library shelves, bid them fold their leaves of precious lore for a brief time, while I seek recreation, and instructive scenes amid some of the many inviting places of summer resort; and

could I have my choice, I should say Niagara by all means."

"Would you not prefer postponing your visit to such a place until you are a graduate, and can appear as a young lady, a Southern flower of rare and rich culture, into which I imagine you are now rapidly unfolding?"

"No, indeed, dear father, I would much prefer going when I will be in this chrysalis state. I will have no place as a belle, beauty, heiress, or any such silly, and I fancy, insipid programme to appear in, but protected by my school-girl style and age, I can enjoy, with all my enthusiastic and passionate fervor, the beauty and grandeur of this wonderful work of Divinity."

"I see no objection, since you thus express yourself. I suppose you will have many other places of equal interest to visit after you graduate, for I am now thinking of accepting a position which will require my presence in an European city, and cannot leave my happy Southern home, without your mother and you, my child."

"O, that will be delightful, if I can only finish my collegiate course; and I would dislike to visit a foreign country until I could speak of the scenery, the beauty and grandeur of American places of note and curiosity, with personal as well as theoretical knowledge and observation."

"I admire that sentiment very much, my daughter; there is a tone of honest, earnest pride and admiration for your own home, that truly pleases me. Respecting our trip to Niagara, if your mother will agree, or would like the tour, we will certainly go."

Mrs. Emerson came out to enjoy the moon just

rising in pale silvery ray, and took a seat by her husband's side as he concluded. Emma turned to her, and repeating her father's decision, added :

"Does mother object? father and I both hold your wishes paramount to all others, you know."

"Indeed I do not think of objecting. I have not visited there since my"—and she paused with a smile of charming diffidence as she clasped more closely her husband's hand, and continued—"our bridal tour, which was so perfectly joyous as to cause me never to dislike to revisit the scenes amid which I passed the golden hours of my young life's opening happiness."

"Sweet flatterer! who could wonder at my content, when I am blessed with such a devoted wife and daughter! Ah, my own, that was indeed a fitting prelude to these long years of our blissful wedded life; long years, but yet they seem as one eternal day of unalloyed pleasure, for we have truly known no night of sorrow. We will go there with our Emma, and with hearts laden with memory of the pure joy of mutual love, both past and present, relive those days of elysian bliss."

Bestowing a kiss on each as a silent token of thanks, Emma turned to leave, to arrange her dress or tangled curls probably, just as the tea-bell sounded.

"Too late to fly off to arrange into punctilious ringlets those wavy, tangled tresses. Come, we will take a wild-looking bird this evening at tea-table, rather than have none," said her father; and with a smile, she clasped his outstretched hand.

What a beautiful trio! His tall, manly form, as he walks proudly erect, and leaning on his arm in fond

dependence, is his charming wife ; a fair vision of airy grace, clad in snow-white lawn, holds with devotional care his left hand, while a smile of joy, peace and pleasure beamed from father to the daughter's face. A poet has said that "contentment is happiness," then indeed must this be a "Happy Family."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Vacation has come at last—the time so often desired has arrived. A few days more, and I will bid you good-bye, Molly, which is all that dims the anticipated joy of our trip. However, I shall write you long and confiding letters, telling you each and every impression that Niagara makes on my mind, and your replies must be very frequent."

"Then you are really going. I shall certainly be punctual in correspondence ; but even letters will poorly atone for the sorrow I shall feel at knowing we are parted, though it is only for a time. By-the-by, what will become of your cousin, Lionel, in your absence ?"

"O, well, I scarcely know. I suppose his Saturdays will be rather dull ; but I have it, Molly. I shall leave him to your tender care and sympathy."

"Very good ; but I do not think I can fill your place with much success, especially in one particular."

"You are an unmerciful tease, Molly ! It is absurd to look so very quizzical at me, and speak in such an insinuating voice. Lionel and I are good friends, as all cousins should be, but nothing more."

"Well, I shall not argue about the existing sentiment, as you know best ; yet I have *peculiar* fancies on the subject, that time can only satisfactorily answer."

Emma was bending over a moss rose-bush, in quest of a fresh-looking flower as Molly concluded. Looking up with a laugh, she caught her companion's inquiring eye, and said :

"No more of that ; it is time enough to tease me when I really show symptoms of being smitten, which you know I have not in this instance, or any other."

Thus we find our heroine and friend a fair afternoon in July, wandering over the extensive and beautiful grounds, and conversing of the anticipated trip. In lively spirit the two glide from flower to flower, gathering from the many shrubs and plants that cover the garden-plot of the old brick mansion, floral gems of rare selection. They laugh, converse, and botanize, with gay and merry hearts.

With a basket of choice buds and blossoms they are sitting on the marble steps, arranging a couple of bouquets. Looking down the lawn, Molly said :

"See, there comes your mother and Lionel Mortimer." And with a tinge of girlish pride, she added : "O, this is too bad to be caught with hair looking like a bird's nest, and my dress so mussed."

"Nonsense, never mind him. I think you look charming, because you are not primped. A pretty girl always looks more interesting a little carelessly-dressed than otherwise. I candidly believe, and I dare say, he is of the same opinion," said Emma, rather softly, just as they came near.

"Cousin Emma and Miss Molly ! ah, this is a delightful sight—a basket of most beautiful flowers, witching twilight, and to crown the scene, two fairies to arrange the pretty gems of odorous exotics into bouquets, doubtless for some favored friend. I shall

exact one, or both, to carry, as a trophy from beauty's circle, to cheer my unattractive chamber with their blooming appearance. Shall I be gratified, young ladies?"

"You are welcome to them. I willingly donate my share; what say you, Molly?"

"O no, I must really refuse. I cannot be so unfeeling as to resign these lovely flowers, to be pent up in your military prison. Why, Mr. Mortimer, the warmth and grim look that must reign in all those small apartments, would wither their bloom, and prematurely blight their sweet, fresh hue."

"We will have considerable argument, and wrangling I fear, about your objections, Miss Molly, ere I yield the claim which one of the party has given me."

"Better be careful, Cousin Lionel. Yours is a nature of 'carbonized tinder of irritability, the nitre of latent passion, and the sulphur of ill-humor, all lying in hot neighborhood, and close by a reverberating furnace of fancy,' with a tincture of conceit to mix in with the other qualities."

"Bravo! Carlyle has won your eye and ear quite early, sweet cousin. I beg you not to permit his bombastic style to be your guide. It was only the other evening that you quoted a long sentiment of dry philosophy from Tupper; and my chum, Midwell, thinks you would make a good pocket-copy of Shakspeare. I verily believe you grow every day more enigmatical. Such peculiar taste and retentive memory! and then that inherent nature of womanly curiosity—would you not like to turn the rainbow wrongside out, just to see if its pretty colors strike in?"

She was in the act of replying quite spiritedly to his tirade ; but leaning over her, he swept back the waving hair, pressing his lips to her brow, with such a penitent and devotional air, that she merely blushed and smiled.

An hour or two later, we leave them on the verandah, enjoying the moonlight and conversing with animated and cheerful spirits, that is ever reflected from merry and happy hearts.

Eight o'clock the next morning and Emma and her parents are entering the cars. Bright-eyed and joyous she looks as she bids Lionel and Molly "good-by," and promises to write letters in abundance.

We will not follow through the dust and crowd incidental to a July tour to Niagara, but will meet them at their intended destination, or probably enpassant.



## CHAPTER II.

———From the town,  
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damp,  
 'Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
 Where freshness breathes.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Known mischiefs have their cure, but doubts have none;  
 And better is despair than fruitless hope  
 Mixed with a killing fear.

MAY'S CLEOPATRA.

LIONEL MORTIMER, the young cadet introduced in the previous chapter, resides in the upper section of the same State that our heroine does. His father, Louis Mortimer, is a brother of Mrs. Emerson, thus making Lionel and Emma first cousins.

Lionel has been a military student for two years. He is quite a prepossessing youth, eighteen years of age, tall, but manly and elegantly proportioned, has dark gray eyes, high intellectual forehead, polished manners and style, and possesses a voice which though almost femininely soft, yet its clear low tones were potently audible. The only child of an aristocratic and wealthy Southern merchant, he had been reared from boyhood in the society that is found in our high-toned and impulsive yet admirable circles, where intelligence and generosity take the precedence, and whence spring the stars of our sunny land, who reflect shining lustres on us as a distinct section.

From observation we would say he was much devoted to his cousin, Emma; however their relationship warrants a display of friendship and affection, yet there certainly exists, to all appearances, a deeper, more impassioned current of warm admiration, a more solicitous care for her joy and sorrow, a greater desire to please her whims and peculiarities, than is necessary for mere "cousinship."

His parents were at their country-seat, Oak Lawn, where they retired in the warm summer to ruralize and enjoy the cool zephyr, the pure atmosphere, and delightful scenery of this old plantation home, which was one of the most valuable and beautiful farms in the State. Its lovely and romantic diversity, its winding streams, that gurgled on in limpid flow through shady valleys, making many a little cove of inviting retreat from the heat of a July sun, its hills and broad plains, over which were dotted trees whose spreading branches threw their shadow around, and whose leaves of dark green quivered in the breeze, and made noonday quite endurable,—there was scarcely a feature wanting to enhance its outward value, for its soil was rich and productive; but it was not alone its intrinsic value that made it a truly-venerated and loved old spot,—it was a family heirloom for succeeding branches of the Mortimer family, and it was their pride that it had never been owned but by a Mortimer since the red men of its forest-glades had left its soil, deserting and yielding up their hunting-grounds, before the spread of the Anglo-Saxon on these shores.

Around the old building numerous trees stood, as sentinels, guarding its antique porches and entrances

with vigilant care, so regular in place and size that one would be quite skeptical when informed that their beautiful variety were not the result of an eye of taste or human planting, but merely Nature's laying out, Nature's planting and undisturbed growth. Occasionally the gardener pruned the luxurious trees of some over-abundant branches, but nothing more; it was a sacrilege to talk of cutting down, or otherwise spoiling, the voluntary avenues and arches of those trees in the old park grounds.

A beautiful summer home, well adapted for a resting spot. In the liquid and captivating language of the Aborigines of our land, the Mortimers could say, "Alabama! Alabama!—here we rest, here we rest." In this retreat, shut out from the busy activity and care of commercial life, perplexities, and anxieties, far from the city, with its dust, ennui, blighting air, incessant bustle, and slanderous *on dits*, where the heart could throb and thrill in untrammelled freedom, in calm joy look out upon the fair earth, and with grateful soul commune with that good Providence who watcheth over all,—for many a summer they had found a delightful retirement.

Mr. Mortimer was of a speculating and grasping, ambitious mind, often allured by the syren, Hope, into the tempting snares that open to man. A worshiper of Mammon is always eager for finding out and accepting the propitious method of gain; seldom do they suffer an opportunity to escape which seems promising of increasing their worldly store, and he who has most of "filthy lucre" is generally the man who most ardently craves more. Hood well de-

lineates that avaricious spirit of gain in his tirade on gold—

“Gold, gold, gold, gold,  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered, rolled,  
Heavy to get and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled,  
Spurned by the young, hugged by the old,  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould,  
Price of many a crime untold—  
Gold, gold, gold, gold!”

The desire to increase his store was more from force of habit than otherwise. A long commercial life had made him cultivate quick and generally valuable perceptibilities, in all schemes, speculations, etc., of active business.

Fortune, that fickle goddess, had worn for him an interminable smile of favor. Louis Mortimer's name connected with any matter in the market of trade was synonymous with success, be the scheme ever so hazardous, and in his life of continued prosperity he has naturally grown more fearless, and forgotten the caution that characterized his earlier efforts, and may yet be taught how dear and bitter is the fruit we gather from the tree of experience.

The family have been for weeks resting in quiet felicity in their “valley of repose;” peacefully days glided by in this “sweet vale of Ovoco; how calm could they rest.” There was but one void, but one link missing, to make this home a contented earthly Eden, and that void, that link, methinks every fond parent may well surmise. The absence of their son, the gifted and generous-hearted Lionel, who was the star of their life.

One morning, Mr. Mortimer received a telegram, requesting his immediate presence in the city of —, from the large commercial firm "H. M. & Co.," in which he had formerly been one of the senior partners; and although he had withdrawn his name and principal interest, as we might say, he was involved at this time in several of their many speculative investments.

By noon he had deserted his spot of secluded and cosy repose, taken the cars at the Oak Lawn station, and was swiftly speeding to his destination.

The train paused, as usual, at a small railway depot, and Mr. Mortimer was pleased to see an old friend step on board, whom he had not met in several months, owing to the fact that this friend had been traveling in Europe.

"Good-day to you, my old friend. Ah, Mortimer, it is an agreeable surprise to meet you after my long absence, at least lengthy to me, to be away from home and friends."

"Quite a treat to see you, Lyons. I did not flatter myself with such good luck, but anticipated a dull trip to ——. I knew you had returned from Europe, but thought you were in Virginia."

"Yes, I was at the White Sulphur; receiving a letter of importance from the commercial line, I vacated my resort, though the number of handsome ladies, charming invalids, and pretty, rosy-checked children there, made it a sore trial, even to a crusty old Bach."

"I suppose so, Lyons, and I guess the sight was a little aggravating to you. Rather a bitter pill, to look on so much worth and loveliness, and think that you can't lay claim to that best gift of man's life, a

dear wife, and half dozen responsibilities ! Ha, ha, ha ! I really pity you, my friend."

"Tut, man, I want none of your pity or sympathy. Don't forget the old maxim, 'better late than never,' and I may not be an object of pity always ; but leaving that delicate subject, I suppose you have heard of the impending crash in ——— ?"

"No, I have not," said Mortimer, rather excitedly. "I have been, for the last six weeks, at my country seat, and for once ordered no 'Heralds,' 'Registers,' or any such papers, or bulletins, to be sent me."

"I am sorry to say that I have received a letter from one of the firm of H. M. & Co., requesting my immediate presence, if possible, as it appears there has been some heavy defaulting, or shipwreck of some of their 'El Dorado' schemes, or injudicious hazard in some commercial affair. I was pleased to learn from one of your friends that I met at White Sulphur with his family, that you had withdrawn your name from the firm, sold out your interest, and retired several months since."

"Withdrawn !" exclaimed Mortimer, with a pale cheek and nervous voice. "No, would to heaven I had only carried out what I began ; but some evil spirit whispered that odious word, 'procrastination,' and hope said, 'try again, a half million or so would not hurt my heritage,' and I, poor, weak fool, was easily led into the scheme. Alas, why did I seek my rural bliss, and leave such an opening for bankruptcy !"

"Mortimer, do you really mean it ; is your interest so deeply allied with theirs ? Do not grow so excited ; we may be mistaken. Only a scare on the part of some of the firm. If you had only retired

and left off mercantile business, can it be that you have delayed just a few months too long ?”

“Lyons, I mean all I say ; that if, as I fear, our late investment—our foreign speculation—has been shipwrecked, that all that firm are bankrupt, and that I will be but little better.”

“Then you are still largely united in their interest. Hearing what I did, and knowing your ill health latterly, I did not doubt it, and having been absent in Europe, as you are aware, for the past eight months, I knew nothing to the contrary. I regret your procrastination exceedingly.”

“I withdrew my name, sold all local interest, and was intending to wind up all my business ; but a new field, of most promising success, opening just at the time, I yielded to my old spirit of grasping gain ; thought to become a real millionaire, and went into a heavy risk.”

“Cheer up, my friend ; this may be an entirely different thing, or ’tis barely possible that they have become frightened too soon.”

“I dare not trust myself to dream of such a happy turn of fate.”

“Well, don’t be so hopeless and despondent ; ‘it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good’—quite an old saw, but one of my favorites.”

The next morning found Louis Mortimer and his friend, Lyons, turning from the large and commodious business house of H. M. & Co. in that growing commercial city of the South.

With a face on which anxiety and despair were plainly written, Louis Mortimer read the fate of the brilliant scheme that they had ventured so largely in.

Shipwrecked, lost ; wealth untold swept from them, and the grim ghost of bankruptcy now folding them in its approaching shadow of misery.

As yet, the outer world, busy with its own plodding cares, and "vanity of vanities," only surmise the disaster of this old firm ; but in the hearts of those personally interested, the fearful truth has carried its own conviction. Yet it is not for themselves that they feel solicitude and anxiety ; not for their own luxury and comfort that they so much fear the blow : it is for the loved ones at home—the wives and joyous sons and daughters, whom they love with manly pride and fondness—'tis thinking of those dear ones, and with the earnest desire to save them, that each man in those counting-rooms, who is under the cloud of misfortune, buoy their hearts, with the determination to meet the crisis, and bravely battle through the ordeal.

How many can date their misery, the dark hour of uncertainty and fear that tried their souls, to similar scenes !

Why will man be blind, and follow in the path of cupidity and inordinate desire for gain, even when their garnery is filled, bountifully supplied by a kind fate and good Providence ? Why jeopardize their very sustenance with the hope of adding a few more thousands to a competency that needs no acquisition ? Many a brave, but hazardously hopeful heart, awakes too late to the dull, painful reality, that

"The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in their promised largeness."

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"Bear up, Mortimer; 'tis a trial, I know; but you can make several heavy indorsements, and meet your share of the liability, and I believe the firm can do the same, at least I think so. Write to Emerson; with his assistance, which is always yours to command, and my own—pardon me, Louis, this is no time for ceremony; fortunately I can aid you, and I will take no refusal; it will be returning favor in kind. Write for Emerson."

"I will; but I shrink from the task, for he, above all others, has so often said, 'Beware, Louis, fortune will desert you in some reckless hazard.'"

"That was an evidence of his good-will, just what I have often said or thought. But it is no time for peculiarities; think not of humiliation; it does not require any such sentiment. Act to the purpose, for the sake of one who is the rising tower of intellect and nobility in our State—your boy, Lionel."

"Lionel, ambitious, proud and aspiring youth! Thank God, he knows not of this dark hour!"

"And if he did, it would only give an impetus to his aspiration; it would but fire his thirst for knowledge, which will chiefly take him up the mount of fame."

"Lyons, such encouragement bids me rouse from despair, do my duty, and save him and others from the sorrow that might come. I will write to Emerson."

The old city clock struck ten, as Lyons turned to Mortimer, and said:

"Leave this counting-room; close the books and papers, and let us seek repose."

"Repose! ah, no, sleep can not woo me to-night;

my brain is too busy, too confused ; the downy couch would seem insupportable. You, Lyons, need repose ; I beg you enjoy refreshing slumber ; your hand of aid, and words of cheer, have not been sparingly bestowed."

"I will not leave unless you go with me. I can not be so unfeeling as to yield to drowsy nature's call, but will remain while you do."

Reading important letters and looking over various documents of interest, we leave them with the hope that—

"When fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye."

## CHAPTER III.

There still are many rainbows in your sky.

BYRON.

THE Emersons, not being in any particular haste, have paused on their way to Niagara at a very entertaining summer resort which lay in their route, and to which Emma had bade her cousin, Lionel, and friend, Molly, to write.

Here we meet them with the acquisition of several friends and acquaintances to their party, among them Robert Talbot, Jr., the eldest son of one of her father's most intimate friends.

"Miss Emma, are you going to ride this afternoon?"

"I think not, Mr. Talbot, as I am so unfortunate as to be without a horse."

"Well, this is by far too lovely an evening to loll away in a sultry parlor, or in conversing in a pleasant piazza. What has become of the little black pony that you usually ride?"

"Father wished to go to the railroad station; he rode my favorite, and I do not suppose he will return early enough for me to enjoy a refreshing canter."

"I can soon remedy that, if it is your only excuse. I have a friend who has a pretty little pony here, gentle yet spirited, and he will be happy to see him bearing the lovely person of Miss Emma."

"Mr. Talbot, you must not use so much flattery ;

I protest against it. I am a mere school-girl, rather well grown for my age I allow," she said with a smile, as he looked at her height as she spoke; "therefore you should not use such flattery to me. However, I see you are penitent, and I'll pardon you, and if you will obtain the horse, I will go with pleasure."

"I will do so, my young friend, and feel happy of my ability to serve you. Speaking of youth, bear in mind that I am very much in your position, being a mere college boy, an unsophisticated 'freshman,' out for a few weeks' recreation,—but go, put on your habit; we will soon be ready to enjoy the ride."

Half an hour, and our young friends were pacing slowly over a white gravel path, shut out on either side by a luxurious growth of green forest trees.

Emma looked as a nymph of the woods in her dark green velvet riding-habit, a tasty, fascinating cap, which, in such close contact to her high brow, set off its whiteness, a drooping ostrich feather, with a star-pin of diamonds holding it secure, flashing brilliantly as the declining sun-rays, peering through the loops of the tree-limbs, sparkled against it, while the black plume fell gracefully over, mingling with her luxuriant ringlets, and guarding with lover-like care her well-formed neck.

"I suppose the scenery here is of a different style from that of your native State?"

"Not so different; there is rather a striking similarity. I think our forest equally as romantic and beautiful."

"Then you do not think these woods more than equal to those near C——; you are not prejudiced against this rural retreat simply because it has but little notoriety, and is scarcely ever spoken of?"

"O, no, indeed not; but you can plainly see how it is, Mr. Talbot, I am prepossessed in favor of my home."

"Ah, yes, I do not doubt it; and in the language of a poet you could possibly add—

I love that dear old home,  
Charming spot of childhood's mirth;  
I care not where I roam,  
Thou art the dearest clime of earth;  
The sunlight there seems brighter far,  
And softer shines the evening star!

and, then, it may be as the song goes—

'Tis home where'er the heart is.'

Am I not correct?"

"Indeed both quotations are very applicable. I appreciate the sentiment of each. I am devoted to my home; I love its hills and dells, its glens, and spots of rare and romantic scenery, and it is very true that my home and heart are closely linked."

"I do not think it strange, for I must know that your young heart is still a place of holy ermine, an undisturbed repose, an untutored soul that has only throbbed in friendship's warm but unimpassioned thrill."

A turn in the white sandy road brought them to a running stream.

"See," said Emma, "is this not charming? The water glides softly on its way, murmuring like the echo of a heart laden with love for the beautiful objects that nature has thrown around this pretty branch, that is seeking its pathway so noiselessly to old ocean."

"'Tis quite a pretty, limpid brooklet, whose gurgling sounds are soothing to my ear,—seeing that you have reined in your pony, shall we pause here, Miss Emma?"

"Yes, for I much admire the view: a mass of dark forest growth, the last glimmer of sunlight shimmering in through the trees, and the voice of this babbling brook,—is it not charming?"

"Delightful; but you have left out in your graphic sketch one of the chief points to complete the beauty."

"Ah, yes, so I have; I suppose you feel slighted that I did not remember to put in the equestrians; is that the omission?"

"Not exactly, for it is unnecessary to say *equestrians*; one would make the picture sufficiently attractive to my eye."

With the slightest perceptible blush, Emma interrupted the sentence, apparently unconscious of what he was saying—

"How I do admire those little pebbles, that lie so thick in the bottom of this stream! It is tame in me, I dare say, but I always had a predilection for little shells, rocks, wild-wood violets, old-field roses, and all those hidden or secluded objects. I certainly have a powerful sympathy with the wild beauties of nature."

"I do not think it tame. The native beauty, the retiring grace, and yet almost faultless perfection of these things, agree with you most charmingly, Miss Emma, for you have a sympathetic soul, yes—

'A spirit of feeling, a soul of affection,  
Wildly ardent in rapture and melting in woe.'

"If I knew the school of flattery that you have attended, I should certainly advise all my young gentlemen friends who wished to know how to pay pretty, sentimental, and very choice compliments, to go thither, for one such specimen of perfection in the art as you are, Mr. Talbot, would be a guarantee of success."

"You are caustically severe; I pray you do not censure me, do not reprimand too harshly. I know it is egregiously weak, and did I make a habit of paying such tribute to every beautiful young being I meet, I would then deserve the irony you bestow; but let me assure you, that I never cared to speak a half dozen complimentary words before in my life."

Emma's hand trembled in spite of her endeavor to be quite calm, as he bent near and looked up searchingly into those magnificent blue-black (as they now certainly looked to be) eyes, and as she averted her face with the least shade of hauteur in her manner, he drew back and continued:

"I will give you a miniature copy of yourself that I have stolen from Mrs. Osgood's poetical effusions, and then I promise to torment you thus no longer—

'An angel face! its wealth of hair  
In radiant ripples bathes the graceful throat  
And dimpled shoulders; round the rosy curve  
Of the sweet mouth a smile seems wandering ever,  
While in the depths of azure fire that gleam  
Beneath the drooping lashes, sleeps a world  
Of eloquent meaning—passionate, but pure,  
Dreamy, subdued—but oh, how beautiful!'

There, I have done; do not breathe of insincerity; from earliest boyhood, I have longed to see, with my own eyes, such a being as my mind's ideality has

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often pictured—a breathing, animated, loving and truthful woman; you are rapidly unfolding into such a reality, just such passionate ardor, yet purity of soul, confiding candor, a winning grace, and charming abandon; and now, while we feel on familiar terms, occasioned by youth on your part at least, Miss Emma, I tell you what, a year or two hence, would be a difficult task, and which, I fear me, would smother in my throat through that diffidence man should feel in the presence of angelic woman.”

A few moments of twilight silence ensued, each in reflection; recovering her composure with a sigh, our heroine said, as she turned her pony to retrace her way:

“Farewell, pretty stream; often will I think of this ride, the lovely scenery of these woods, and”—turning to Talbot—“thy nobleness and enthusiasm, when I am home again.”

“And I,” said he, “will bear this ride forever on the tablet of memory, as one of the bright oases of life’s desert.”

Riding some distance in silence, he said:

“Miss Emma, you have apparently wished to test the time of my steed. Suppose we race over this sandy level? I wager my horse leaves Minnie far behind.”

“Capital idea; just let me get the reins firmly, and we will see if the dear little animal I am riding can be so far outdistanced.”

Off they fly—fortune is with Emma. She soon leaves her companion’s side, and with a merry laugh, halts until he gallops up.

“I declare you are a splendid rider; you must



have gone deer or fox-hunting, or have ridden some 'weight-for-age race,' as the sporting men say."

"No, I have never been on any hunting chase; never done more towards figuring on the turf, except in such a race as we have had, though I have been riding horseback for many years."

"'Tis a charming accomplishment. How I wish my timid sister, 'Ola, could have you infuse a little of your fearless grace and captivating manner in this respect. But here we are in sight of the hotel; indeed this ride scarcely appears to have been of ten minutes' duration."

On entering her room, Emma found a letter from her cousin, Lionel Mortimer.

"O, how glad I am to hear from him," she murmured, as she broke the seal. "One knows not how much they value another's friendship till they leave them. Molly Elby and Cousin Lionel, dear, good friends, each of your cherished correspondence will make a precious link of connecting joy from my dear home; but I will read my letter to mother."

Passing into her mother's room, she did not find her; but the mammoth trunks were standing open, and Betty packing most arduously. With a voice of surprise, she exclaimed:

"Betty, Betty! what are you doing? who directed you to take things to pieces, and go to crushing and packing dresses, talmas, laces, and everything away in the trunks?"

"Missus said I must."

"Where are mother and father?"

"I do no, Miss Emma, 'zacly; 'spec dey in de parlor watin' for you. I guess you don't no that

Mars John got a letter and 's obliged to go rite back home."

"No, who said so?"

"Why I done seed de lettur—seed it wid my own eyes."

"Yes, but you can't read, you know, Betty, therefore you may be mistaken."

"No I hain't mistook, 'case I'm mity sure. Missus told me to have all packed by bed-time; that Marster got news from somebody home, and she 'spected we'd go on de soon in de mornin' train."

With rather a chagrined air, Emma turned to the door, with the intention of seeking her parents, just as they entered. Seizing her father's hand, she asked:

"Father, is it true what Betty says: are we going home; what is it that cheats me of my anticipated pleasure?"

"One of my dearest friends requires my presence at an early day. It is of vital importance to many who are dear to us; and though I regret it, yet pleasure should not be too selfish where true friends are concerned."

"How strange! here, father, is a letter from Cousin Lionel. All are well at our home."

"Ah, yes, your young hearts should be kept in veiled seclusion from an ordeal that men cannot unflinchingly stand."

"You are determined, I know by your calmness. I must not shed tears. I know not exactly what I will do, as expressive of my great disappointment; but trusting implicitly in your noble and generous heart, I'll submit as cheerfully as I can to fate's unkind decree."

"That is right, my sweet girl," said her mother,

with an approving smile. "Smoothe your hair, and let us return to the parlor. On our next trip we will not be so tardy, but go immediately to Niagara."

"Miss Emma, I am glad to see you looking so animated; your cheeks are crimson, and those eyes beam with unwonted witchery. Come, let us enjoy the balmy zephyr out in the old piazza, or in the garden. I see many are promenading there."

Taking his proffered arm, she said as they turned to the piazza:

"I am glad to know I shall leave such a favorable impression. You look surprised at my remark. I presume you are not aware that we leave to-morrow?"

"Leave to-morrow! And whither are you going?"

"Direct route home."

"Why, I understood that you were bound for Niagara. What change has

'Come o'er the spirit of your dream?'

"Father has received news of importance, calling him to return—some business matter for a friend. Mother, of course, desires to go with him, and I yield due obedience."

"Then we lose you—the star of our circle! I trust this will not be our eternal farewell. I feel like years cannot dim the memory I cherish of you, nor time nor absence teach me to forget. With Moore, I can well exclaim:

'Never shall my soul forget  
The friend I found so warm-hearted;  
Dear shall be the day we met,  
And dear the eve we parted.'

I ask that you will not quite forget me—that a remembrance of Robert Talbot may have a small place in your heart of hearts?”

“I shall, I assure you, often reflect on these days, which began so auspiciously a long-desired tour, and yet changed so very suddenly; and I do not doubt that memory will bring to ‘my mind’s eye’ the kind companion of my rides and walks, and I shall be truly delighted to meet with you again.”

Ten o’clock, an early hour for one to breathe good-night to the gay bevy in these cheerful halls, promenades, and parlors, yet anticipating leaving on the first morning cars. Emma is in her room, with her form robed in her night-dress of fleecy white. She bends beside the waiting couch, as when a little child she was taught to do, and in soft, humble accents, murmurs thanks to her “Father in heaven.” The moon’s waning light steals through the half open shutters, beautifying, sanctifying the scene. Thus the influence of early training will linger in the heart of those who are taught in youth, in budding infancy, the potency of prayer; it opens the treasury of the soul, and makes the fountain of repentance gush forth in the plenitude of hope—

“Prayer! ’tis the life-breath of man’s soul!”

Early morning light found the Emersons seated in the cars. Robert Talbot had accompanied them, bidding Mr. and Mrs. Emerson good-by. He lingered near our heroine, till the locomotive whistle and the call, “All aboard,” admonished him it was time to say adieu. As he pressed, gently, Emma’s

extended hand, he bent near and said (*sotto voce*):  
“Farewell, bright, beautiful sunbeam; my soul has  
caught its living ray of light and love from thee:  
we shall meet again!”

## CHAPTER IV.

Mistrust, a demon not too rare,  
It springs into life unnourished;  
And feeds upon the vilest air,  
Where naught but sin e'er flourished.

ROSALIE.

THE mistrust of mankind, the misanthropy that is too plainly perceptible of the human heart, must doubtless arise in a great measure from the superfluity of teachers that have been given to the world, all of whom were instructors by *precept* and not *example*; and it is a strange, yet admissible fact, that what we become accustomed to hear from all sides, we grow careless and indifferent to. A friend warns you of your spirit of envious discontent, when that friend possesses the same censurable quality in his own heart; another tells you of your despondency, your ungenerous mistrust, and yet you find his own actions prove that he is equally addicted to such depression, and doubt, mayhap, more so than yourself.

Authors tell you of the benefits of qualities which they seldom possess or use except in theory—Seneca discoursed touchingly on advantages arising from extreme poverty, while writing those same discourses on a table of the pure golden ore.

Sterne spoke humanlike of the severity of the treatment of brutes and beasts, and yet his *hand* forgot, oft forgot, the tender and pathetic lamentations of his *pen*, and fell harshly, heavily on the form of his wife.

Steele lauded the benefits of temperance while his brain was heated with the intoxicating liquid of the grape; and Byron, the great master-poet of his age, ridiculed society with his keen and cutting irony, holding up to universal gaze the treachery, insincerity, and inconstancy that pervaded all human hearts and heads, yet seemed to forget that the fickleness, treachery, and mistrust that he so graphically portrayed, the mirror that he bade us view others in, gave at the same time a reflection of his own qualities, tastes and habits.

It is example, not precept, that we ask—practice with a little less preaching.

Man, though warned by precept, of both the Scylla and Charybdis of the world; yet the majority evince by their action that they prefer learning by experimental knowledge; but I beg your pardon, reader, for this impromptu digression.

“Another morning’s train, and still I am disappointed—Emerson has not arrived. I have but one more day of fatal anxiety, to-morrow ends my limit of probation; surely the afternoon cars will bear him to us, if not”—

“Come, Mortimer, this will not do; don’t despair. I’ll venture he is here by the next train.”

“Faith, Lyons, must have been the presiding angel of your birth. My flinching, irresolute heart, haunted by the demon of doubt, the fiend of mistrust, would have grown faint and unfortunately despondent, had it not been for your presence.”

“I did not expect to meet you interested in such a critical affair; but since you have to participate in it, I certainly partake of it. A boyhood, college,

manhood, nay my life's friend, can not be forgotten, or neglected, in fate's darkened hour by me."

"What time are you?" queried Mortimer, in an abstracted manner.

"Half-past eleven. Come, light a cigar, and let us prepare to meet the emergency. Supposing Emerson should not arrive, we must get some of our able and reliable friends to act in lieu of him."

"A good suggestion, but I do not think there is much use of doing so; he will not, surely will not, fail me."

"Well, then, we will cast aside all fear, and trust that fickle tyrant, fortune, to the full extent. Emerson's dispatch said he would be with us to-day if not earlier."

"Yes, he knows my position; we are linked by ties of close and devoted relationship; we have always been friends, and I can not doubt him in this my only important requisition on his faith and regard."

'Tis thus we find Louis Mortimer and his friend Lyons conversing in the private office of the establishment, that is standing on the verge of bankruptcy.

The members of the firm have had their trials also to endure—those trials can well be imagined by inferences drawn from Louis Mortimer. Each have had their mixture of hope and despair, trust and mistrust, and now as the last day of extended anxiety is upon them, they are relying on the faithfulness of friends to come with unshrinking candor to the rescue. To-morrow will settle propitiously, will scatter the clouds of the almost bursting storm, or grow sombre with the shadow of disappointment. To-morrow



will be a day of absolution from fear, or bring the more perfect rousing of the spirit of dismay.

Have not many stood tremblingly on such a precipice, fearfully on such a brink of despair, and turning dejectedly from the contemplation of such a fate, they have met, as a crowning calamity, the cold, unsympathetic face of the world. That politic body which seemingly possesses an iceberg for a heart, and groping for the old friendly hands, they have found that friends were false, like shadows on a glass, clear and bright while sunshine reflects, but gloomy, dark, and sullen, if the clouds should dare approach. Adversity at least will teach us to discern the true from the false—to separate the grain from the chaff.

The afternoon train has arrived. Eagerly entering the cars, Mortimer and Lyons are looking for their friend. They passed through one, he was not there; another, yet he was not there. Mortimer's face grew ashy as they entered the door of the hinder car and saw that it was already vacated.

"He is not here, Lyons; what will, what can I do!" exclaimed Mortimer, as he caught his companion's arm. "Here was my firm staff, but I have trusted to a broken reed, and I can feel myself in imagination, falling into the opening chasm without a foothold for deliverance."

"Not so fast, Louis," said a well known voice, and as the two turned, they caught the outstretched hands of Emerson.

"Thank Heaven you are here! true to the last, loyal and faithful. I wronged you a moment since, but then only think how I have suffered in prospective of this last day! Yes, you are here, Emerson,

and you know the crisis pending,—but I forget myself, a business office suits better for such matter.”

“Yes,” said Lyons, “but, Emerson, how did we miss you—how did you escape our Argus eyes?”

“I do not know, I gave my check to the porter, and remained on the platform looking for you. I presume your entering so hastily prevented our seeing each other. I accidentally thought you were in search of me as the crowd began to disperse, and returning was just in time to hear Louis’ expressions of mistrust, which, though natural, were not flattering.”

“It was unjust, ungenerous on my part, I know it, Emerson,” said Mortimer.

“I have been traveling day and night since I received your letter, being almost at Niagara with my wife and daughter, when it reached me.”

“You do not know the torture of that moment when I thought you were not here; if you did, my fears would be generously forgiven.”

“I can well imagine it, however, and freely do I forgive the doubt, since it was but human. I am now with you ready, heart and hand, ready and willing, for all emergencies.”

“Here we are, Emerson and Lyons, at the office room. Come, we will go in close doors, and with a little more explanation dispatch the burdensome business.”

—A fortunate man is he, who knows the shallowness of the world’s wealth, and cares not for Mammon’s tempting ore. Happy is he who is philosophically prepared to meet the supreme ill, or abundant good which fate may cast unto his lot.

We envy the man who is judicious enough to not launch out upon the ocean of life, to beat among its

waves, in a ship but poorly prepared for the contingencies of misfortune, who will not hastily venture too far out into the sea, of hazard, forgetful of the whirlpools that sometime engulf the pioneers of gain; 'tis wise, 'tis well, to remember that

“As fair as the Siren, but false as her song,  
Are the world's painted shadows, that lure you along.”

The old city clock of — struck “one;” the lone sentinels of the streets, the watchmen of the city, walked solemnly in the moonlight. All looked lonely; no brilliant lamps shone at the street crossings. The buzz of the city at last was hushed, no lights twinkled through the lattice of cottage homes, and no astral lamps beamed in halls of stately mansions; everything looked as if sleeping calmly and uninterruptedly—but amid all this quietness and repose, the light gleamed from the office windows where Louis Mortimer was sitting; his face lit up with a smile, his heart's mistrust has vanished, distrust has fled, and he is ready for the ordeal of the coming day; all dread has been dispelled, and he proudly waits the morrow—that morrow which had threatened to sweep over the fortunes of his life, with a simoon's destructive blast—though all was removed, and he only awaited the specified hour to meet the issue, yet he could not sleep, excitement, fatigue, all he had endured, yet sleep, “nature's sweet restorer,” did not woo him. Sitting in his arm-chair, dreamily thinking of the pending day, he eagerly looks for the first dawning of the sunlight of to-morrow.

“Thank God, it is over, and we are all safe—yes

safe! I owe my safety and success to you, my noble friends. Emerson, how can I thank you for the prompt, the cheerful assistance that you have given, with all the genuine love of a brother?"

"Not one word more, Louis. I were truly unworthy the title of brother had I acted otherwise; no, the brother of such a wife as my own, the light of my existence, can never appeal in vain to my heart."

"Lyons, my old, my tried friend!" exclaimed Mortimer, as he turned to look at this friend, who sat, philosopher-like, smoking as quietly as if the closing day had not ended the scene that he had so long been praying to see terminate happily and successfully.

"You know my heart; you have tested the vigor of its feeling for you, but I—I knew not the power of your friendship for myself till this trial—this has proven you worthy, thrice worthy of the name of friend. Take my undying thanks; I hope soon to cash the check at a more *worldly Bank of Exchange*."

Adversity has many truly potent and beneficial lessons: it often arouses the latent spirit of courage, and brings out the admirable quality of perseverance, and it is the most successful inculcator of a firm and faithful trust in Providence.

"Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss," and rarely do we see a wise man surrender to the rough storms of life; nay, truly brave hearts will nerve themselves to proud endurance, and the more rebuffs they meet the more determined they are never to sound the chamade, though the battle of life is one far-stretching field, where they get hard hits from

malice, keen sabre cuts from dismay, and heavy strokes from the sword of detraction, with many a shot from the pop-gun of the parasites of wealth and pleasure ; though deeply they imbibe the marah of life, yet perseverance and determination rarely fail to conquer, and ultimately win the bright smiles of fortune—and those who are under momentary shadows will find that success waits on the man of indomitable courage who firmly brooks the storm and always perseveres.

## CHAPTER V.

How prized the coral and the shell!  
And valued too the pearl!  
Who can the hidden treasures tell  
O'er which the soft waves curl?  
Yet dearer still a friend to me  
Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

J. HOWARD SMITH.

"EMMA, you are getting decidedly selfish; do you know this is my third or fourth visit since you have returned it; this will never do; why such an egotistical style?"

"I am sure you are mistaken as regards the visits. I passed a social evening with you a day or two since."

"You need not try to evade my *scolding*. You know that you are guilty of a misdemeanor, I see by your blush. Tell, me has not Emma been susceptible of a nice little impression on her sensitive heart during your late absence? If you had not so unexpectedly returned, I suppose it would have been a *Gretna Green* affair!"

"Really, Molly, you are untiring in your teasing. I must believe that Cousin Lionel and yourself entered into a contract to drum nothing but your apprehension of a 'love intrigue' in my ears for six months."

"Well, we know you are very romantic, besides your Cousin Lionel has some personal interest in the state of your heart."

"If I was as old as you are, you might more reasonably suspect me."

"O, no, not a bit of such ingenuous evasion. One year's seniority is but a trifling difference, and then remember your impulsive nature, so full of passionate fervor and loving tenderness."

"How complimentary you are! will I ever meet any one who appreciates me as you do, Molly?"

"Yes, many, very many, my sweet friend, are destined to bow at your shrine."

"I think not—I hope not. O, Molly! I pray for a perfect absolution from the gay, fawning, sycophantic style, that I see all round me."

"Don't get disgusted, Emma; let us go into life with a 'catch-me-who-can' air, and do our full share of mischief. Are you going to the ball next Thursday?"

"No; it is but a few weeks till we re-enter college. I am anxious to advance very rapidly, for I am determined to graduate in two years."

"Pshaw, you can do that easily; but do not let that interrupt our vacation sport."

"But, Molly, that jewel which no wealth can surpass, no chemic art counterfeit, Knowledge, we should seek now in the days of youth, and leave balls and so forth to come in as a relief to the monotony of fashionable life."

"Emma, I believe in enjoying the present, this very season of school-girl freedom. We are happier now, I am fearful, than we ever will be in future years of womanhood; for my part, I expect to fall desperately in love with some brilliant, talented man, and have him flirt awfully with me, and finally die of a broken heart!" said Molly, with a demure face,

adding, "I wish I could escape being one of those articles labelled 'Miss' who everybody is finding fault with if she is timid and retiring, and everybody is censuring if she is gay and enthusiastic. O, no, rather give me my merry girl heart and head forever."

"And I join you most heartily in the desire—but in the meantime, Molly, you know we are approaching the crisis; a long life, perhaps, is before us: that life is in our own power of beautifying, and we must garner up food on which the heart, the soul, of woman can feed. We are young pilgrim warriors, setting out on the trail of our fate, and we are liable to track destiny through many a dark misty glade of despair, and should be prepared for such events."

"I declare, Emma, you are as deep down as the—Artesian well!" exclaimed Molly, with a gay laugh, and turning to a table near, she caught up the volume laying open; with a warning finger she pointed to it as she closed its leaves and said, "Shakspeare! never did I see such a queer mixture of mirth, thoughtfulness, and premature admiration of learned authors; if you keep on as you have begun, you will soon drop from our midst, and we will have put over you, as a warning inscription to ambitious young ladies, 'Came to her death by too free indulgence in stationery matter!'"

"Here is something that will please you," said Emma, handing her a volume.

"Yes, 'Alone.' Bless Marian Harland; I know she is a lovable woman. Now, believe me when I vow, I had rather write such a book of womanly love, hope, trials, and ultimate success and happiness, than to be the expounder of any learned science.



I think it suits a woman to write of the heart, its fears, its joys, and all its sorrows, cares, and anxieties. *A woman knows what a woman feels, how she suffers, and how she loves and trusts.* I don't much like to see a man *attempt* to write a love-story, for I think with all their knowledge of the matter, it is not half as truthfully portrayed as an enthusiastic and sympathetic woman could."

"My sentiments unabridged," replied Emma. "Would you not like to be a second Marian Harland if possible, a Mrs. Lee Hentz, or some one of that style?"

"Yes, but I might waste all the foolscap in C——, and it would not be *hardly fit to burn* after I had sadly puzzled my brain to produce a hero of exquisite style, and all the charms imaginable, with a sweet little heroine, so loving and gentle, and a dove of a cottage, besides all the moonshine and monkey additions that a morbid sentimentality could invent."

"Though I do not doubt your ability as much as you would try to make me, yet it is a fine thing that we are not all authors, poets, and talented people, for it would create too much envy; and then it would not do, because we would have no readers."

"I don't know about that. I should read to criticise; wouldn't you?"

"Certainly, and such prejudiced criticism it would be: each puffed up with the egotistical idea that they could do better than that"——

Day was quietly departing as Emma entered the sitting-room and drew an ottoman near her mother's side, saying:

"I do wish father would come home this evening. I feel like he will."

"Yes, I am looking for him, and I hope to realize my expectation."

"You said he went up to Uncle Louis Mortimer's. How I wish we had gone as far as Oak-Lawn station; I do dearly love that old plantation home. I often tell Cousin Lionel that it is too beautiful for his possession, and have bantered him many times to change off Chesnut Grove for it."

She paused, as if listening. With a smile she bounded from her seat, just as her father entered the hall.

"Welcome home! welcome, papa, that is what I used to call you," she added, pressing her lips to the hand he gave her.

"I attempted to glide in unobserved where I knew you were, and believe I would have been quite successful had it not been for our merry one. You are looking well, my love, which is gratifying to me," and stooping over the rocker in which she sat, he pressed his lips to his wife's brow fondly.

Mrs. Emerson, though anxious to know the particulars of the trip, merely inquired of her brother's health, with a few other commonplace questions, knowing by her husband's smiling face that all was well. Emma prattled on with heart of mirth and gladness; she loved her mother dearly and truly, but her father she idolized. She was always happy when with him, and flew to him in all her childish griefs and fears, regarding his love and protection, his dear smiles as the "panacea" for all her little sorrows.

Tea was soon served. Emma retired to her music

and study-room; a pretty little boudoir, where her books lay in undisturbed confusion, and her music folios scattered their leaves at random, and yet nothing touched or tore them. Playing one or two sweet, simple ballads, she turned from the piano, hushing its sweet sounds of melody, and began looking over several of her text-books that she had sorted out, in order to review before vacation ended.

The morning sun was just rising. Emma, like the merry birds, loved the cool, dewy freshness of morning; she is out for an early ramble through the varied rose bushes, jessamines and dahlias, and innumerable other flowers; her young heart reveled in the beauty of the scene. Flowers are silent monitors. We never knew a true womanly soul that did not bend in reverence to these beautiful finger-prints of Omnipotent creation; they inspire the eye with delight, and tell us sweet tales of love and truth, as they smile with timid upturned face to greet their day-god, whom in silent adoration their sparkling leaves of fresh dew-drops hail.

Hurdis beautifully declares:

“Not a tree,  
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains  
A folio volume. We may read, and read,  
And read again, and still find something new,  
Something to please, and something to instruct.”

Emma met her father as she turned into the avenue leading to the carriage-drive, and with childish affection claimed and received her morning kiss. Walking on with him, she spoke of the desire she had to begin the next collegiate session.

“I am afraid Cousin Lionel will completely excel

me ; he has but brief vacation, while I have three months. But I am so eager to see him graduate with the eclat that he intends. Do you not think he will be quite successful, father ?”

“ Yes ; if not as victorious as he anticipates, he will at least be recognized as a talented young man, for he has a brilliant intellect.”

“ But he declares, if he is not able to bear off the ‘ laurel of laurels,’ he will accept none. I hope he will realize his ambitious expectation, and if he continues so very persevering he cannot fail.”

“ Lionel is unmistakably an ambitious and determined youth ; he will be a noble representative of the Southern intellect, and a good champion of our rights. I am glad to see such heads and hearts expanding. He will be one of the unbending sons of chivalry, that will, in some future time, guard the rights of our sunny South with the inherent love and characteristic pride of the section he claims as his home.”

“ That I fully believe. It is a treat to chat with him now ; he does not talk on weather topics, and all such insipid nonsense, but he can always interest me. He has taught me to admire and find all the beautiful parts and passages of our classic authors, and he does not yawn over them either. I really like him, and feel proud of his intelligence.”

“ Ah, indeed ! candid confession for my Emma to make to me. I suspect that he is gradually stealing my flower from me ; would not be surprised if he does not desire to transplant my blossom (with her consent) in some of his visionary castles, or perhaps the much admired Oak-Lawn.”

“ Now, father, do not tease me. I spoke a little

enthusiastically of the pride I feel in his ambition, the admiration I have for his intellect ; and of course I ought by all means to highly esteem such a talented cousin."

"You are a logical reasoner ; a shrewd and adept hand at parrying thrusts ; if you could only keep down those tell-tale blushes, you could more easily debate the case."

"Remember, dear father, that my reasoning powers and adept faculty of evading is a little hereditary trait from the side of my lawyer-like father."

She answered with a very mischievous smile : turning to him, she noticed with surprise, a sadness on his face. "Father, dear, you look sad ; what makes such a shade rest on that brow, that high, noble brow, that is usually so calm and untroubled ?"

"Only a few wandering, transitory thoughts ; a vague fear of thy happiness in the future ; you are blessed with a merry, hopeful heart. May I long be here with and around you, my Emma, to guide you over the rough sea of life, to shield you from premature grief. I sometime fear that my desire to live, to rear and beautify all your blooming existence, with my devoted love and care, is so ardent that I shall be denied the happy privilege."

"Your health grows better every day, father ; your old enemy, that fearful liver disease, seems to have become vanquished by our good and worthy physician's skill and advice."

"Yes, my health is very good, yet I fear that I am not as robust or as much restored as I am often led to think ; but we will not talk so sadly, but trust in heavenly goodness and wisdom. God will surely grant this one great prayerful desire of my heart."

A tear stole from Emma's eye, as she listened to her father, and clasping his hand with characteristic fervor, she whispered as she instinctively drew near to his side, "Do not talk of death, 'tis so gloomy! I can not bring myself to think of your leaving me, dear, dear father! How sad, how very desolate the idea, even for a moment, of ever living in this world without *you*!"

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The joyous days of vacation are over. Our heroine and her friend, Molly Elby, are again setting out from the lawn gate, on the beaten path that led to the "Old Female Academy."

They began the monotonous, toilsome task of a nine months' session with a fresh vigor and ardor that soon gave them their usual praiseworthy position in their classes. Their intellects are rapidly expanding and improving under the culture of superior tutors, while their physical nature is budding in all the beauty of young and fresh blossoming womanhood.

Emma studies ardently, perseveringly, and rapidly does she progress in all the enigmatical phrases of her Latin, French and Spanish; successfully does she solve all the problems that are given her both in the old recitation halls and private sitting rooms.

Molly Elby tries hard to keep pace with her, and yet she often, good-humoredly, admits that she sees her defeat, and is *penitent* for such absurd folly as endeavoring to take everything by storm, as Emma does.

Lionel Mortimer is ardently applying his mind, and vigorously contesting all the claims of any fellow-student who desires to approximate that ambi-

tious young gentleman. If energy, determination, and unrivalled intellectual powers will carry him to his goal, then we think he will be the successful hero, the star of the present military graduating class.

The three are firm friends ; they make an attractive and happy trio on pleasant afternoons, or socially gathered around the cheerful fire of winter eves, where mirth predominates ; and in these hours of healthy relaxation from their study and educational duty and strife, one would scarcely recognize in the volatile spirit and light jests the aspiring scholar and proud cadet, Lionel Mortimer—and yet his witty flashes and airy nonsense bear the unmistakable sparkle of brilliant power and logic, especially for that tall, lithe form and youthful face, his cousin Emma enjoys with native spirit and enthusiasm, and Molly Elby joins with girlish glee in these happy hours of respite from prosy philosophy and grim academic walls.

## CHAPTER VI.

“The night of death o’er every thing is cast,  
Sorrow is imprinted on all I see.”

Peace to the dust that in silence reposes,  
Beneath the dark shades of cyprus and yew ;  
Let spring deck the spot with her earliest roses,  
And heaven wash their leaves with its holiest dew.

PIERPONT.

IN quiet happiness and prosperity, months have glided away almost unheeded by the Emersons. Months of such unbroken happiness that it were dull sameness to have followed through their days.

Time, with his slow but untiring wing, had rolled on in such a continual flow of content and joy, that the world was a good counterpart of Eden-time, at least to our young heroine.

Emma has entered hopefully and gay on her last session of study ; she will ere long be free from prosy “text books,” grim college walls, and other unpleasant relations of school-girl life.

A beautiful evening in golden October, returning from her recitations, she found her mother and the entire household in confusion, and her father returned from a trip of important interest, on which he had been absent several weeks, dangerously ill. His health had not been remarkably good for months, still he had not, in his desire to bring no shade of sadness to his wife or daughter’s heart of love and



joyous content, spoken of it, only to his old friend and family physician.

A hereditary sufferer from "liver disease," he had, for the past five or six years, been favored with an almost entire restoration of the health that he had in early manhood known, and had begun to believe that he was destined to escape from a renewal of its former prostration of his physical system; like such sufferers, he clung to and was buoyed up with a tenacious hope that a favorable climate, judicious medical treatment, and his rapidly improving constitution were gaining the victory over this dangerous hereditary foe.

Days wore on in solemn hue. Even a few days of such fearful mental anxiety as now preyed upon the wife and daughter, seemed as weeks. So much do we suffer when witnessing the havoc of severe illness on the form of one we love and treasure; so acute is the misery we feel when it is our unhappy lot to watch over the sick couch of the dearest and most prized object of our life.

All wore a gloomy aspect; sadness threw her "twilight mantle of sorrow" around that home of former joy. Emma remained with her mother exclusively, assisting in giving all the attention and devotional care that could be lavished on her father.

One sorrow seldom comes alone: to add to their distress, a letter was received from Louis Mortimer, enclosing one to be handed to the Superintendent of the Military Academy, requesting that Lionel be granted "Leave of Absence," as his mother was dangerously ill. It was with painful solicitude that this letter was read.

With sadly solemn heart Lionel bade his uncle

Emerson good-bye, and he felt, as his uncle lingered on the parting word, that it was indeed their earthly adieu.

Disease had made sad havoc of that noble form, and death seemed only lingering for a while in its track ere he claimed him as his own ; he felt as if he knew that his noble and honored uncle, the fearless and undaunted statesman, the chivalrous patriot, and learned scholar, was lying on a couch that would indeed be his death-bed—it was plainly, palpably evident that Azriel would soon claim him for his victim. Deeply did Lionel sympathize with the grief-laden hearts and sad faces of his aunt and cousin Emma, whom he reluctantly left, feeling conscious that when he again greeted them, he would see their forms clad in that gloomy black garb that tells of the mourning, grief-stricken, and dejected heart ; and then he was going on a mission full of anxiety, to the sick chamber of a loved and revered mother. Ah, what might he not have to suffer and to brave ere his return ? Then indeed his thoughts seemed to become palsied with fear ; doubt and dismay veiled the future, but with a heart full of love, sympathy and fear, he dashed away the falling tear and endeavored to think of a brighter destiny.

This is a fickle world ; true, fortune may smile on us awhile in brightest ray of sunshine and prosperity, yet time will eventually prove the mutability of earthly bliss. We often, ah, too often, find that even amid the happiest and the gayest, there is some mournfully treasured record, or some hallowed spot, some sacred ground, in the church-yards' mould, that they claim as the only terrestrial remnant of the

strongest tie which bound their "heart of hearts" to the beauty and happiness of joy, that bright dream that often begins its ephemeral existence in this world, then fading from us, leaves the heart more lonely and desolate for having felt its power. Thus wisely are we taught by the workings of Providence to plant no tree of hope on this earth, to trust no smiling future; though it looks bright and cheering, yet in that hidden mist there too often is such a mixture of sorrow and joy, that could we rend the veil of mystery, and gaze on the scenes of the shadowy future, many a hopeful heart would sink into such unhappy despair, as would shroud the gayest hour with a cloud of sadness. It is Omniscient wisdom, Providential goodness, a heavenly mercy that we know not of the future; nay, not even the telescope of truth, nor the kaleidoscope of fancy, can faithfully view the realm of the future.

Each day it became more visible that Mr. Emerson was swiftly passing from earth. The fact was felt and known to himself. His wife asked if she should not send for their relatives—he answered :

• "No, my love, they cannot ease my dying couch; nay, start not, my own dear wife. I know I am passing very swiftly from earth—this beautiful earth, with so much around to cheer me, so many objects to give me joy. Alas! that God should have called me in such a time; but I bow to His decree. Perhaps this sunset will be the last I may ever see. You desire to send for our relatives: the Mortimers are in deep affliction; the others too distant to be called hither—it would be too late for even my death-bed. Many friends are with you, around and near you, and they will help to soothe you, my gentle

one, in your widowed sadness ; and God will not forsake you in the dark hour of our earthly parting, my faithful wife, but He will be thy comforter through all."

Mrs. Emerson did not reply, but hid her face in the shade of the damask curtains and wept, as Emma and a servant gently lowered the pillows under his head.

The night passed in watching around his bedside. Sleep came not to Emma's eyes, as she sat near the couch of her father, or stood leaning over him, her deep gaze fixed upon his pallid brow with earnest care and minute observation, if he sank into a brief and unquiet slumber—a care that made her tremble in fearful anxiety, lest he should thus, in that dreamy-like state, pass from them to death's lonely bourne, with not one lingering word of farewell.

Morning came—still no change, nothing to bid hope spring anew, nor as yet any fresh symptoms of a more rapid decline. Noon brought a change, a sad change ; as Emma eagerly scanned the countenance of the physician, and saw its evident mistrust and depression, she spoke no word, asked no question, for with her quick perceptibilities, she knew, but too well, the meaning of the good old doctor's sad face.

The sun was growing less brilliant in the western sky, as standing near her father's side, he roused from a silent calmness, exclaiming :

"My darling, darling Emma!" Catching her little hand in his thin emaciated one, "Part the curtain folds away, and let me, as the sun goes swiftly to his nightly rest, and while I am sinking to my eternal rest as fleetly, let me gaze on thy face of

youthful purity and hope. Dear child, my Emma, bright link that would still bind my heart to earth, press thy warm, soft lips to my brow!"

"Do not speak so very excitedly, my dear father," murmured Emma, as she vainly attempted to control her emotion.

"Ah, chide me not; I must speak to you, Emma, speak to you while yet I may, ere my voice has fled, ere my soul has left this tenement of clay: I feel my spirit will soon desert this earthly form." She threw her arms around him, forgetting his bodily weakness in the fervor of her love and despair. As he clasped her to his bosom with arms of momentary vigor and strength, her dark curls fell in wild confusion over his breast, and with a cry of anguish he exclaimed: "O, my beautiful, my dear, dear child, daughter of fond and faithful love! How can I leave you and thy own kind, devoted mother, the wife of such true, warm and mutual love!" Sinking back, he continued, as he unclasped his arms from around her agitated form, "Where is thy mother—where are my friends? Oh, how dim, how dark, it is growing, my child!" Just at this moment, Mrs. Emerson, with the physician, entered the room. "You are feeling better, my friend; more calm and easy, are you not, Emerson?" inquired the kind old doctor, as he approached him.

"I am going, dying! do not try to cheat me by hope; 'tis ungenerous on your part."

"Let his hand loose, my child," said Dr. Wall, softly, to Emma.

The quick ear of the dying father caught the word, and with a tightening grasp he said:

"No, I must hold this dear, tiny hand within my

own a little while longer, still a moment longer." And with her hand clasped tightly in his, he sank back on the supporting pillows. Gently murmuring Emma's name, she stooped closely to him as he said, "Kiss me, kiss me, daughter, and do not leave me, darling."

Pressing her lips softly and tremblingly to his already icy brow, Emma raised her hand, and with tearful face, looked at her mother, who was standing a few steps from the couch, with a pale cheek, anxious eye, and nervous form. "Mother," she whispered; yet the keen ear of that watchful and suffering heart heard the low-toned call, and she glided up just as the dying husband and father stretched out his hands and exclaimed:

"Here, here, hasten! kiss me, wife! Kiss me, sweet child! Farewell! We'll meet in heaven!—Blessings on you—on a-l-l!"

With a wild shriek of misery, Emma sank in a stream of tears beside the death-bed of her father; her weak, nervous, and easily exhausted mother, was supported in a state of unconsciousness from the apartment.

Arousing from her kneeling posture, Emma gazed upon the calm, pallid corpse of her dear and truly loved father—that kind parent who had always watched and guarded over her wayward childhood with a spirit of fondness, chiding her with a voice more of love than upbraiding, wooing her with a tenderness, and a solicitous care to walk in the beautiful path of truth. As she looked long and fixedly on that form, round which had clustered the warmest affection of her life, a nervous chill crept over her dejected heart, and turning with a face of bitter woe,

she murmured the miserable words "Orphan, an orphan!" We will kindly and sympathetically draw the veil of seclusion over the misery and sadness attendant on the subsequent scenes of this death and burial, trusting and believing that their hearts will turn to that Good One, that Blessed Saviour (the Father of orphaned childhood, and Consoler of widowed grief) who never yet, in the most hopeless extremity, withheld the balm and healing essence of His mercy from the afflicted soul. To Him may they turn and realize that

"There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found."

Three weeks of long and weary sadness have passed away. Friday afternoon, a chilling day has it been, a chilly November day. Emma with her friend, Molly Elby, is sitting in reflective silence near the grate, and the bright coals were throwing out their glow of genial warmth, giving a faint tinge of the old-time roses to the yet pale cheeks of our heroine. A soft, yet rather firm and manly tread sounded in the hall, and the next moment Lionel Mortimer entered the room.

"Dear Emma!" he exclaimed with intense feeling, as he warmly clasped the hand she held out to him, her only token of welcome save the slightest perceptible ray of momentary gladness that flashed out from her dark blue eyes as he entered. Drawing her near, he murmured, as he pressed his lips with gentle fervor to her cheek, "How pale, how sadly beautiful you are, sensitive, fragile blossom to stand the ills and cares of life. Come, sit down, and forgive me for keeping you standing." Turning to

Molly Elby, he continued—"How pleasant to see you here, with kind, self-sacrificing spirit cheering by your presence Cousin Emma in her heart's first great grief and gloom. Such unmistakable evidence of your affection is indeed pleasant."

"How could you think otherwise, my dear Mr. Mortimer? I shall never fail to sympathize in all the sadness that hovers over so fond and devoted a friend as Emma; it is only the world's summer friendship that fails you in the hour of affliction; 'tis the politic sycophant that turns from a friend in sorrow—the true heart but clings the firmer and loves the dearer."

"How much I admire and reverence such sentiment, and the heart that can feel such sentiment!"—Turning to Emma, he said, "but where is Aunt Emerson? I am the bearer of some cheering news." Just then Mrs. Emerson entered. "Ah, my dear Aunt, I am thankful indeed to meet you once again—thankful to see you looking as well as you do." Holding her hand, he continued in a voice of affected calmness, "I am happy to tell you that mother is up, getting well rapidly. The physician thinks she will be sufficiently convalescent to enable father to bring her to C—— by the latter part of next week; they are very solicitous and desirous to see and be with you."

"I have been anxiously concerned as to your mother's health, my dear Lionel, and as patiently hoping for her presence. I trust nothing will occur to prevent their coming—we feel so lonely, so perfectly desolate," concluded Mrs. Emerson, and her lips quivered as tears noiselessly coursed down her pallid cheeks, while the dark ring that circled her



eyes, and their sunken, dejected languor, told of *days* and nights of painful weeping and sadness.

Ere another week had glided by, the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mortimer in the social circle of the sitting-room contributed no little aid to the salutary effect that time and a mercifully divine Soother was gradually bringing over the desert-like silence and tear-stained faces of this broken household.

What a consolation it is to have friendly and kindred hearts to sympathize with you in your afflictions—to feel that when bowed down with grief, too deep and poignant for language to give adequate form or legitimate conception of expression—to feel at such times that there are true hearts, warm and devoted souls, who will weep with you, share your dejection, and with the generosity of sincere affection never attempt to quell or suppress your tears of anguish—who will not, by that wide-spread, but certainly mistaken style of sympathy, tell you to choke your grief, and that it is “weak” to shed tears over departed ones!

What! Is it not sacrilege to tell me when I weep over my friend’s new-made grave, or follow the inanimate form to that lonely resting spot on death’s cold bier—is it not a sacrilege to tell me that my tears (those amber drops of the heart) are “weak?” “Weak!” Ah, my dear Miss Cold Heart, or my amiable Mr. Icicle, you do not know the luxury, yes, the *luxury*, of tears. You have never known the potent relief that is given by the opening of these “flood gates” of the sorrowing soul; you do not know the elevating, the purifying influence of warm, thick-gushing tears, that rush like a torrent from the

heart bowed down in grief; if you did, never would you whisper to one thus mourning over "the loved and lost" the unfeeling platonic words "*Weep not.*" O, if you wish to soothe and comfort at such a time, break not in upon the sacred sadness; let the deluge of tears unhidden pour forth, till the suffering heart calms its agony by this relief, which humanity allows, and a wise Providence has given; these "heaven-moving pearls" are the material shape of grief that brings to the mourning heart, Christian meekness and resignation.

## CHAPTER VII.

A blossom full of promise is life's joy,  
That never comes to fruit. Hope, for a time,  
Suns the young floweret in its gladsome light,  
And it looks flourishing;—a little while—  
'Tis passed, we know not whither, but 'tis gone!

MISS LONDON.

HOPE is a charm that buds each day into brighter life, soothing and cheering us in all sorrow and worldly disappointment, chasing away the tear that dims the eye of youth, and bidding the young heart be gay and happy. It is this siren that builds our "Châteaux en Espagne," that fills up the future with rich coloring of brilliant beauty, and tells us that the joy we covet shall yet be ours. Though often fatal in its picturesque ideality, yet there are few, very few hearts sufficiently cold and stoical to turn a deaf ear to Hope's young cheerful voice. Spring has opened her azure eye of laughing beauty, and smiled her bright hours away 'mid the sweet incense of violets, primroses, and daisies; it is now summer—long, golden days of summer; the earth is richly laden with a passionate outpouring of prodigal nature.

The afternoon of a bright day, strolling through the Park, are Lionel Mortimer and Emma Emerson. Lionel is the personification of a tall, elegant, and intellectual dark-eyed hero, as in his military grey cloth, he walks with graceful, yet erect form, by his

cousin, Emma, who is a charming and beautiful figure of all that is fair and captivating.

Lionel is eagerly anticipating the coming Fall season, when he will graduate with eclat and honor, of which he may well be proud, and now he feels that there is but one more prize to pluck to gild with joy the opening brilliancy of the future.

Shall we whisper what it is? No; we prefer to permit these pages to gradually unfold their own secrets, as they all make a connecting link in our heroine's destiny.

As leisurely walking in the winding path, he paused and said, "Come, let us sit here under the shadow of this tall and wide-spreading magnolia; you look weary of strolling, and I have something that I wish to tell you, Cousin Emma."

"Well, I am rather tired of walking, and you have something, perhaps as the song goes—'I've something secret to tell you.' Are you planning any warlike adventure on the far-off frontier, or do you intend making me your confidant in some love affair?"

"Not exactly either of your suppositions, though it is a love affair, my gentle fairy."

"Nonsense, Cousin Lionel; you must use no such flattery to me."

"You are, indeed, a beautiful fairy; a bright and rather wicked one too, that has been robbing me for years."

"Worse in your applications. Well, what next—are you going to upbraid me for the valuable time I have monopolized, especially the past six months?" she queried with a mocking tone of anxiety.

"Nay, Emma, do not, I pray you, rebuff me thus. Often have I been on the point of making this avowal,

and as often have you by your mischievous sport delayed me"—he paused as if waiting a reply, but none came; she sat quietly looking down on the gravel walk, picking a sprig of cedar to pieces.

"Will you promise to hear, and answer me, with the candor and frankness that has been one of your noblest traits in all the past?"

"I will, of course;" and her voice was softly sad. With a nervous tone, but a dash of determination, he began: "Dear Emma, I have been with, or daily near you, for years, and I must confess that your goodness, truth, beauty and intellect have taught me to worship you; yes, worship—'tis no ordinary affection, but a perfect adoration. I feel that you have read my secret long ago in that language which the burning eye so well portrays. I will soon be ready to go out upon the broad field of worldly duty, and I do not wish to go alone; no, Emma; I desire your pure, deep, and enduring woman's love, to buoy me onward and upward in my path of ambition; I covet as a precious boon your looks of affection, and smiles of cheer—speak, I pray you," he said as he watched her face and saw her frame quiver, as if a chill of gloom had suddenly passed over her.

"Lionel, O, Lionel, you have made me miserably, wretchedly unhappy by this disclosure! It is indeed, unfortunate. O, why have you loved me?"

"Rather ask me why I have been so laggard in my declaration; why I have so long fed upon the lotos food of hidden, but devouring love; but do not ask me '*why I love you*'?"

"How proudly I cherish your friendship, and feel such warm affection for you as a dear, dear relation; but I do not"—here she paused.

"'Tis enough. Emma, O, Emma, have I been following a 'will-o-the-wisp,' vainly hoping to call you my own? O, fate, how bitter! bitter!"

"Do not upbraid me thus, dear cousin; I will be so wretched to know that I have unfortunately caused you some unhappiness and disappointment."

Several moments ensued, at length he spoke:

"Another question; only this one, Emma, and I will leave the painful theme. May I ask it?"

She bowed her head in acquiescence.

"Are you engaged, or do you love another? tell me truthfully, I beseech you!"

"I am not engaged, nor do I love another."

"Then I feel a thrill of hope; may I not? But, no; that is an unfair question."

"Yes; I can not reply—for I could not answer with truth, and would not conjecture."

"Time, however, will, and patiently I'll bide my fate," added Lionel. They sat in meditative silence. It was growing late, and with a dash of old time spirit, he rose, saying, "Come, we had better be walking home; the wind seems rising, as if Æolus was preparing for a regular gale, and that little zephyr-like muslin dress, that makes you look so white and ethereal, will not afford sufficient protection to my dear cousin. Take my arm as we ascend this hill, and do not look so pensive and sad; I would fain have you smile and forget the past hour's unhappy disclosure. Forgive me the pain I have unfortunately inflicted on your sensitive heart."

"I pardon you, if indeed there is anything to pardon, and be assured, I entertain the same high respect and admiration for your noble intellect and lofty ambition that I always have."

"Thank you. I was fearful of having incurred your displeasure by my passionate tone, which I would have considered very unfortunate."

"No, not my displeasure, only some unhappy reflections that have brought a sadness, and I cannot relieve myself of serious thought and foreboding shadows."

He thanked her with his eyes' silent, though expressive manner, while he pressed his lips tightly together, as if to smother some unbidden words that were on his tongue. At length they reached the lawn gate, he opened it, and paused as she entered; glancing around and seeing him hesitate in following, she said :

"Come on, Cousin Lionel, you are to be one of our circle this evening. We are to sing our quartettes; do not disappoint us."

"Excuse me, but I scarcely have time to reach barracks."

She looked at him in unfeigned surprise, for she knew he had intended passing the evening with them.

"Cousin Lionel, this is too bad; how can you be so abrupt as to tell me your limited time has expired? you were to remain till ten o'clock, you know."

As he met her gaze, his face flushed up, and in rather a haughty tone, he replied :

"Excuse me then, if you please, from your social circle; you will not miss my voice in the quartette. I am in no fit mood for parlor society to-night; I am mortal enough to feel unhappy just now, and am too envious to see the happiness of others. I will see you anon—good-by." And wheeling round as he bowed, he left her intently looking after his tall,

proud form ; as he rapidly disappeared, she mused a moment or two, and then silently walked off, speaking her reflections quite audibly. "This love of Lionel's, it is doomed to bring unhappiness to him, and ah, I fear to me. I know Molly Elby would call me a heartless wretch to be unable to love him, he is so talented, noble, ambitious, and was my father's favorite,—could I only fondly, truly love him ! But no, this wild heart of mine is free, gay, and uncaught ; and though Lionel is almost perfection, yet he is not the ideal of my youthful dream ; he is not my destiny, not the being whose lightning-glance of love's electricity can make my soul tremble with its wealth of deep, passionate and fond affection."

As she walked up the marble steps with slow tread, her face bore evidence of thought and anxiety, and seating herself in the verandah, she looked like a statue of meditation, as the moon's rays fell around her, making her appear quite angelical in her dress of snowy white.

At nine o'clock, Lionel Mortimer was sitting in abstracted mood in the "Guard-room," having relieved the officer of the guard—his friend and chum, Henry Midwell—from duty, that he might make a visit to some friends who were in the city. As lonely he sat thinking, he could scarcely realize the unfortunate change of the day ; morning had found him light and joyous, his heart inspired with brilliant hope, and the dream of happy and reciprocal love ; evening had brought a gloom—a shadow of bitterness had been cast over his path. He threw down a volume of Military Tactics with impatient air, and bowing his head, he murmured : "Wretched that I



am! would that I could press the cold sod, would that I were sleeping the unending earthly sleep of death by the grave of my dear Uncle Emerson! He is at rest, peaceful rest, and I—I am here to be made most miserably unhappy by one I had thought would be the angel of my life! Hope, ambition and love, how all have cheated me! the very blackness of darkness is reigning over me!" Looking up, and gazing out on the heavens, he continued: "The moon, like my own hope, is waning, ere long; but a few stars will be visible to dispel the midnight hour; but I have no star, no little meteor, to twinkle in hopeful radiance! Emma, Emma, you have dimmed the first great hope of my life. O, that I 'had never known thee,' never knelt to thee, never felt thy entrancing power." Humming the air of that sweet and pathetic ballad—

"Had I never, never known thee,"

he sighed, and looking round, he saw a flute lying on the table near, where his chum, Midwell, had left it; picking it up, he played the well-known air; sweetly-sad the melancholy tones sounded, like the wailing echo of a mournfully disappointed heart. Truly he thinks that it will be

"Cold and cheerless,  
To live without her smile."

With a somewhat weary smile, he rose from his chair, saying, "I suppose the gay Henry Midwell would laugh heartily at my woeful visage were he to enter just now. Would tell me 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady,' and that boys only grow desperate over a 'kick;' this one though is rather a deadly

hit." How long he would have continued his promenade through the room, and his soliloquy, it is difficult to say ; but he was just then interrupted by the call from a sentinel, " Officer of the Guard !"

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The summer time has fled—autumn, with its mellow light, envelopes the dazzling beauty of the past season. Leaves turn to a yellow hue, and earth has apparently borrowed the coloring of her forest-foliage and scenery from the golden rays that fill the autumnal evening skies. Nature presents a very charming and richly-colored landscape of gold and bronze—as

Witchingly the season of prodigal passion,  
Sinks into the grave of decay ;  
Smilingly in her last sun-rays basking,  
Yielding to autumn she glideth away.

Emma had not re-entered college. The death of her father had broken in upon the past session, and with such poignant grief, and under such a heavy affliction her mind was but illy fitted for arduous study. She was thus precluded from completing her academic course the past "Commencement;" but Molly Elby had graduated, thus leaving our heroine to enter at the present opening session without the smile and cheering face of this her dearest friend. Confident of finishing her course of studies by the coming July, she now applies her mind most diligently. Many pleasant days she toils over her books ; in truth, we may call her an ambitious and determined girl. Often, however, in her evening reveries she thinks of Molly, who is on a visit to Washington City, no longer the unattractive school miss, but the

gay and charming Southern beauty, "Miss Elby." She sometime sighs with a little of the spirit of impatience, and looks wistfully to the coming of her own debut as she reads Molly's long and frequent letters, with racy descriptions, of moonlight promenades, a sprinkling of romantic adventures, brilliant ball-rooms, concert and opera halls, but the crowning feature, in Emma's eye, is the delightful mental pleasure that she thinks must be consequent on hearing the eloquent orators and brilliant statesmen discuss the important themes in our National Congress; and oft there comes a memory of her interrupted tour—her disappointed, and as yet unexplained, abridgment of the Niagara trip. There is a remembrance lingering still of that last ride with Robert Talbot, and in fancy she can see him bending near and smiling—that peculiar fascinating smile, that made her young heart flutter strangely. Remembrance is indeed a holy thrill that touches the beautiful perennial blossoms of memory, reviving the scenes of the past, with all the fervor that human hope and the heart's fond ideality can know.

"Mother, there is Aunt May Mortimer in the carriage!" exclaimed Emma, as she sat on the marble steps looking, with an eye of watchful expectation, down the lawn.

"Can it be possible? Truly, this is delightful. I did not think but what Reuben would return with as empty a carriage as he drove to the depot."

"But see! I am right; come, mother!" And bounding down the steps, she reached the carriage just as it stopped, and the next moment was pressed in her Aunt May's arms and a kiss of affectionate

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welcome exchanged. Mrs. Emerson was soon there, and folding each other in fond embrace they mutually exclaimed, in that voice which so intelligibly portrays the joy of the heart, "Dearest sister!"

The trio enter; and now while they are busy making queries that would be dull and *mal-apropos* here, we will give a brief introductory to this lady whose coming is hailed with such unmistakable evidence of pleasure.

Miss May Mortimer is the youngest sister of Mrs. Emerson, and has lately returned from a protracted tour through Europe. She has stood at the graves of the English bards and poets, has beheld the grand mausoleums reared in memory of many a crowned head, and looked upon the crumbling ruins of many ancient and once magnificent castles, and with an eye of cultivated taste and appreciative heart, admired the antique beauties of natural and intrinsic sublimity and curiosity that the Old World may well boast of; wandered through apartments of the famed Windsor, dreaming over the days of the past as she gazed upon mementoes bringing many an historical scene with graphic force to her "mind's eye," and with a soul of venerating and reverential awe she has passed the portal of Tintern, Melrose, and many other old abbeys.

Though she is not so prepossessing in personal appearance, yet her pleasant but somewhat eccentric manners were irresistible; she was rather petite and delicately formed, with light hair and a small grey-blue eye. A most censurable feature, we might say, was an aversion amounting almost to contempt, that she entertained for the *opposite sex*. In Emma's eye this was her only fault, and she thought that this was

quite a flaw, or at least a strange freak of *inhumanity* in this, otherwise, paragon aunt of her's. But we will turn to them in person.

"You have grown rapidly and quite beautiful, Emma, and very graceful ; you are above my statue."

"I am rather the taller of the two, but as to my beauty, Aunt May, that, I fear me, is only an optical illusion. I never flattered myself in that respect, and am often amused at others seeking to infuse the vanity into my head."

"You are a sensible girl, at least ; I am glad that your mind has been carefully cultivated. Of all things, the most insipid to me, is to meet a pretty girl, with so much timidity and want of good sense as to hesitatingly reply to all your queries in the monosyllabic style—'Yes, mam,' or 'No, sir,' fearing to attempt to launch into the current of conversation."

"You are too severe, Aunt May ; remember that many are timid and very retiring through natural and unavoidable reserve."

"I admire a womanly spirit of modesty very much in its proper place ; but to speak freely and learnedly on a topic, and without that simpering hesitancy very often assumed, is an evidence of intellect that I appreciate much more, for it is the intellect that ever charms me."

"Emma is worthy of her parentage in mental superiority ; not that brilliant dash that many possess, 'tis true, but the same firm and potent intellect that characterized her father is easily perceptible in her. She is, perhaps, a little too much inclined to sarcasm, and rather frivolously merry ; but a year hence, she will be free of those errors, I hope."

My dear sister Emerson, I can scarcely see how you lament either as errors. A 'merry heart is heaven's best gift,' and a little sarcastic touch gives an agreeable pith to your conversation, does it not, Emma?"

"I really think so; but, Aunt May, you are both unjust. I insist that you leave further criticism until I am away at my recitations; I then will be spared hearing my good qualities lauded, or my inferior ones deplored."

"But you should have your faults pointed out, and endeavor to guard against and possibly master them, and thus be a specimen of perfection."

"Indeed, I do not think that mortal can attain perfection. I am fearful that if we did, we would lament the folly of occupying so isolated a position. I could not love one that I knew vastly my superior in all points, infallible and unerring. Congeniality is highly requisite in mere friendship, and particularly so in love, and there are few who could feel any congeniality with perfection; I am sure I never could."

"Then I may infer that you do not aspire to be the 'paragon' of the present age?"

"No, I am not so egotistical; an ardent, impulsive spirit, a good degree of mental cultivation, and a warm, sympathetic heart, make up what I desire."

"I hope to soon see you a brilliant and intellectual woman, perfectly worthy the station that is yours; and I will tell you, above all, do not surrender that heart of yours to the first young *pop-in-jay* who chooses to have enough impertinence to ask it of you."

"Well, I cannot obligate myself thus, but I do not think I will lower my colors at the first assault."

However," she added, with a smile, "I will never fetter this soul, never break this heart of mine, by a foolish idea of dignity and pride. If it is my destiny to meet my ideal two months after I graduate, I believe I would yield my heart, candidly acknowledging my predilection."

"You would? Why, Emma, do not think of giving up your freedom to a tyrannic 'lord of creation;' at least not until you have passed many a gay season in the circles of beauty and fashion. Yield your heart so easily, so readily—you are mistaken!"

"No, I do not think I am. I care not for the miserable farce of being fawned upon and flattered by a bevy of biped creatures, who do not know the worth of a true woman's heart and unstained affection. I think it the most pleasant fate that the proudest of my sex can desire, that of contributing to the mutual happiness of the domestic circle." Emma blushed with unavoidable girlish confusion, as she met her Aunt May's quiet eye, who said nothing in reply to her niece as she concluded; she saw in the expression of truth that gleamed in Emma's blue-black eyes, and the firm lip, that she was resolute—no vacillating being, who would adopt or accept the doctrine, a-la-Moore, of hearing love from

"Lips that are near,  
When we are far from the lips that are dear!"

With a seer-like power, she read in her niece's calm countenance and flashing eye, a haughty, yet loving heart, full of passionate enthusiasm, whose innate pride would create a feeling of indifference, approximating contempt, for all the gilded, hollow display of fashion and its marble-hearted devotees.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“Look up! look up! sad weary heart,  
Cast off thy load of sorrow;  
The clouds of care are fleeting by;  
Hope’s sun will shine to-morrow!”

It is “Commencement Day,”—the evening of the eventful night of the closing scenes of the “Military Commencement” in C——.

Hearts are beating with hope and excitement, and many envy Lionel Mortimer as they think of the coming night that is to add the finishing touch to his success. His friends and classmates congratulate him; but as the crowd who had been gathered around him dispersed, he smiled as he made a vain attempt to be buoyant and gay—and remarks to Henry Midwell, who alone remained: “Do not talk of envying me; it is true I have partially set my foot on the first step of the ladder we climb to fame. I have grasped after the bubble of celebrity and renown; from early boyhood I began climbing to ambition’s alluring peak; my collegiate duties have ended in flattering success; all tell me ‘I am lucky,’ ‘I am a rising light,’ but yet I am not satisfied, I am not happy. O Fame! fame, ambition, evil stars of my destiny! Too many who are eminently successful, and reach the loftiest peak of hopeful ambition, would thrust the laurel of glory scornfully from their brow, and cry in the bitterness of despair, Give me but the flowers of love’s holy, pure wreath;



it would be sweeter solace to my breaking heart! Many walk the halls of glory firmly, with noble brow and lofty mien, meeting the voice of adulation with a cold stoical smile, and the world bows to them, honors them, and envies them, of course. But could the heart pour, into some familiar and confiding ear, its tale of misery and disappointment, it would awaken a feeling of sorrowful compassion. I, Midwell, I had rather have won, as the precious boon of my life, Emma Emerson's heart, than all the glory and honor the world will ever bestow."

"Why, really, Mortimer, you have made a misanthropic speech, *par excellence*. I am grieved to hear you talk thus; I thought you had long since gained the mastery of that unfortunate passion, and forgotten your love for a certain lady. Cheer up, my brilliant chum! life is not a list of woes and throes,—no, you will find many a delightful dream of hope realized in the future, if you will only face the music and vow to get over your *penchant*."

"I would like to cherish such ideas, though they were vain. Midwell, we will soon leave these halls, and instead of the stereotyped routine of military life, we will each launch out into the ocean of manly duty. Our paths are separate in many respects, but I shall ever turn to you as one of my boyhood's best friends, and I desire to always find you the sympathizing and sincere man that you have been. I always want your good will and friendship."

"Mortimer, be assured of my eternal devotion to you. I feel no trifling boyish love for you. No; to be your friend is a position I have, and shall, ever prize. I feel a brother's affection and pride in you,

and I look forward to the time when Lionel Mortimer will be the '*Lion*' of our Southern States."

"Away with such a deluding supposition. I am a favorite of fortune in this case; but she is a fickle jade, and will soon bid me take care of myself, while she will wait on some other being with her transitory smile."

"Mortimer, you are as sour as a crab apple. I would not let losing a genuine angel, wings and all, grieve me as you do the rejection of your handsome cousin, Miss Emerson. She is a fine girl, a fair creature to keep embalmed for a feverish dream of bliss, charming and intellectual, but a cold icicle, or she would love you. I tell you, if I sported crinoline instead of pants and coat, I would fall desperately in love with you; and hang the girl who put herself in my way to your heart! Come and stay with me in our little village; I'll wager you will find some of our wild-wood blossoms equally as captivating as the lady in question. You cannot expect to cure yourself of your passion by being always at her side. You gallant her everywhere; are always in her company whenever you can get there. - You remind me of a child that has been singed a little by a brilliant fire blaze, and yet, instead of taking warning and keeping clear of the flame, plays all the while near enough to keep the scorched spot irritated."

"For that reason only I am glad to leave the city. I am unable to stay away from her presence while here; and am, of course, constantly keeping the wound open by fresh inflictions. I have enjoyed more real pleasure in these barracks than I fear I will ever know again; the memory of my boyhood

days will certainly be the oasis in the desert of my future life."

"As for me, I am more partial to my manhood days. I have enjoyed about half a dozen, being twenty-one the twelfth of this month, and this is the eighteenth."

"You are singular, any way, Midwell; I wish my feelings were as happily diversified as yours."

"Perhaps they will be, when you determine, as I have, to make a bright world of this, any way they fix it; or, I may grow as sour as you are, when I get the *mitten*," replied Midwell, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"I do not care for your sneering irony, nor will I hope that you may ever get the *mitten*."

"You are a queer man! I thought to raise your anger, laugh you out of this fit of blues, but you have given me a reply, 'cool as a cucumber,' instead of reminding me that 'curses, like young chickens, usually come home to roost;' you are a riddle that I can't solve."

"Yes, I am an enigma to myself."

"See, Mortimer, what time are you? my watch won't tick to-day."

"Quite time that we had left this green, and made preparation for this eventful night."

Arm in arm they walk off. Lionel Mortimer's form looked royally commanding in its tall elegance and grace. Midwell was a small-sized man, but well set, with handsome face, magnificent hair, and keen black eyes that sparkled with buoyant spirit.

They entered their room. Mortimer looked gloomy as he threw, dejectedly, here and there, several volumes that were accidentally in his way; while

Midwell, with his characteristic mirth, was busy making various attitudes of supposed grace, before the little mirror.

"Now, Mortimer, look, is not that a grand, a telling gesture? Heavy, ain't it? Dence take you, don't play 'Parson Long-face' here now; I want your advice and masterly criticism as to oratorical gestures. I am as whimsical about the shape of my waist, the curl of my hair, the cut of my coat, and in fact general appearance, as a young beauty dressing for her debut in a ball room, and am just as solicitous that it should come off with eclat."

Lionel Mortimer smiled as the gay fellow rattled on.

"I am to welcome Lillie, my little dark eyed Lillie, here to-night. O, she is a witching maid! I found her in a pretty secluded spot; where, when I was called away by the voice of duty, I would not be in any great agony at her exposure to many superior rivals."

"Ah, I thought that you would wind up with your Lillie; you see that love is the basis of all joy. Now if you did not have this dear creature to be eager and anxious about to-night, you would be quite as cold and cynical as I am, probably. I envy you."

"I must admit my own was a lucky star, as some old astrologist would say. I sometime think I am a little too lucky. Nim-porte, I guess I'll have many a rough and tumble of it yet, before I can successfully get through with old Blackstone and his brother disciples, and hang out my shingle of LL. D.; but if Lillie is true to me, and eventually I make her Mrs. Henry Midwell, I'll be a happy dog through all."

'Tis eight o'clock. Carriages are rolling rapidly to and from the Military Hall.

At one of neat exterior, we see young Midwell assisting therefrom his mother, sister Fanny, and a sylph-like beauty who we conclude is "Lillie." While they are entering the paved walk leading to the hall, our eyes are attracted by a splendid equipage that has rolled up, and which by the light of the gas we discover is the Emerson's. Lionel Mortimer approached it as his father and mother with his Aunt Emerson stepped out, inquiring, as he shook his father's hand, "Where were the others?"

"There is the carriage now," said the footman. Lionel turned, and reached the side of the pony phaeton just in time to assist Emma, as she stepped lightly from the low-cushioned seat, murmuring as he did so, "Lovely, beautiful one!" Miss May Mortimer and another young lady he assisted out, but merely bowed to them as he gave his arm to his Cousin Emma, while his father escorted the other ladies.

It was evident to a careful observer that there was an unhappy estrangement between these two; yet he walked proudly calm—he was growing more resigned to his fate. How many envied Lionel Mortimer as he entered with this beautiful and magnificent creature leaning on his arm it would be a difficult matter to conjecture.

All have finished—each one doing credit to their intellect as they spoke logically and learnedly on various themes. All have concluded but the bright star of the evening.

The Valedictory is yet to be delivered.

The spacious hall was quiet, silence reigning over all, as Lionel Mortimer with his potent voice and in-

spired eloquence is enchaining and drawing his audience on with him as he unfetters the wings of his prodigal, passionate enthusiasm, and soars with brilliancy to the eyrie of his soul's lofty and beautiful ideality. We would trace him in his chaste and touching style of oratory, but pen and head are unequal to the task of tracking his mind of genius, which could not have been given a better field to display its rich variety than a valedictory. There, you need not keep to your text so punctiliously, but introduce many and varied pictures of graphic ideality, reality, and interest, with unquestionable propriety. As our young orator concluded, a wreath of laurel, artistically interwoven with orange buds, fell at his side—the laurel told of glory and ambition, the orange buds of woman's worth and love, fitting exponent of praise and admiration. With the blood mantling his cheek and brow, he gathered the wreath up, winding it gracefully around his left arm, and turning again to the, as yet, spell-bound audience, in his own enthusiastic, winning language, he thanked the unknown donor of this dear memento.

We will give his concluding remarks, since we think we can remember them sufficiently to do him no great injustice. As looking at the leaves and flowers that he had wound round his arm, in low yet thrilling voice, he said: "Beautiful wreath—sweet souvenir! Thy laurel leaf will buoy me ever onward, with a still small voice, to a goal of lofty and worthy eminence. Fair orange buds, gathered and woven herein by the angelical hand of some noble, lovable woman, how I prize your white spotless purity! In memory's casket will I press this wreath to shed a fragrance of memorial odor in remem-

brance of this scene. Keep this wreath, treasure this proud emblem? Ah, I will sacredly embalm it mid the trophies of my life, with all the fervor that my heart of manhood's strength and appreciation can teach!"

A murmur of enthusiastic applause and looks of admiration followed his form as he disappeared from view.

A friend who was sitting immediately in front of Louis Mortimer leaned over and said, "Are you not proud of him? Are not your most sanguine hopes realized? I am happy to think that he is a friend's son even."

"I am certainly pleased and surprised. I do feel that he will make me justly proud of him yet."

Wit and mirth are ringing over the gay assemblage. Music with its magic spell is enlivening the scene, already brilliant and gay with its array of beauty and bewildering forms of lovely, gentle woman, and noble and captivating man.

A tall, handsome officer is promenading and conversing ardently with Emma Emerson. Lionel Mortimer bit his lip and looked flushed and excited as these two passed near enough to him for the white satin (with its fleecy covering of gauze that adorned in magnificent yet tasty richness the graceful form of his cousin) to touch his person as he sat in seclusion, especially for the laurel-crowned hero; but, recovering his composure as Captain Beaufort and Emma disappeared, he turned to Miss Molly Elby, who appears on the scene, with her usual gaiety, having returned from Washington City in time to be present at this "Commencement." Lionel offered her

his arm, and as they glided into the circle of promenaders many an eye looked enviously on our innocent friend Molly, who certainly enjoyed the attention he gave her, with charming spirit of mirth and agreeableness.

Youth, O youth! well may'st thou be hopeful, trusting and artlessly confiding, dreaming of the joyous future.

Bitter and cold must be the experienced heart that whispers too early in the ear of youth, the gloom, deceit and disappointment that is the destiny of the futurity of many a blooming heart of young love and hope.

Ah, let the heart with its mimosa like sensitiveness, the soul with its trembling solicitude and anxiety—let them dream on, dream on, in the beauteous pathway of the labyrinthian future. It is wise to allow the youthful ideality to live on, unmarred by the misery of knowing the ordeal through which they must pass, and have the heart scared and blighted. But away with dark forshadowing! Away with cold and dull reality, and let youth be happy as it may!



## CHAPTER IX.

"The merry heart, the merry heart,  
Of Heaven's gift I hold thee best ;  
And they who feel its pleasant throb,  
Though dark their lot are truly blest ! "

SEVERAL weeks have passed with the rapidity that time ever flies when happiness is meted us.

Christmas holidays are making all hearts light, especially the juveniles.

Emma and her friend Molly are planning some scheme of pleasure for the approaching twenty-fifth of December.

"Suppose we make up a tableau, a masquerade party, or something of that kind."

"That would be elegant, but I fear we have not time to get the requisite characters for a tableau. It would take some practice to make it presentable."

"How I wish your cousin Lionel Mortimer was here to help us out of our dilemma !"

"I do also. I endeavored to detain him with us till after Christmas, but naughty Henry Midwell allured him away to spend the time in that rustic village where he resides."

"I think I would have taken the occasion of making my power over Sir Lionel more visible, and have retained him by all means, if I had been in your place, Emma."

"Indeed, you are mistaken. I have lost all my power or influence, if I ever had any, with him. He

has grown so distant in his manner to me, latterly, that I would not be surprised if he does not call me Miss Emerson when next we meet."

"That is a hypothetical idea. You know there is a love so deep, an admiration so sincere, that it is said to make one appear cold and formal when with the object that inspires such fond and absorbing devotion. I wish you could have heard his remarks in reference to you as you glided so gracefully by us at the 'Commencement.'"

"You were sitting in that cosy recess when I observed you, criticising me as I passed with William Beaufort."

"Not criticising, but eulogizing. I think Captain Beaufort and you were decidedly the most magnificent couple who were present. He is a very handsome man. I almost envied you, Emma; but you are always so fortunate, admired by all the intellectual and noble men whom you meet."

"I do not think you should have envied any one that night, for the Lion of the party was certainly your very particular escort."

"Well, I did envy you; and more from what my companion said, than the pointed attention of handsome William Beaufort."

"You desire to rouse my curiosity, Molly. I know what it was,—some silly compliment which Lionel felt, just about as much as Captain Beaufort did, who played the sycophant to perfection. Lionel knew, too, that you would be apt to repeat it to me, and he thought it a good opportunity to flatter my vanity."

"No: you are dull at surmising this time. He did not name your magnificent beauty, graceful

form, and many other insipid remarks that we so often hear about a pretty woman; but in his peculiar tone, that impresses you with the candor and fervor of the speaker, he said, 'There glides by a being dear to me from early boyhood; she has ever been so kind, so generous, and, above all, so truthful, that I cherish 'her in my heart as a sister, a fond sister. O, that she were indeed my sister!' I almost replied aloud to him, *Why, I think you would rather have her be your cousin.*"

Emma merely smiled as Molly concluded; and, turning the subject by recurring to the undecided entertainment for the twenty-fifth, they merrily continue the debate as to what the amusement shall be.

Molly being absent at the time of Lionel Mortimer's declaration to his cousin Emma, she was not aware of anything of that nature having transpired. Emma regretted the avowal of his love too much to ever speak of the event; and though Molly was a confidant in whom she usually reposed all her hopes, expectations, and girlish dreams, yet she did not tell of Lionel's unhappy love, preferring to let Molly imagine what she chose, rather than subject her cousin's disappointment to her knowledge, by even a confidential exposure.

The twenty-fifth of December has come. It is a day of time-honored merry-making, a festival season when often the long absent ones, who have been wandering in the busy world, are called together by the magic voice of affection, and meet around the family hearth, making a home circle of felicity.

It is certainly the time when old winter makes us feel more neighborly, and we voluntarily draw our chairs closer to each other, and enjoy the proximity,

as we gaze from the comfortable fireside picture out upon the exterior world, that looks austere as the wind whistles a boisterous medley through the leafless limbs; or the snow covers the ground with its coat of chilling ermine. Yet, amid all the blustering noise, the icicle pendants, or the snowy crusted landscape, the spirit of mirth throws her charm around our hearts, and buoyantly we mingle with the dear ones of the loved home circle.

At half-past nine o'clock, Molly Elby entered where Emma, her mother, and aunt were sitting, greeting them with her cheering "Merry Christmas!" Our heroine sprang up with a face radiant with joy from her seat where she had been patiently waiting the arrival of her friend ere she visited the "Christmas tree." Turning to her mother and aunt May she said, "Now Molly is here, shall we not visit the tree of gifts?"

"Of course, my dear girls," replied Mrs. Emerson. Away they glided with as much unaffected joy as they had done in earlier years. It was a beautiful tree, with limbs spreading out in such natural perfection and foliage, that it looked very much like a genuine evergreen of forest growth, that had been transported by some fairy hand, to the centre of this cosy room; the branches were filled with tasty and unique articles of choice selection. A blue velvet case, on one of the lower limbs, bore the inscription, "Emma;" a branch opposite revealed a similar one with "Molly" inscribed thereon. Opening them eagerly, they were as much delighted as surprised at the contents; a magnificent set of pearls for Emma, and emeralds for Molly.

"How beautiful! Pearls are my favorites, and

emeralds are yours; these indeed, are quite appropriate and acceptable."

"Yes, indeed they are. O, look!" said Molly, as she turned the case she held open, and the light sparkled on its contents, "my emeralds flash so brilliantly! These are tasty gifts, and are more gratefully received because so unexpected; we are indebted to Miss May and your dear mother for them."

"Yes, I think so; they knew our particular preference, and the evident desire to please our peculiar taste increases the intrinsic value of these souvenirs from those whose warm affection has prompted the donation." With gay voices and happy smiles, they turn from the room in animated conversation.

The week passed away with one continued round of balls, tableaux, parties and other scenes of sport and merriment, incidental to such a time.

Old year has fled, and the champion successor comes in with all the frosty beauty of a January guest, but few blossoms are lingering to greet the dawning year, and set off with their delicate fretwork, the monotony of the scene—not even a young snow-drop, the early floral visitor, with its bud of divine thought, and white flower of purity, appears to guild, with its fragile, yet attracting beauty, the frozen pathway of the opening year. Muffling the scroll of the coming days, and ushering in with folded parchment the debutant, old father January shakes his grey beard and laughs at the anxious faces that are looking so eagerly to the future, seeking with the impatience of the humane heart to peer through the unyielding veil of mystery that is thrown alike over the fate of all.

We hope, but yet we dare not record one scene on

these blank scrolls. On not one of the twelve parchments of either month do we know what thereon to mark ; not one day can we fill up with the pen of truth, yet trusting in that Being of love and infinite goodness and mercy, we leave the unfolding of the new year to His wise decree.

Joy has been abundant with our two young friends. Emma has resumed the last six months of her collegiate term. She laughs, as Molly tells her how much she is in advance. "I have been out in the gay and fascinating circles of the fashionable world nearly one year, and here you are as yet a merry college girl. I envy you again, even in this trifling matter."

"You are rather an envious bit of humanity, I must believe ; but it is absurd, Molly, to think of envying me at this time—it will not be long ere my heart will be in a nervous flutter, as I go through the exciting ordeal of examination and graduating."

"That is quite true ; there is a great deal of frustration and anxiety belonging to such a season, but excitement is quite necessary to my happiness. A quiet humdrum sameness would make me despair immediately. I am growing quite weary of the stereotyped style that exists in the bon ton, but you will soon come in to relieve, by your originality, gaiety and ardent friendship, my despondency."

"Yes, just be patient, my dear sufferer. You look very much like one being killed by the martyrdom of fashionable life and sycophantic adulation. It is a pity that you keep such rosy cheeks and bright eyes amid so much unhappiness."

"Laugh and be as sarcastic as you please, you will soon be *mon compagnon du voyage*, and then see

how long you will remain with such surroundings without expressing supreme disgust."

"I look forward to the time when I will turn in retrospection with a sad heart, and sigh to be the merry girl of other days; but now I am willing to take a part in the scenes to which you allude, notwithstanding I shall soon, I expect, evince my fickle human nature by becoming dissatisfied and weary."

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Lionel Mortimer is now visiting his chum. He was welcomed truly and warmly by the entire family; the frank greeting of all whom he met won his heart, and, conversing with Henry Midwell, a few days after his arrival in the inviting little village, he remarked that he had been agreeably disappointed.

"I have heretofore imagined that there was but little pleasure to be seen in such a retired place, preferring to be in the calm, quiet country, or a large city, but I find I was mistaken in supposing a small village monotonous and disagreeable, for this place has already charmed me."

"I am glad indeed that you are prepossessed in favor of this little ville. I hope to see you become sufficiently captivated with the place to make you give up the idea of life being a weary desert."

"I have some faith in your hopes, and do not believe I will die of a *broken heart*."

"No, Mortimer, not while there is to be found so wide a field of dear and charming '*heart's-ease*.'"

"That is wisely said."

"Make it *wisely done*, my noble fellow, and I'll be as happy as the third person can in such cases."

Mortimer enjoyed the fine and exciting sport of hunting, and many a bright, cold frosty dawn, ere Aurora had fully waked, or the sun had tinged the eastern heavens with the faint streaks of his rising splendor, the woods for miles rang with the echo of the baying of the hunting dogs, which to his ear was an exhilarating sound. Midwell was a devoted lover of the chase, and he owned what many of our Southern young men consider a fine possession—splendid steeds, swift and spirited horses, that cleared a hedge or leaped a ditch with one glorious bound, as they followed, guided by their riders, the cry of the chasing dogs, and he resided in a section that offered rare inducements to both fox and deer hunters. He compared the voice of his hunting pack of blooded animals to martial music, vowing that their barking and yelling was an incentive that raised his courage to its zenith more easily than any sounds extant.

They frequently returned, weary and worn with their toil after game, and many pleasant afternoons were passed in the sitting-room, or in the old vine-clad piazza. Mortimer began to waken from his dream of apathetic indifference to all that was good and lovely in woman—a cold indifference that he had gradually arrived at since his disappointed love for his cousin. His passion for his beautiful relative, Emma Emerson, was one of continual excitement, that made him extravagantly gay and hopeful, or remarkably sad and despondent. The sound of her voice thrilled him strangely; to meet her suddenly, made him grow nervous; to clasp, ordinarily, her hand, was as much prized as a great blessing; and to press his lips in silence to her brow or cheek (a pri-



vilege his relationship often granted him), agitated his very soul with peculiar power. He lived, one day, in the brightest hope; the next would find him in wretched despair and doubt. With a superior intellect and judgment in every other case, love made him a very coward, and when he spoke at last, gave verbal expression in most passionate language to his devotion, and found that he had loved in vain—he believed that he would never be able to forget or grow indifferent to the one who had been the star of love from early boyhood. But we very often find the most ardent love dies out most rapidly. We will not accuse him of such fickleness yet; but in his own heart he acknowledges the beauty and goodness of Fanny Midwell. True, her voice was not so deeply powerfully sweet and eloquent, as one he had listened to; her eye did not thrill his soul, and make him tremble with emotion if he caught its concentrated gaze; but there was a quiet, dreamy, guileless beam that shone from those windows of her soul. The blood did not mantle his cheek or flush his brow if he leaned over to catch some soft whisper, nor did he display any tremor in his rich, musical voice, as he sang many a beautiful duett with her; but there was a soothing, womanly gentleness that gave him a feeling of calm, quiet content when with her.

Musing of the past, he could scarcely believe that even thus soon absence had brought a happy forgetfulness, and that he was learning to love another, thus proving the fickleness of man's most ardent devotion. "Can it be," said Lionel, as soliloquizing with only his cigar for a companion, "that my love has perished like the sound that dies and leaves

scarcely an echo, or like a bright morning that is clouded by a dark eclipse and has no sweet twilight! No, that can not be; yet in Midwell's charming sister do I recognize a gentle being that would love well and warmly. True, I do not think it would be so passionate or fervent as Emma Emerson will love when once she yields to the spell. Emma would do that as she does everything else—with an indescribable dash of enthusiastic ardor and punctiliousness; yet such confiding spirit and originality of devotion, that it will be a pleasant glimpse of heaven here on earth to the fortunate being who awakens her heart into affection's holy life, while Fanny"—

Here he was interrupted by the young lady whose name he had just uttered. With a pleasant smile she spoke, and it was, indeed, a soft, womanly voice that fell upon his ear.

"You look as if you were really enjoying your cigar, and at the same time entertaining yourself with your own reflections. I will not disturb your reverie," said Fanny, turning to reënter.

"No, no, I beg you; do not imagine that you will ever disturb me." And rising from his seat he approached her, continuing—"I was lonely sitting here in this old and charming vine-covered piazza;—like Ik Marvel, I was dreaming as I watched the smoke of my cigar; its ashes teach me a warning lesson of decay. I was also speaking my admonitory thoughts audibly, Miss Fanny, and I presume you overheard my soliloquy?"

"No, I came from the sitting room, where I have been reading and yawning."

"I observe you still retain your volume; let me see it."

"Do not tease me as brother does. I have quite a taste for poets and poetry; and though I could not compose a sonnet, or poem, connectedly and tersely, yet I dote on Byron, Shelley, Moore, and Mrs. Norton. Scott I dearly love, and I do really admire Percival."

"No, you should never apologize for your partiality to such a collection as this volume contains," said Lionel, as he looked at the title of the book she had given him. "The 'Poets and Poetry of England' are truly worthy of your well cultivated mind; I like all the authors that you have named; I also greatly admire Percival; his masterly style pleases me very much. I remember a quotation from him that I can appropriately use just now." And looking at her steadily with an inquiring gaze, he said, "Pardon me, Miss Fanny, if I say too much when I assert that this idea that I borrow from that poet is very truthful and appropriate." And bending quite near, he repeated in a thrilling voice—

"They never felt  
Those summer flies that flit so gaily round thee,  
They never felt one moment what *I* feel,  
With such a silent tenderness, and keep  
So closely in my heart."

"By Jove, you are getting sentimental, friend Mortimer," exclaimed Henry Midwell, as he emerged from the evergreens near the porch. "I have put up old Blackstone and came for you and Fanny to walk, and luckily I caught this witch of a sister of mine trying to instill some of her poetical ideas into you. Go put up that volume of jingling nonsense and rhyme: Mortimer is too sensible, my young lady,

for any such sentimentality, and my poetical work is a neat little edition, elegantly bound and labelled '*Lillie*.' Come, let us enjoy a walk?"

Lionel Mortimer laughed heartily at his allusion to his intended bride, and having recovered from his confusion, as he discovered that his friend had not caught the drift of his quotation very correctly, the trio walked off; the gay Harry ironically criticising his sister's predilection for poetry, which teasing she received with a quiet composure that evinced her placid and gentle nature.

Sitting in the moonlight, enjoying their cigars, we find Lionel and his friend, the subsequent night, conversing of their expectations and probable success in the affairs of life. Henry Midwell intended entering with his father in the practice of law the following autumn, and about the same time leading to the altar his chosen flower.

"I am impatiently awaiting the time when it will be my pleasure to take my position in my profession; then will I gladly transplant my Lillie to the soil of my native State, and when I have done so, I will be a most enviable man; being one among the few who have commenced life with the heart of the dearest being on earth to beat responsive at their side, and cheer them on in duty's rugged path."

"I shall be rejoiced to know of your good fortune; for once the course of true love does run smooth; you are making dreadful havoc of Shakspeare's adage; however, storms may come yet before you reach your haven."

"By Jove! you talk as if you really wished they would. *S'death*, that will not do; but then I know

you envy me—you always have, eh, Mortimer?" And he laughed, as he threw his cigar away, displaying a beautiful set of teeth from the shadow of his black mustache, which had really improved the expression of his face, giving a haughty curl to his lip, which somewhat redeemed the boyish style of his manner and form.

"No, I do not wish any such ill-luck, but woman is strange, I think fickle. Trust them, but be cautious, is my motto; do not hastily bestow too much faith. I would scarcely think it was reality if I was engaged, and the time appointed."

"Egad, your cousin has made you rather skeptical, but do not doubt woman's love and constancy until you have thoroughly tried it. I believe that every Claude Melnotte will find his Pauline, if he will look for her—that is, some gentle being who would rather 'work for him, beg with him, live upon the light of one kind smile from him' than any thing else; in fact, I have perfect trust in woman's truth and affection, when once she fully and devotedly loves."

"Good luck to your faith, and no running off the track by the way."

The weeks passed rapidly away. The time for Lionel Mortimer's departure came before he by any means desired it. He had not attempted to reveal his affection to Fanny since that afternoon previously mentioned; though he almost feared to procrastinate, yet he had not entirely conquered his first affection, and he determined to delay his declaration until he was off with the old love; and he left her without betraying his predilection, feeling a vague fear that he had been too tardy: but he consoled himself by

the reflection that the future might prove his caution to be very admissible, for hope whispered that—the beautiful, the magnificent cousin Emma, who had so completely thrown her witching spell over his heart, might yet be the flower of love that would bloom upon his pathway in the hour of mature manhood. Hope, sweet syren, how many you lead with your dreams of future success away in the realms of ideal joy!

The locomotive whistle admonished him of the arrival at Oak-Lawn depot. A short drive brought him to the home of his childhood. As he sprung lightly from the buggy, it was inspiring to see the devoted manner in which he folded his mother to his bosom. How elevating and touching is a mother's love! and the love which all true-hearted beings entertain for their mother is certainly the purest of all affection. It is not a passion that in its burning ardor consumes the heart; it is no reckless, fervid devotion that rouses the soul into restless fear and anxiety; no, it is a sweet, soothing spell, potent in its constancy, and cheering in its unfathomable depth—and there is not a noble, high-toned man or woman in existence who does not love, truly and devotedly, their mother. Indeed 'twere a callous, miserably isolated heart that would fail to cherish, above all others, this ever-loving, ever-forgiving parent. A mother's love and care are rich and precious boons, for a mother loves, and loves forever! For the prodigal child, there is ever a mother's welcome; for the wayward youth, forgotten and forsaken by all others, there still is one bosom true to its first tender love and watchful care, ever ready to receive the wretched wanderer, who will take the

mourning one into her motherly arms, and make that desolate heart thrill with unspeakable gratitude as it feels that, amid all the blessings of this probationary life, a mother's love is most to be prized. True penitence always receives its reward of forgiveness from our Heavenly Father. Can it be irreverence to class comparatively the certainty of forgiveness from the mother's heart? An analogous view proves maternal affection to be more nearly akin to God-like truth, purity, and mercy than any other terrestrial feeling—

“ Ah! blessed are they for whom, 'mid all their pains,  
That faithful and unaltered love remains.”

## CHAPTER X.

There are moments in life that are never forgot,  
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away,  
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,  
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.

PERCIVAL.

AGAIN summer has revisited the earth—our heroine is a young graduate.

A beautiful, sunshiny morning, we meet her at the plantation home of her uncle, William Desonges, in the State of Louisiana.

Mr. Desonges was a wealthy planter, of French extract, who had married Mrs. Emerson's eldest sister; they were rather an elderly couple, but they did not forget their own impulsive days of youth, and become morose in their mature age; but, though seldom actively participating in the gaiety of life, they were never better pleased than when their son returned from college, with a party of his friends, or their daughter came home from her academy, accompanied by a bevy of favorites: such visitors were always gladly received and cordially welcomed to this hospitable home of Southern comfort, taste, and wealth.

It was a gay party of youth and buoyancy that set out on the morning train *en route* to the Virginia Springs—certainly it was a lively company, in which mirth, intellect, and beauty were well represented. They are promising themselves a season of pleasant



recreation, and it has begun very propitiously, as they have had the addition of several interesting persons, *en passant*, to their already agreeable party.

The "White Sulphur" comes first in their route. Its pleasant position, and various other attractions, scarcely require an extended notice from our pen. Virginia is abundantly favored by Nature, especially as regards her mineral springs. In natural curiosities, the "Old Dominion State" is certainly prolific; and the traveler in quest of pleasure or charming scenery, and spots of wild and original beauty, should by no means fail to bring these curiosities in his excursions, as the peculiarly rare and often sublime views that present themselves are well worthy of time and attention. There is "Harper's Ferry." The scenes that meet the gaze in this section are fine, wild, and positively beautiful—the "Natural Bridge," the beautiful arch, the pier, its grand stone texture, truly does it speak of the power of Heaven, awakening in the sensitive heart a spirit of adoration for this evidence of Omnipotent masonry, so firm yet picturesque and beautiful, belonging to earth and being a wonder of Nature, yet every idea the mind conceives of it is closely associated with heaven. In Virginia, the mother of so many of our illustrious Southerners, the home of patriotism and chivalry, we find, indeed, rich ground for tourists. There are Weyers, Madison and Blowing Caves, the Mountain of Ice, Tea-table, the Hanging Rocks, and numerous other places of interest—in all of which, in our love and admiration of the beauties of creation, like a charmed geologist, we would pause and minutely examine the grand volume of Nature, each

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page bearing the finger-print of Omnipotence—but we are following a party of summer rovers who are chiefly in quest of brilliant ball-rooms, large and animated assemblies, moonlight promenades, and other gala amusements. They first visit the “White Sulphur.” This spring is situated in a very romantic and elevated (if we may use the term) valley; near by is “Kate’s Mountain,” which is noted in traditionary legend as the spot of a chivalrous exploit of a courageous heroine, in the olden times, when the country was filled with Indian wigwams, and tall, arrow-like red men roamed, in fearless pride, through these romantic glens and valleys, and called the forest of America their own home.

Emma and her friends are now at the “Bath Alum,” a pretty, attractive place, where many seek a few weeks’ recreation from arduous business life; but here we more often find the hopeful invalid testing the medicinal properties and efficacy of the waters,—the number of the latter-named class being very large at the “Bath Alum” this season. Our party were soon “on the wing.” They pause at the “Berkeley,” those old springs of colonial celebrity. There are many amusing incidents of anecdotal history connected with this resort, which was sought by the early settlers of Virginia, their healing and beneficial properties being known to our great grandparents. In those primitive days of the settlers there were but rude log-cabins, and equally as plain fare otherwise; pomp and ostentation had not found its way to such spots, but the shades of the old trees bent over the ill-shaped rustic cots—where all were equal in their mode of living. There were no mammoth edifices of wealth and pride; it was long be-

fore the spirit of mammon had wooed and won the hearts of our people.

We now find our wanderers at "Capon," comfortably lodged at the "Mountain House." The scenery around these springs is of rather a craggy rough cast, looking as uneven and rugged as the pathway of life. "Capon" is certainly unequalled in the wildly sublime and romantic position it occupies. There is a sameness in the surrounding views of this mountain spot, and what the mind's ideality often pictures the wild and touching beauty of the interior and mountainous portion of Europe. One is continually thinking that they are standing on some of the rugged eminences of those famed elevations—perhaps the vivid mind's eye seems to realize a striking similarity and equal beauty in these home pictures to many of those far-famed and eulogized celebrities in the old world, and to which so many eager travelers flock from our own shores; which is by no means censurable, only where they turn as indifferent spectators, or, possibly, forget or neglect the romance and beauty of our own land, in their avidity to pay court to European mountains, vales and plains, and sublime antiquities, both natural and historical.

Many a pleasant ramble our heroine and friends participate in; and often do they trace with fishing-rods the winding stream of the Capon River, where the sensitive heart, in listening to its soft murmur, easily becomes awake to the most tender feeling of friendship, love, and sympathy; and in a spirit of fancy you believe that there is a "sweet vale of Ovoco" not far from this silver stream, where, with the friends you love best, you may calmly and joyously rest in its bosom of shade.

At these springs are collected the stars of beauty from all our Southern States; with all their brilliancy and power, with all their varied charms and witcheries, they are bringing spell-bound admirers to their circles, each one trying, with evident ardor and desire, to be termed the reigning belle. Amid even this throng of queenly dignity, beauty, and radiancy, it is no difficult matter to find Emma Emerson. Her high brow, that tells a world of mind—those soul-lit magic eyes that sparkle with winning admiration from their blue, blue depths—that graceful figure—her rather cool air of indifference in receiving the sycophants who hover around; and yet as she turns nonchalantly from them, the irresistible smile of welcome that she extends to her friends, and the frank cordiality with which she greets a “favored few,” enhances her charms, and makes her no inferior light amid the stars that beam on these scenes.

By her side lingers Arthur Clifton, one of Kentucky’s noble gifted sons. At an open window they are seated, looking out upon the beauty of the night. Their acquaintance dates from their meeting at “White Sulphur,”—a brief time, yet he has become much attached to her charming society, and is happy in being her frequent escort in rides and rambles, and oft the pleasant companion in moonlight walks, which is indeed a prized and enviable position to him; and it is one in which love most rapidly expands—but then we do not believe in the love which requires cultivation—pure, genuine love is the inspiration of first sight, let cold philosophical hearts and politic heads, reason as they may. The sentiment that requires time to perfect its ardor, long

observation to kindle into warm devotion, is a selfish and interested affection. It is true, in this theory, as in all others, we grant you some exceptions—but love, the divine passion worthy of the name of love, springs into life instantly, as it were; and the soul that loves fondest and best, is one not *educated* in its passion, but that flies a willing captive to its *kindred heart*.

“Miss Emma, you look pensive, and a shade of sadness is resting on your countenance. On what are you musing?”

“We have both been rather reflective the last few moments. You appeared as if studying astronomy as you gazed upon the heavens; and I was thinking of the days of yore.”

“Dreaming of the past, with all its golden hours of buoyant mirth, and childhood’s sport, and girlhood’s happy days. I know your life has been all sunshine.”

“O, no, Mr. Clifton; though there is many a joyous hour, yet fate has thrown a shadow of gloom around me.”—

Just then, a sweet voice of thrilling melody floated on the air, from the piano room.

“Ah, hear what a delicious melody! Yes, indeed, it is true, ‘’Tis home where’er the heart is.’ How that has wakened thoughts of my happy home!” exclaimed Emma.

“Yes, it is delightful; music, with a soothing witchery, always fascinates my soul. There is a spell of power in the softly mellow tone of many an old song, that sinks into my heart like a new-born dream of love.”

"You speak enthusiastically. How much I admire a quick perceptibility of beauty, and eye that beams with new life when listening to the beautiful gems of our master composers, and ear that appreciates the touching, pathetic ballad, or the wild fantasia of genius' rich creative ideality!"

"I am fortunate in thus pleasing you. It is a delightful thought, that in avowing my real sentiments, I have met your approving smile."

"Then, you evidently regard me as rather capricious and difficult to please?"

"Not capricious; but superior in your taste, remarkably talented, very original—and you know, Miss Emma, it is generally most difficult to please those you chiefly desire to; the most rarely that you receive the smile of one you cherish and prize."

"Stop, Mr. Clifton! not another word of sycophantic flattery, or, in justice to myself, I banish you from my side immediately."

"They are no unmeaning words I have spoken, I assure you; but I yield to your commands, though I fear me, it will be a severe task to prevent my lips giving verbal form and utterance to my real sentiments; it is a hard task you impose upon me."

Emma smiled, and asked in a tone of innocent irony, and evident desire to change the subject:

"Have you ever visited the extreme South—Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, or the old State of chivalry and patriotic valor, South Carolina, where the little school-fellow whom you meet, proudly tells you that he is a son of the old Palmetto State; and the fire of his young eyes shows an hereditary aversion for everything and everybody who is not intensely Southern?"

With interest and admiration he watched her eyes flash with that same hereditary spirit of which she spoke.

"No; I have never been in those sections, only passing through by the railway routes. I was on the eve of taking just such a tour this summer instead of visiting Virginia's spring region; I am now pleased that I did not. Possibly I might never have met Miss Emerson—I believe it was a providential interference of my 'good angel' who brought me thither."

"And why should you care had you never met this 'Miss Emerson' you speak of—could that have been a matter of much moment?" replied our heroine, with a voice slightly sarcastic, and yet you could see in the peculiar expression of her eyes, that she much desired to hear a truthful explanation of this expressed regret.

"I could readily tell you the cause, but your commands prohibit me, this evening, at least; but this I can say, I should probably have never known one of the noblest and most beautiful ladies of the Southern States."

She did not answer, but turned away from his deep earnest eyes, apparently watching a gay couple who were promenading near them, and who seemed the very soul of levity and animation: as they passed by she recognized her cousin Victor Desonges with one of the brightest stars of the season.

Arthur Clifton knew that he was bowing with deep and passionate idolatry at the shrine of this pure girl; yet, he could not resist this spirit of adoration, and trusting in fate, he yields to the spell, loving *well*, and we hope, *wisely*.

Emma is at the piano, and as she sings some of his chosen songs, he leans near her, in a listening attitude that indicates a spirit of admiration, near akin to love. A sweet voice is a most captivating thing in woman; a rich, melodious tone, with a soft, mellow intonation, and a power of expression that renders a touching air more potent. These are, indeed, captivating qualities; add to them a graceful form, a white, arched neck, of velvet softness, a wealth of dark ringlets, an eye of piercing and soul-speaking beauty, and a finely cultivated intellect, and we have a very good picture of Emma Emerson as she appeared, in a charming blue tissue evening dress, to Arthur Clifton.

A few mornings after and Emma, Arthur Clifton, Clara, Victor Desonges, and several others, are mounted on ponies and off for a morning's ride. We will leave the others of the party and keep with the two first-named equestrians.

"This is really beautiful scenery, and how much enhanced this morning to my gaze! Every pulse of nature, every sigh of the zephyr, is doubly impressive. Would that I could have such a companion to reflect joy and sunshine over my pathway for ever."

"You will spoil me with your flattery, I fear—but see how magnificent the morning heavens are! I have a wish that I much desire to be realized."

"What is it, Miss Emma? I did not know that such a being as yourself ever had a wish ungratified?"

"It is childish—quite simple; but I know it would be a glorious sight, an autoptical view of a brilliant sunrise on the ocean. Behold the soft haze and faint glimmer of day's waking orb, and see Aurora



smilingly woo Sol to shake off his drowsy slumber and send his beams of orient splendor over the bosom of the deep! I have seen the moon peerlessly and proudly rise as if suddenly bursting from a world of night: spangling the waves of crested foam, the silver reflection throws a cool icy splendor over the scenery which is truly beautiful."

"I've always heard that moonlight was the most propitious hour for love. It is doubtless true, and yet it is strange that under the influence of such a cold, calm light the heart should warmly, tumultuously thrill and tremblingly breathe its passion. Your wish will be granted no doubt. I should like to hear your exclamations of pleasure, your impromptu ideas. Suppose you promise to write them to your friend Arthur, if he, unfortunately, should be absent?"

"It would take the master pen of some gifted poet-painter to describe the scene. A Raphaelite could scarcely enhance or do justice to it, and I must not attempt."

"You wrong your powers of fascinating description and originality. I would prefer a sketch from your pen to any poet-painter extant."

"Do not show too much irreverence to poets or painters. I must own to a sickly sentimentality that imagines poetry especially, to be the more elevating and pure tone of devotion. I do not dote on all poets or poetry, but I do admire 'Childe Harold,' Byron's 'Dream,'—am quite partial to 'Paradise and the Peri'—in fact all of 'Lallah Rookh'—grow enthusiastic over Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'—love old Shakspeare, admire Milton, can read Pope, and very fond of Shelly."

"You have well-assorted favorites I readily admit. Which of your Southern poets are your special pets? There are many in our land whose harps have been lately strung, and others who have reveled on Parnassus' heights for years."

"There is much talent and a great deal of gifted inspiration in many of the poets of our sunny clime. Gilmore Simms and Meek are prominent favorites with me, but there's Hayne, Hope, Thompson, Timrod, Cooke, and many others of rich imagination and musical rhythm who come in for a good share of my admiration, especially the gifted Poe."

"You are a dreamer, a sweet dreamer in the ideal realm of poetic fancy; and surely you are one whose dreams of love, truth, and romantic fervor will not be harshly broken in upon by the jarring discord of life's cold reality, of blighted hope, hasty pride and gloomy mistrust."

"There is happily as yet no shadow of sorrow, no spirit of despair mocking me; but there's many, Mr. Clifton, equally as joyous and hopeful, as I now am, who have lived to see life's bright dream decay, faith's star decline, and destiny grow black with the gloomy clouds of disappointment."

"Beautiful being! I pray that you are not foreshadowing your destiny; but I can not entertain such a fear momentarily. You have but to love, where you choose, and the heart that your woman's wealth of devotion is bestowed upon, will feel a royal pride in the blissful conviction, and live but to make you happy."

A sudden turn in the road brought them with the others of their party, who had halted, and were conversing in animated voices, discussing the merits of

some favorite author, a choice of the day's pleasure, or commenting on the letter that had graced the columns of a Richmond paper, emanating from "Capon," and giving some of the "Stars" rather too great a puff to please the fancy of the other aspirants, who were somewhat displeased that they could not all be "belles;" and seemed to forget the fact, that such things always go by *personal favor*, and not by *real merit*.

It is the last evening of our party's visit at Capon. Promenading in the crowd are Arthur Clifton and Emma Emerson; they turned into a parlor, but found it too crowded for convenience.

"Miss Emma, you must sing once more my favorite."

"Certainly, with pleasure."

Drawing her arm in his, they entered the music room: strange to say, not one of the gay throng were there, all being attracted to the ball-room, promenades, card-tables, or elsewhere. Arthur Clifton could not avoid thinking that it was a Providential, and very much appreciated accident, to find no crowd near them. Running her fingers over the keys, she played a sweetly appropriate prelude, and sang in pathetic, matchless tone and power, "*You'll Remember Me*." He stood as if under some magic spell, and as she concluded their eyes met, and he bent nearer to her, murmuring "Emma." She looked up, withdrew her gaze quickly, and was attempting to dash into a gay polka or waltz—but he caught her hand, and as she glanced inquiringly at him, he gently drew her to the recess of a window, near where no eye could see or ear would hear: seating her, his erect,

manly form bent over with easy grace, as with a nervous tremor, yet proud resolution, he exclaimed—

“Bright, beautiful one! hear me and believe me. I love you, Emma; so passionately love you. Love! O, why has not the English language a term more potent, to convey to you the idolatry of my soul! I love, as Heaven ordains that man shall love, but once in life. O, turn not from me! do not avert those sweet blue eyes, but tell me if I may hope to call you my Emma—to claim you as my guardian angel through life! Speak to me with that truth and candor that have charmed my heart,—hopefully, yet fearfully I am standing waiting for those dear lips to utter the decree that will seal my joy or woe! Can you tell me that you love me—warmly, purely love me? Will you make me happy in the blessed assurance?”

“Arthur”—and her voice was sad and low, as she returned the pressure of his hand with gentle fervor; and looking up into his face, those eyes of tender ray spoke volumes, as she almost inaudibly said, “I do love you, Arthur.” The rich blood crimsoned in blushing beauty her neck, cheek, and brow, as he murmured—

“Sweet one! my angel of life! how can I ever thank you for your confiding candor?” Gently he drew her hand against his heart, that was beating in a flutter of wild excitement and joy, and for the first time he pressed softly, and with pure ecstatic fervor, the lips of the being whom he now in truth adored. “Emma, is this not all a dream? But ah, no! I feel thy warm heart as it throbs so near mine own; I see thy beautiful form, and thy hand confidingly clasps my own, and rapturously I have sipped delicious

nectar from the sweetest of lips. Do not look reproachfully, Emma, radiant and glorious star of my life! Believe me, I ask no heaven hereafter, if such bliss as now I feel, will be mine through a long life; a life of holy wedded and mutual love. Ah! yes, darling Emma, I would more willingly take my paradise here on earth, with *you* to share my joy, than the mere promise of it in future, without the certainty that *you* would be with me."

"May you always love me thus, Arthur! O, may the coming future bring no dull waning of your ardent devotion; no dereliction from the path of love."

"Darling one! let no shadow of doubt creep over your soul. No, I love you; and I feel, I know that my idolatry is deep, and will be enduring. In my 'mind's eye' all the future of our life is flushed with the rosy glow of happy love. Be true to me, Emma; true to me through a few months of absence, and then, with your consent, I shall come to bear my sweet Southern flower to my old Kentucky home."

As turning from this picture of trust and love, to the gay, cold, heartless vanity of the fashionable flirts and coquetts of both sex, who are filling the brilliant parlors and saloons, Moore's lines forcibly come to memory—

"One hour of a passion so sacred, is worth  
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;  
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this! It is this!"

Propitious be their love, and fate smile upon them!  
May the ermine saint of purity, and the angel of truth, guard these two fond souls, and water the tree

of love with the nourishing elixir of faith, and shield their happy hearts from the wretched withering which contamination with the sordid heart of the politic worldly crew too often bring.

To love is a blissful delight; but *to love* and *be loved*, is the true consummation of life. It is the heaven-born well-spring of hope and happiness, and with this bright bow of promise spanning the sky of the future, nothing seems impossible; no disappointment irremediable, and no fate severe, for love is to the human heart what the sunlight is to flowers; 'tis the spring-time of the soul, which oft lasts to the winter of old age.

## CHAPTER XI.

There are some things I can not bear,  
Some looks which rouse my angry hate;  
Some hearts whose love I would not share,  
Till Earth and Heaven were desolate.

WILLIS.

EMMA is at home—again in that dear home. She is indeed a brilliant and fascinating being. Her friends are charmed with her spirit's flow of happy hope; her fervent, enthusiastic glow of intellect and mirth; and her mother believes that the "Virginia Springs," and the society of her cousins, the gay Clara and the dashing Victor Desonges, have indeed wrought a miracle in Emma; but we know that it is the soul warmed into new life by the divine breath of mutual love. Those eyes have surely caught their indescribable beam of happiness from the electric glance of their master spirit; and though her love is as yet "sweet and secret," it is none the less the source from which we trace the beautiful change of our heroine.

Many have thought, and some have sought, to gain her heart and hand, little dreaming that the one was irrevocably gone from her keeping, and the other most faithfully pledged. Among the aspirants, we must not omit the Hon. Joel Watuga, since he is the most prominent and persevering, and one who may throw a gloom of at least transitory sorrow around the heart and hopes of Emma. His residence, in the suburbs of the city, is quite palatial for this demo-

cratic country; and his gilded coach, and magnificent span of horses, catch the covetous eye of many a young man who is plodding on in the various business avocations of life, and who imagine, if they only had the wealth of Joel Watuga, that they could buy a passport to any heart they chose. Mistaken ones! they do not know that the heart that is worth the buying, can never be purchased with gold and silver—that the *true love* of a woman is neither *bought* nor *sold*.

This wealthy Senator is a source of much anxiety to many ambitious mothers, who would be delighted to sanction such an advantageous, *worldly* match, with some jewel of a daughter, whom they have vowed to tenderly love and protect the happiness of; yet they apparently forget such vows in the lofty aims for position and pecuniary aspirations of life; and a marriage wreath of diamond setting and golden leaves, they would prefer for this dear daughter, though it crush the warm pure gushings of a true woman's heart for ever, and transform them into cold icicles of despair to freeze in the platonic circles of mammon.

Hon. Joel Watuga, though of quite a mature age, yet he believed he was as irresistible as when a man of twenty-four or five; and he thought at that very youthful age (comparatively speaking) that he was a perfect Apollo. Why he entertained such an idea, we cannot tell; but we can say, that the reminiscence we find of his early manhood's beauty, at the age of fifty-nine, is nothing very striking, though we must admit he is rather a good-looking gentleman, very lively, vivacious, and loquacious beyond comparison.



He had never before been so perfectly intent on winning the affection of any whom he had met. Season after season spent in Washington, amid all the fashion and beauty that throng that city each session, and the many tours he had taken through the Northern States and over his native South, yet he had never been so thoroughly awakened into devoted admiration and respect as he was now. Though occupying a good position in society, chiefly from his political success and wealth, yet he was no favorite with the good and amiable, where he was well-known; and he knew that his reputation was enveloped in mammon's glittering cover, and he reveled in the shadow of protection which this tinsel canopy threw over his path.

Emma did not dream of his serious intentions. She thought somewhat strange, it is true, of his regular visits; but then he was always very agreeable and lively, and as attentive to her aunt May as herself, and she treated the matter with decided carelessness—not annoying her mind as to which one of them had bewitched the old gentleman. She often regretted the absence of her dear friend, Molly Elby, who was on a visit to her friends and relatives in Georgia. Frequently writing to Molly, in one of her letters she gave her the “startling piece of news” that her “Aunt May Mortimer had a most attentive and devoted admirer, who, though he was *rather elderly*, would make a very good match, as he was quite an interesting and intelligent old Senator; and she bade Molly hasten home as early as she conveniently could, as she fully believed the affair would soon come to a crisis, and she had determined that both Molly and herself should be attendants on the

bride elect." As she penned these mischievous remarks in respect to Miss May, and thought of the rich laugh with which Molly would greet her bit of news, she little imagined what a source of displeasure—aye, unhappiness, that this same person would yet be to herself.

Matters went on for weeks without any marked change. This visitor was always there on reception days; and yet he had shown no very pointed attention to Emma, but it would seem that he has at last determined to be a little more personal and special in his calls. But we beg pardon, we are anticipating the revelation that these pages should gradually unfold.

It was a very pleasant morning that the Hon. Watuga rang the bell, and was soon ushered into the parlor, and called for "Miss Emma" only. Somewhat surprised, she did not suspect the cause of his preference thus pointedly given, but laughed mischievously, remarking to her aunt May, that their friend doubtless designed making her a confidant in an affair of the heart, which she had observed budding some time, and which she presumed had matured into full bloom; and, as she turned to enter the hall, she looked in a peculiar and rather teasing manner at her aunt, saying, "I know I shall be sought as a coadjutor in this gentleman's design of gaining the talented and lovable Miss May Mortimer's affections: he can easily surmise that our relationship will give me a weighty influence, and that even a frivolous young lady can talk love for a learned Senator to some little advantage, under certain circumstances."

With a cordial smile she welcomed her visitor,

who was more charmed with her frank and agreeable manner and style than he had imagined he possibly could be. He paid a fashionably lengthened visit, and, to her great surprise, gave her most special attention; and, indeed, seemed to have forgotten, for the time being at least, almost the fact of Miss May's existence.

With a most affable and courteous bow, he withdrew, promising himself the exquisite pleasure of her captivating society again soon. Emma was quite puzzled, for though his conduct had been enigmatical at first, he now certainly evinced an unmistakable anxiety to be prepossessing, as well as an earnest endeavor to be entertaining, positively and flatteringly complimented her singing and playing, and in fact had plainly taken the initiative step in his intended attempt to win her affection. A few moments' reflection convinced her of the fear that was faintly creeping over her at first, and yet the bare idea seemed absurd and egotistical to think that she could captivate him, and she replied to Miss May's query: "How much of a 'confidante' did the Hon. Watuga make of the gay Emma, in his morning call?"

"Why, really, I must say he grew very bashful, and I suppose faint-hearted, not uttering one word of the avowal that I expected—and desiring my assistance in his contemplated plan, not a syllable of the kind; but most assiduously endeavored to entertain me as pleasantly as possible, and yet I believe he only wished to test my qualities of sympathy and diplomacy, ere he makes me a confidante and abettor in his attack on the heart of Miss May."

"Take care; you must not tease me thus. Remember that 'two can play at the same game.' I

think, really, that it is Miss Emma's heart that he is after."

"My heart, indeed! Is it possible that a person of his experience and good sense, should think, at his age, of commencing such a siege as it would take to make my heart surrender?"

"Then you have grown out of the absurd idea that you entertained some time since, of being easily captured. I am delighted, for I desire to see you make a lengthy, and I know, a brilliant campaign in the field of life's drama, ere you enter the labyrinthian path of matrimony; and I wish you to go with a heart untouched by a morbidly aroused predilection for any of the sycophants that are now, and will long continue to surround you."

Emma blushed unavoidably, as she thought how very much mistaken her aunt May was in imagining that her heart was still free from that trembling hope, and the restless emotion of that holy passion of the soul; yet she replied in an assenting voice, and in a style that makes one suspect that she is growing into a very creditable diplomat, especially at the Court of Love.

The constant visits of this gentleman grew quite wearisome to Emma; she had already begun to see the intention that prompted his calls; but, though extremely unpleasant, and very disagreeable to her, yet she could not object to receiving him, as he had not made an open declaration, and it would be indeed rudeness and egotism to assume the position that he was intending such an avowal as the ultimatum of his regular calls, and very earnest, yet respectful admiration. She could not *reject* him without he first made an *offer*, and thus she was forced into the

unpleasant position that many a young lady has doubtless found herself, that of having to receive the attention of a gentleman, let it be ever so unpleasant and fruitless—yet, so long as he is respectful, gentlemanly, and courteous, she is necessitated to receive him, and be subject to the unenviable duty of entertaining one who, with her quick womanly intuition, she knows is only tardily approaching the Rubicon, to receive the cold comfort of a *refusal*, as a reward for all his ardent and protracted attention; and yet, the conventional rules and regulations of society seal her lips, and she may not interpose, and save by candor and frankness, the unfortunate suitor's time and "Love's labor lost." A little irony, biting sarcasm, or cool nonchalance, is all that the bravest can possibly bring to bear upon such an admirer: and unless these warnings have the desired effect, she is doomed to be persecuted, until often through sheer distaste for the monotony and insupportable position, she throws out the tempting bait for which he has so long waited, and by a pretended predilection brings him to the point, and secures the privilege of ridding herself of the persecutor by rejection, and thereby wins the unjust title of a "flirt." "And why not a flirt?" probably some one inquires; "did she not act in such a manner as to mislead the gentleman; did she not evince a feigned affection?" We will not answer the question, but will propound the query—"How could she do otherwise?" "Meet the issue by candidly avowing her indifference, and save his disappointment," is the reply at once. "And thereby get a laugh at yourself for egotism, and the sneering reply, 'You are mistaken, Miss Smith, I merely called as a friend, nothing more, I assure

you ;' " which is, I fear me, about the return that a truthful, and frank spoken woman, would receive from many of the "lords of creation" for such an evidence of womanly foresight and generosity.

Emma noticed that her mother was rather in favor of Hon. Watuga's visits ; that, not being aware of her daughter's predilection for Arthur Clifton, she doubtless thought that the enviable position, politically, extreme wealth, and the learned and intellectual qualities of this gentleman would meet with approval in the eyes of Emma, who she thought was somewhat of a Mortimer in her devotion to position and wealth.

Fortunately, or probably *unfortunately*, Emma was a genuine Emerson, and entertained an indifference, bordering on contempt, for any criterion of worth that did not give a decided preference to intellectual and moral superiority. Having been from infancy the only child of an extremely wealthy father, she had not the least grasping desire or wish to obtain the golden ore. She would not have accepted the "wealth of the Indies" in lieu of truth and nobility of heart. She would have spurned the abundance of Cræsus did the possession debar her from the hope of happiness, and she would have irrevocably refused the hand of a millionaire unless *love* had won her consent. The pure, spotless scion of an old and honorable family, she knew no envy for the great and the proud, being a devoted admirer of the high-toned and gifted wherever she met them ; and fervent in her love for the good and beautiful, she felt no temptation for the golden bait, no covetous spirit was aroused into action by any of the worldly advantages of this old Senator.

It is a bright winter morning. The office-boy has returned with several magazines and one letter from her faithful and highly appreciated correspondent, Arthur Clifton. She was perusing it when Miss May entered her library-room. Folding it up, she turned to the promiscuous bundle of papers and magazines, and with a smile met her aunt, who did not notice the ruse. Emma had not divulged one word of her love for Arthur Clifton, or her correspondence with him. She desired to test the strength, the truth of her affection, ere she declared to any one her sentiment. She wisely decided, and has faithfully kept her heart-secret.

"You appear as if contented here in your quiet solitude. Why do you so frequently absent yourself from the sitting-room lately? We miss you at the piano, the guitar looks wishfully for you as it lays so silently, and I am lonely without you, and shall put my veto on your remaining so selfishly secluded."

"Having sorted me almost an entire new library, I find the volumes very interesting, and am guilty of being selfish without having noticed it myself; but I beg your pardon, dear aunt, and will endeavor to not become so deeply entertained with my books in future as to neglect your pleasant society."

"Why, I thought that you would have grown sated with old library volumes ere this."

"No, I believe my ardent desire to increase my little stock of learning has not become extinct, though the gaiety and frivolity of the past six months have tended to smother it for awhile."

"Do not study too much, Emma. I am fearful that the more knowledge we obtain, after a certain mediocre point, is productive of unhappiness. Cer-

tainly it produces a feeling of contempt for many things in the world—its pleasures and attractions—that more surely brings discontent than aught else.” Just then a servant entered, addressing herself to Emma :

“Mistress says there is company in the parlor.”

“Who is it, Betty?”

“I don’t know, Miss Emma.”

“I will leave you,” said Miss May; and, with the “Morning Sentinel” in her hand, she passed out. Emma was in a dilemma as to who it could be that had failed to send her a card, or even verbally the name. She, however, reopened and finished the perusal of Arthur Clifton’s letter, and, in a few moments, entered the sitting-room.

“You are quite slow in appearing, my daughter; but prepare a welcome smile, and go entertain our friend, who has already been kept sufficiently waiting.” Handing a card as she concluded, the gay smile faded from Emma’s face; and her eyes, that were beaming with a luminous softness, as if reflecting a depth of fervor from her passionate soul, flashed with irritable disappointment, which she could not suppress, as she read aloud, in a slightly ironical voice, the name “Hon. Joel Watuga.”

“Why do you pause? Have you not detained him too long already in unnecessary tardiness?”

“No, mother. I cannot be sufficiently slow in meeting the company that awaits me; and I do wish he would take such tardiness as an exponent of my feelings, and act accordingly.”

“Emma, your mother has expressed her wish; now, yours is but to comply, I know.”

“Certainly, Aunt May, I have ever yielded due



obedience I believe." With a sadness resting on her brow, she left the room.

She treated her visitor with a marked hauteur; and yet he made it a matter of impossibility, by his gentlemanly and gallant behaviour, to take sufficient umbrage to avow her displeasure at his visits, and the annoyance they had already given her. She spoke to her mother in regard to her aversion, and was piqued by receiving the reply:

"He is a gentleman of high intellectual culture, occupies a good position, and it would be very improper for you to treat him other than with marked courtesousness; and, indeed, I would be truly pleased with the match."

"Match, indeed!" exclaimed Emma. "Why, mother, you do not mean to say that you would have me wed my grandfather-looking friend, Mr. Watuga?"

"You speak quite unreasonably. You need not imagine that because he occupies a position as Senator that he must necessarily be very old."

"No, I do not think *that that mere fact* creates his antique record in the family Bible; neither should it alone make him look old. I think it is only consistent with nature, when one grows elderly, to show it. Love him! I would as soon expect to be happy by loving one of the many foreign 'Counts' and other 'celebrities' and impostors who fill America, especially the fashionable circles North, and who are mere speculators looking for the innocent and unsuspecting."

"Emma, how can you speak thus in reference to such a superior gentleman! I hope, however, that you will, for my sake, never forget to treat his Honor with due respect and affability."

"Pardon me, dear mother, if I have unwittingly offended you by my rather enthusiastic way of expressing my dislike. The nature of the case will, I hope, make it excusable." With a smile she bent over, and kissed her mother's pale white brow; and the next moment her voice was making the room melodious with the beautiful air, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." In all her life and gaiety she felt a sad oppression—the dim shadow of a dark cloud that was gathering slowly, but surely, seemed throwing its reflection of sorrow over her, ever and anon, even in this propitious hour. Ah! with a feeling of kindest warning—with a soul infused with its own womanly affections, and a heart sadly alive to the misery of the mistaken hope of youthful ambition, the hollowness of all in this life, save *pure* and *devoted* love,—do we say, look well to the heart ere you pledge the vow that in death alone is broken. Beware, ambitious parent! Know that the "destiny" of thy child is placed in the keeping of a true and mutually-loving heart—one who will love, not through *to-day* alone—O, no!—but through all the "to-morrows" of life. By a careful guarding, a watchful solicitude, ere it be "too late," many a fond parent would be saved the misery of having their proud hearts crushed by despair and shame, and their gray hairs brought to the grave by corroding sorrow and grief for the wild misstep, or the deep *soul misery*, of an idolized son or daughter, whom they have forced (as it were) to wed, not where love, hope, and happiness, radiantly prepared a heart-thrilling ideality in the future—but for the possession of wealth, the desire for position, or to satisfy the yearnings of vain ambition.

A mournfully sympathetic feeling is ever awakened in our "heart of hearts" to see a beautiful, yet proudly indifferent woman, kneeling at the altar's foot, whose cold tone and painfully rigid face, divulges the fact which inherent pride would fain conceal, that the holy vow was but *labially* breathed, and woke no deep vibration of hope and joy.

Bright, beautiful, happy, and laughing-eyed being! pause, and ponder, ere you vow thy life to twine, to blend in one ever-mingling current through all fate's fitful tide. Do not immolate your woman's love, hope, and truth upon the altar of mammon, fame, or pride; but bring as a happy gift, to lay on the altar's holy shrine, faithful, warm, and enduring love, which is the only true and trusty *avant courier* of happiness.

## CHAPTER XII.

Love! what a volume in a word,  
An ocean in a tear,  
A seventh heaven in a glance,  
A whirlwind in a sigh,  
The lightning in a touch,  
A millennium in a moment!  
What joy or woe there be  
*In blest or blighted love!*

TUPPER.

It is the promised day when Arthur Clifton will be in Emma's native city. She heard the locomotive whistle of the morning trains' arrival with a nervous thrill and heart of mingled doubt and hope.

A few hours after, as, looking out of her room-window, she caught a glimpse of a tall, noble form walking with a quick, proud step up the lawn, her heart fluttered with true delight as she recognized who it was. A few moments thereafter she caught the plain ivory card with "Arthur Clifton" inscribed thereon from the servant, so joyously and eagerly that Betty looked blank with surprise.

Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes sparkled beautifully, touchingly, in their deep blue depths, and all the air seemed redolent with love, as she entered the parlor where he awaited her.

"Emma, dearest Emma!" exclaimed Arthur Clifton, as he rose and met her smiling face of joyous welcome; he fondly clasped her hand, and drawing

her to his side murmured, as he gazed down upon her trembling form :

" Ah, this is real ! we have met again. O, Emma, Emma, my beautiful one, the happiness of this moment repays me for the many sleepless nights and hours of vague despondency. Such a meeting as this palliates the misery of absence. Are you not happy, dearest one ? Why do you look sad ?"

" Sad ! Arthur, O, no—but if I appear sad, it is from the excess of joy that thrills my heart."

With a smile of fondness he pressed her hand in silent thanks for this candid avowal of her intense joy and devotion ; and with characteristic impulse he retains that dear hand—he could not permit it to glide from his own—and smilingly he avers that he fears it is all ideal, tantalizing, dreaming, and if he does not have some tangible conviction of the blessed reality, this fair angel of beauty will fade from his side. Love ! what would the world be without love ? Campbell tells us that—

" Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
O ! what were man ?—a world *without a sun*."

Love, the first warm love of youth, is a heavenly-inspired feeling, which, in its vestal purity, and its absolution from politic interest, beautifies the soul, charms all the future with its roseate glow of faith, and at once refines and elevates the heart.

There are but few who are not, or have not been, devotees at the shrine of love. It is, indeed, a callous heart that is not awake to the sweet and purifying inspiration of this essence of divinity.

Love is the bright star that dawns upon the soul

in early life, and most powerfully awakens the spirit of ambition, buoying us onward to the goal of proudest aspirations; and it is this same love that beams upon us when at the zenith blaze of fame, and makes the successful aspirant happy in the possession of the eagerly-sought and desirable eminence, because love smiles approvingly, and blesses with holy truth and unerring devotion the laurel-crowned hero. It is love that actuates the warrior, and sends him forth to battle for honor and glory. It is love that makes the joys of life more intensely appreciated. It is love's sympathy that mitigates all the sorrow and disappointment of our worldly career. Without this affection all wealth, honor, position, and vain laudations of fame that the world could give would not be a just compensation in lieu of the blissful content that is derived from the happy consciousness of mutual love. It was love, Divine love, that conceived and perfected this beautiful earth of ours. It was love, Omnipotent love, that in heavenly pity gave a Saviour as transgressing man's potent Mediator; and it is love, God's merciful love, that redeems the penitent, and illuminates the dark shadow and valley of death, as the undying soul treads its pathway to the sky when the mortal body sinks into the grave of decay. Love is, indeed, the Alpha and Omega of this world, and the basis on which our hopes are built for the "better rest above."

The days flew rapidly by as if on wings of fabled fleetness. Emma was happy and joyous, buoyed up with bright hope, by the actual presence of Arthur Clifton, who was, indeed, the sunlight of her existence.

Mrs. Emerson and her sister May, watched with

no little solicitude the young Kentuckian, and though they were acquainted with the family, yet they knew none of the younger Cliftons. They believe that they have found, by this young gentleman's advent, the true solution to the enigma that has hitherto baffled all their womanly skill, being fully impressed with the fact that it is the gay, intelligent and proud Kentuckian, Arthur Clifton, that prompts our heroine to entertain the aversion she had so decidedly expressed for the Hon. Joel Watuga. Speaking to Miss May in respect to the discovery, Mrs. Emerson said:

"Yes, May, I see all very plainly. I fear she will be deaf and blind to my desires and her best interest, and yet link her fate with some whimsical, pettish being who would not know her intrinsic or relative value. I am anxious that when she does make a choice that she will select and marry some talented man of position, one who is old enough to guide and guard her happy and enthusiastic heart safely from all the cares and premature grief of this life."

"Probably Emma is merely using her powers of fascination on this young gentleman, just to see how complete a captive she can make; she is flirting for pastime. I dare say, however, he is quite elegant and refined, though I imagine rather too young for one to form a correct opinion of."

"Yes, he is decidedly too near her own age—has not the popularity and position of Hon. Watuga.—However, brother Louis knows the family. I have heard him speak of this same Arthur Clifton's father, who is one of Kentucky's most talented sons. I only regret that they have met, as he is entirely too youthful, and I fear she may love him with an ardor and constancy that will not yield to interest."

Thus they are following out the ideas advanced by the majority of the world-wise philosophers, who object to youth loving youth. To listen to their theory, one would imagine that they had evidently become oblivious to the memory of the tender and warm glow of their own young love, and seem to have forgotten, that by reason of nature, a youthful heart can rarely, if ever, assimilate harmoniously, thrill and vibrate, and in mutual hope and faith, beat in responsive fervor, unless happily loved by a kindred soul of ardent and impulsive youth.

Arthur Clifton passed delightful mornings, charming afternoons and many blissful moonlight eves with Emma. It was joy, indeed, to have her sweet and radiant face make more bright and cheering the winter mornings—her pure and warm spirit of confiding trust and hope to beautify the calm, quiet afternoons—and her large, lustrous eyes of deep, liquid blue to glance back, in magic electricity, the gaze of fond devotion that his own brilliant grey orbs were ever, in their mute but intelligible language, conveying, as the soft rays of the moon fell around, transforming the scenery into an enchanting landscape of beauty as the silver light threw a tissue-like veil of ermine over trees, shrubs, and lattice net-work of the garden bowers—making the sensitive and appreciative soul pause, as it views the charm that is thrown so potently around, and ask is this indeed a glimpse of Paradise? Such moonlight evenings did our heroine and Arthur Clifton pass together. Propitious hours for devoted affection! it is then that the heart, full of love, exquisitely yields to the touching appeal of the siren hope, forgetting the world,



the sordid earth, and all its cold "vanity and vexation." Many a bright picture their trusting hearts reared in ideality—many a castle did they joyously build in love's exhaustless realm of fancy. Hope lead them trustingly on in fairy visions of the future, and faith with its mirage of buoyant spirit enveloped all the coming days with joy. If shadows loomed up they were like those we often behold in the heavens at noonday—so faint and so small that they did not dim the brilliancy of day's radiant orb. Thus did the clouds, that mayhap they saw, appear to their gaze as but small and insignificant blot upon their life's canopy; and love whispered that the sunlight of happiness would never be marred by those "little shadows and fleeting clouds."

It is the last evening of Arthur Clifton's visit to C. He is sitting in the cosy and richly decorated parlor at Mrs. Emerson's. Emma is socially near him but no more, for there are present her mother and Miss May. He smiles and converses courteously and affably, and, from all appearances, he is winning golden opinions, notwithstanding the predisposition of the two latter to dislike him. An hour sped very slowly, though passed in animated conversation, for he was yearning to talk with her he loved, and was selfish enough to desire to have no listening ear but that of Emma. He was somewhat restless, and rather a slight inquietude perceptible in his manner, notwithstanding his efforts to be very agreeable. At length Mrs. Emerson and her sister bade him a cordial "good evening" and withdrew. With a joyous and yet rather saddened countenance he approached Emma, saying, "Dearest, we must make

the most of this evening—we will be far apart by this hour to-morrow night. It is sad indeed to part with you even for a brief time.”

“You are really going? O Arthur, how much I shall miss you! How I deplore this parting, for in your presence I feel happy and content!”

“Then why not consent to go with me, Emma—will you not permit me to inform your dear mother of our love—*our mutual love*, darling? She can but sanction it, and I will readily remain a sufficient length of time to complete the arrangements necessary. How proudly happy I would be to carry you home with me, beautiful one, to make all life a glorious reality of wedded bliss.”

And as he concluded, he looked most pleadingly into her witching eyes, intently watching their softened ray as she replied:

“No, Arthur, though my (our) sincerity needs no further test, yet I feel that it were best to delay the declaration you refer to at least a few months—yes, six months, as we have previously decided. Mother could, and I fear would, say that we were too hasty now; but when we have braved the absence of six long months, the fact will be a potent evidence of our love, and will require no further test.”

“As *you will* it, my beautiful and *logical* Emma. I must leave to-morrow, yet six months can not last always. I feel that you will be true to me, and I yield to your wish, for it might be as you suggest, that your mother would seriously object to our untried affection. I will leave you with a heart, which, though full of deep and idolatrous love, yet trembles in fear that my chosen flower may, by remaining on its parental stem another six months, be plucked, un-

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fortunately for me, by some more favored being, and yet I do not doubt your truth. I have only a vague fear that the memory of your Arthur may become dimmed by time's lethe, for even the fondest memory is not always proof against absence."

"Oh, do not tell me that you feel such mistrust. I, Arthur—I will love you, be true to you, through all fate, sorrow, gloom, privation, aye, real poverty. All would I rather share with you than the most brilliant destiny with another. It is unlike your spirit of noble confidence, Arthur, to express such ungenerous fears and unhappy doubts."

"Do not chide me, Emma. Heaven sometime punishes us with bitter and miserable disappointment, when we idolize a being of earth, and I, oh, I do worship you—bow to your shrine fervently, angel one, as the divinity of my life!"

She did not chide him, but with true womanly soul she whispered:

"Time can bring no change—no power break the spell that binds me, no absence blight my devotion. No, ah, no! memory will cherish you, heart will love you, and soul will cling to you, unerringly and faithfully through all."

"Heaven bless you! Certainly you are my angel spirit. Your influence will remodel my life, save me from sin, shield me from temptation, and elevate and purify my soul. Here is my type, as you desired. I have the one you gave me at Capon; and that sweet face in mimicry recaptivates me every day."

"Perfect in its resemblance, except, Arthur, those potent grey eyes; but I am not so much disappointed, for they defy all artist-skill to make their expression natural."

"Sweet flatterer! no such adulation. But here is something that I offer as a proud gift, the proudest of all souvenirs, which my Emma consents to receive," said he, as he placed on the engagement-finger of her delicate hand a large plain band of gold, with the letters, "A. and E.," engraved on the link that held the double fold together; by sliding this link, it could be transposed into five beautiful plain rings—something unique, tasty, and appropriate.

"Keep it through life, and let this seal our vows." And he pressed a kiss on her rose-like lips.

"At ten o'clock to-morrow morning I will call to bid you a long good-by; and now, my Emma, good-night; and sweet dreams of peace and joy be yours! Bright, pure, beautiful one, good-night!"

We will turn our attention to the conversation which is going on in the sitting-room. Mrs. Emerson's face wears quite a perplexed expression, as she listens to Miss May, who is portraying the natural result of many things.

"I am candid when I say, that I think you act unwisely to permit Emma to thus augment an affection for this young gentleman, by social hours of entertaining conversation. He is very fascinating, I must admit, and certainly is capable of winning as unsophisticated a heart as her own."

"Do you really imagine that she cares particularly for him? Why, May, I have thought it a mere pastime—a girlish freak of flirtation."

"I admit that I did not give the matter much reflection, and that I was of your opinion at first; but I can assure you that for once we are mistaken. Emma has not much of the weakness which causes young ladies to flirt; she is not particularly vain,

does not seem to desire conquests, nor does she care for, or value, the reputation of a 'belle' and 'beauty.' She is a thorough Emerson—proud, resolute, and independently careless to the adulation of the outside world."

"Yes, she is the perfect counterpart of her father. Every day seems to bring out some more striking feature of the resemblance, especially in her indifference to the herd of the outer world; she only appears to value a select and social few, instead of desiring the admiration of the many, who are so eager to pay their court. But then do you think that she is really interested in this case?"

"I know she does very highly regard Arthur Clifton. True, his position is good, family and talent also; but were she to love and marry him, I do not think it would be productive of happiness."

"Do not talk of Emma's loving, with serious intention, a young man of his gay style. No, no, indeed not!" And with a troubled countenance, Mrs. Emerson sat in a train of moody reflection, while Emma and Arthur Clifton were passing the golden moments away, fearing no cloud to darken the future.

The morning sun is beaming high in the eastern heavens. The hour for Arthur Clifton to say farewell, for many a long day of weary absence, has come. He bade Emma a fond and passionate "good-by." Reluctantly he lingered, as if almost impossible to say adieu.

"Look, there he goes, and see how proudly he walks!" Mrs. Emerson approached the window as Miss May spoke, and involuntarily said:

"Though I really do not like him so much, yet I

declare he is quite handsome—such a dignified young man—and his stately step makes me think of Mr. Emerson. I suppose he will leave to-day?"

"I say yes, and earnestly hope so!" replied Miss May. She had been standing in a position, that, by the aid of a pier-glass, she caught a glimpse of their parting—his face of intense sorrow, and Emma's tear-stained cheeks; the farewell look of mutual grief and anguish—all had been seen by her observing eye, and she could easily judge the existing affection of our young friends. With a half-sarcastic smile, she left the window saying:

"Call Emma to your presence; see how she looks immediately after his "adieu," and perhaps you can perceive some evidence of her attachment."

Acting on her sister's suggestion, Mrs. Emerson sent Betty to her daughter's room to request her presence. Half an hour elapsed ere Emma appeared, and when she did, there was a gloomy look that she could not rid her face of; and her smile was languid and feigned, and plainly told the sadness existing in her heart.

"We wish your cheerful company to relieve the monotony of this wintry morning."

"With pleasure, dear mother; though I fear me, I shall be insipidly dull."

"Your face is sad; oh, I daresay you have lost your heart already, after your expressed determination of its requiring quite a siege to win it."

"Not so, Aunt May; do you really think me so very dull?"

"Not too much so, or you would have been motivated by our friend"—

"Whom you refer?" rather ner-

"Mr. Watuga, of course; who else, my child?" said her mother, regarding her intently, while Miss May rose and left the room. Emma looked blank with surprise, and a tinge of chagrin was quite perceptible as her mother continued: "I would like very much to know how you treated our esteemed Senator when last he called, which, you will remember, has been some time since."

"No; I have but an indistinct recollection of when he last favored us with his presence. However, I am sure that, as usual, I received him as his merits deserve."

"I am pleased to hear you thus express yourself. I feared, by his absenting himself lately that you had unfortunately, in some of your spirit of pride and ironical levity, wounded his refined feelings."

"Certainly not; I played, sang, and talked of all the most *ancient* things I was conversant with, and endeavored to entertain, as agreeably as I could, the elegant old gentleman."

"Emma, you are quite rude and innocently satirical; you are growing indifferent and careless of your best interests. I would have you appreciate this gentleman as one whom I consider worthy of the highest respect, and much desire for your husband."

"Mother! O, recall that cruel misnomer! My husband, indeed! No; I do not, I can not love him—it is foreign to my nature to expect me to love one so vastly my senior in age—one whom I associate in my mind with no feeling but the respect that I would entertain for any elderly gentleman. Your own heart will tell you that love—holy, fervent, and devoted love, is necessary to insure future happiness."

"The love you speak of, my daughter, is a mere

romantic dream ; such affection probably has, and may exist again, under very peculiar circumstances. It is the ideality of the youthful brain—a very sweet and captivating theory ; but not often met with in reality.”

“O, mother, why are you so unjust as to doubt that the heart can and does feel pure, warm, and eternal love—a love that is unfading, or if fading, only fading with the decay of the heart which gave it life ; death indeed, were preferable to any piece of humbuggery in the shape of matrimony—to any alliance, except it is based on mutual love.”

“Then you refuse to even attempt to please me. I have made my wishes known to you, never thinking that one who has ever given, with affectionate fondness, most unerring obedience, would thus passionately dissent from even an expressed attempt to please me. I am mistaken, sadly mistaken in your maternal devotion.”

“No, mother ! I am still your obedient child—your little Emma, of earlier years ; and I will yield perfectly, confidingly to your motherly guidance : but O, do not, for worldly honor and wealth—things that we do not want, and of which we have abundance—I pray you do not bid me do what my heart shrinks despairingly from, even the contemplation.”

“Ask anything of me. I will grant your every request with the same kindness that I have ever done ; but here you must expect to yield to me, as I am one better calculated to judge of what will constitute a happy and appropriate match than yourself.”

Emma arose as her mother concluded, and her form looked queenly as she paused beside the grate, quell-



ing the tears which were filling her eyes. With a desperate effort to be calm, she gave the first strong and firm refusal that her lips had ever uttered in regard to anything her mother had required of her.

"This is, indeed, a very, very sad hour to me, mother; but you have forced me to the Rubicon, and I must positively declare, that I cannot yield to any request that would barter my heart and hand away as a plantation, or some other article of commercial trade and purchase. Warmly, fondly I love you; ardently I desire to obey you; yet I cannot, with this inherent pride of mine, condescend to be led a victim to the awful sacrifice. No; I do not love—I cannot love—this old Senator; and 'whither my *heart* goeth, there follows my *hand*,' and *there* only."

"Emma! Emma! Is it possible!" exclaimed her mother, approaching her. "I am your mother, and I will be heard; and, if not obeyed, at least respected."

"With all my heart—but pause and think, mother, dearest mother! Remember that I have a destiny, a woman's destiny before me. I have said it; I do not, cannot, I *will not* love this man! There is an intuitive knowledge that tells me when I enter domestic life I seal my doom for happiness or wretched, woeful misery. I would rather earn by mental or physical labor, a pitiably scant subsistence than be the wife of one I did not devotedly and faithfully love, though he were a Rothschild."

Gathering up the folds of her morning dress, she glided proudly, but with sad face, from the room; while her heart was aching, and her conscience battling for supremacy against her feelings of submission and obedience. On the stairway she met

her aunt; with merely a glance she was passing, when Miss May asked, "How did you agree? You appear quite excited."

"I know not what to reply. I am certainly very unhappy; and I must declare my aversion to this affair, which I am constrained to believe some one has been aiding mother in scheming."

"You are quite sarcastic, and rather pointed in your allusion. Ah! I have probed your secret! You love that young fop, Arthur Clifton, who, though of a talented old Kentucky family, is nothing more than a champagne devotee, and probably a fortune hunter."

"You are ungenerous, and too severe. Arthur Clifton has a noble, manly heart, which would disdain to seek anything, or any one, only through high respect and devoted affection. Suppose he does (which I do not believe, though you appear to think) drink a glass or two of champagne, claret, or even cognac, his head can be right, his motives pure, and his intellect superior. He is too noble, high-toned, and gentlemanly to indulge in such a penchant enough to be called the least dissipated."

"Ah, Emma! you are truly romantic in your ideas, and vindicate your chosen knight with spirit and womanly tact. How strange that you should underrate the merits of one so superior as your friend and admirer, Mr. Watuga!"

With a smile, Emma replied, "Aunt May, do sympathize with my position. Analyze the case coolly and cautiously; and if there is no other way to relieve me, will you not marry this old gentleman, if he *must* be one of our family? His superiority would accord better with yourself, for I am perfectly

unable to conceive any congeniality with my puerile self and this paragon you allude to."

"You really shock and surprise me in your sarcastic wit, and almost disregard for my feelings."

"Aunt May, do me the justice to look back a little way; and I think you will see in the retrospect a similar case, and appreciate my position. Why did you so decidedly refuse that old Louisianian, Colonel Obadiah, when relatives and friends advised you to do otherwise?"

"O, indeed! I marry him! No; I can never give my hand minus the heart. I could not love a gay man, devoid of all that refined intellect and high-toned sensibility that elevates man's nature. No; I would much rather live and die as I am, and even be the much-abused and unloved being, who is *pitifully* called an 'old maid.'"

"Then, how can you upbraid me? I admire your sentiments; my own heart echoes them. As you, dear aunt, I feel that I will never love a man I would blush to acknowledge; and though family, wealth, and position would have their influence, yet I would prefer to marry one whose 'head and heart were in the right place,' who had battled and braved the ordeal of the politic world, and proven themselves worthy of my love, than a son of fortune and favor, who had never been tried in the vicissitudes of life, and whose moral and mental worth, when weighed in life's scales, would be found sadly wanting. Ah, yes! he whom I hold dear—to whom I yield my heart and hand—I must be proud of, and, above all, warmly devoted to." Miss May smiled in approval, and stood thoughtfully musing as Emma passed on, and soon entered her own room.

## CHAPTER XIII.

I saw on the top of a mountain high,  
 A gem that shone like fire by night;  
 It seemed a star that had left the sky,  
 And dropped to sleep on the lonely height;  
 I climbed the peak and found it soon  
 A lump of ice in the clear cold moon;  
 Can you its hidden sense impart?  
 'Tis a cheerful look and a broken heart.

PERCIVAL.

Ah, little do the gay crowd know  
 The blight that's on this heart;  
 Ne'er has disappointment bid  
 Their cherished hopes depart!

ROSALIE.

ARTHUR CLIFTON was standing in the reading-room of the hotel, restlessly waiting for the hour of the departure of the boat that left the wharf in a few hours; when, hearing several exclaim, "I envy that old gentleman"—he turned to the window just in time to see a magnificent coach and beautiful pair of horses dash by. He inquired of a gentleman near him—

"Whose splendid turn out?"

"The Hon. Joel Watuga's; a warm personal friend and one of our wealthiest men."

Just then, a gay young man, sitting some little distance, said to the person speaking—

"By the way, Williams, did you know that the old Senator is really to be married soon? He has been an ardent admirer and devotee to our belle for some time, and it is actually reported as a reliable *on dit*, that he has won the beauty. By Jove, I envy him."

"I have frequently heard this spoken of, but I put no faith in it; for I can not think such an ardent, enthusiastic, beautiful and refined young lady as I believe Miss Emerson to be, will act so heartlessly as to marry for wealth, of which she has an abundance."

"You are behind the age, egad, old fellow! I am as confident as if I had the wedding cards in my hand."

"It is not a suitable match, only in point of wealth and position. I like Watuga, but he is not worthy of such a capital prize. Miss Emerson is one of the most charming ladies I know—a belle, an heiress, very intellectual and refined, and yet she marries this conceited, purse-proud old Senator!"

"Keep cool, Williams! I would not give three pennies for your head, were the old fellow close by and hear you—*you*, who pretend to be his friend."

"I am his friend, in a worldly point of view; but not when love and hope clashes. I had determined to bow and worship at that shrine myself."

"The deuce you had! no use playing rival in this case—merely 'wasting your sweetness on the desert air.' I verily believe by his marriage with Miss Emerson, he will be the wealthiest man in the Southern States."

Arthur Clifton stood like an immovable statue, until this last remark; when, wheeling around with a face of marble palor, he hastened to his room, dashing the door shut, he threw himself upon a lounge, and exclaimed—

"Emma! Emma! O, God! how bitterly I have been duped! Ah, now I see her object in delaying the consummation of our engagement. Heavens! have I been the blind, spell-bound, enchanted wretch?"

Fool that I was, to be so deceived, so imposed upon ! Love has made an early martyr of me, an early wreck of hope. This repays me for my idolatrous devotion, Emma ! O, how could you be so heartless ? You have ruined, blasted my future—with mocking smiles wooed me on in the maelstrom of destruction ! ”

His head had dropped, and tears fell (like rain from an over-burdened sky,) from his passionate but disappointed soul.

“Lost to me ! Bright, beautiful dream, you have fled ! ”

With a face of determined sadness he roused himself, saying—

“I will, yes, I must write, and relieve her from her vows—tell her that I am no longer the duped one. Can it have been but mockery ? Even so—but she shall not smile in triumph over too complete a victory. The heart, the heart of woman—who can fathom its deceit ? Could mortal man have done other than I ? Could I dare to doubt, to mistrust her pure soul, her warm love, and implicit faith ? Destiny has robbed me of my idol soon—ah ! too soon, fate has made havoc of my hopes in early day. O, how can I give up the dream—the holy, happy dream, on which my soul has been blissfully feeding for months ?—bitter, bitter destiny ! ”

An hour later, he had written a brief note to Emma, and sent it by his boy to the post ; and had bade adieu, an “eternal adieu,” as he murmured, to the native city of our heroine, and was a *gloomy* passenger on the evening “steamer,” for he certainly was the picture of an abstracted, ironical man : his every movement was marked with haughty indifference—he apparently imagined that all around him knew of

his bitter disappointment, and the dupe he had been ; and he treated every one as if they were coadjutors in the plot. The moon rose brightly, and threw her brilliant beams of silvery light over the crested foam, as the ocean bark sped swiftly and gracefully over its watery track, while he sat on deck thinking of the happy, happy past ; and feeling like one who had been rudely thrust from Paradise, after a sweet glimpse of its beauteous landscape, and a faithful promise of realizing its pleasures. In meditative silence he bowed to several friends, whose familiar faces he recognized—and at any other time would have pleasantly passed the trip—but he made no effort to relieve, by social conversation and intercourse with the passengers, the poignant grief that enveloped his heart. Proud, resolute, and self-enduring, he forgets the words of the illustrious Shakspeare—

“ Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o’er-fraught heart, and makes it break.”

In the bright morning’s early dew, Emma was walking to the hot-house, where many rare and beautiful flowers were constantly budding and blooming through all the winter days. She watched her pets unfold their floral charms with delight, and bent with tender regard over many a frail bud that seemed asking, in its mute, yet eloquent, appeal for her attention—

“ Flowers !

No marvel woman so loves flowers, they bear  
So much of fanciful similitude  
To her own history ; like herself, repaying  
With such sweet interest all the cherishing  
That calls their beauty, or their sweetness, forth ;  
And like her too—dying beneath neglect.”

As usual, the office-boy returned with the morning's mail; meeting him, she looked over the bundles of papers, magazines, etc. Glancing at the superscription of a letter to her mother, she recognized her uncle's, Louis Mortimer, writing; and as her eye fell upon another, her heart beat, almost audibly, as she saw her name traced thereon in Arthur Clifton's chirography. Returning her mother's letter and the packages, she retained her own, and walking rather hastily to a little vine-clad bower, she paused and opened the envelope; the contents were brief and enigmatical; as she read the words traced thereon, she questioned the possibility of this chilly, unnatural, and certainly unexpected letter emanating from Arthur—the Arthur whom she loved so fondly, truly and purely.

C——, 18——.

MISS EMERSON,—Though painful, yet it becomes a duty to release you from the vows made to me—vows made in bitter mockery. Circumstances which I deem it unnecessary to state, prompt me, in justice to myself, to act thus. I go from your native city—I scarcely know, nor care not whither—since to you, Emma, bright, beautiful dream of my life, I must say farewell! Ah, it is a sad word—a word full of despair and disappointment!

Our pathway widely diverges, and fate decrees that in future we are as strangers. I retain, "in memoriam," your type. May your expectation of bliss soon be realized; your wedded life be one of enduring happiness! I leave it to your option to preserve or destroy the souvenirs you have

"Of one who loved not wisely, but too well."

Respectfully,      ARTHUR CLIFTON.



"Cruel, heartless letter! what can be the meaning of these allusions to my coming wedded happiness? Ah, it is all a mockery. I have not deserved this; surely Arthur could not have written it; and yet, this is his writing—too well known to admit of doubt. There is a strange mystery in it all—so full of passion and love; and yet, the severing, by his voluntary act, all ties, annulling our vows,—probably the style is merely assumed, to make the fate of his victim more miserable." Her face grew pale as she sadly sighed, but with a look of pride, she continued: "I must pray no more for our mutual love; all is over—I must forget him! Destiny, O, what a destiny is mine!"

No tears fell from her eyes—tears were indeed a luxury to such sadly deceived and disappointed hearts as hers, and she felt that if she could have wept long and freely, that her grief would have lost half its poignancy in the solace of refreshing, soothing and purifying tears. With a sad, crushed spirit, she entered the hall, and passed immediately to her room. She did not appear at breakfast; but her absence was not particularly noticed. At dinner she had not yet come from her room, and Miss May, going in quest of her, found her reclining on a couch in a dreamy reflective mood; by night she was delirious, with the increased anguish that reflection and solitude had brought to her soul. The next morning found her feverish, and not able to leave her own chamber. She struggled bravely, and evidently tried to resist the depressing shock; but her physical strength was not sufficient to sustain her mental suffering; her nervous temperament was too acutely alive, too sensitive. She yet silently bore

her heart's great grief. Her fever kept her in bed for several days; but good nursing, and a kindly attentive physician, checked its progress, and she was restored to health, relieved from bodily pain, only to render more intense her mental gloom. Never by one unguarded expression did she betray the cause of her sorrow. Her heart-beats were the pulse of silent, suffering misery; a sad sigh oft trembled on her lips, yet in pride she shut her soul's despair and disappointment as with an hermetical seal from all observation; and with a cold, stoical smile, evasively answered all the queries of her mother and aunt May—they both knew that some great change had come over her heart and hopes. It was evident to them that she suffered from some peculiar and severe trial; yet the nature of it they could not solve. She ceased to take any special interest in balls, theatres, concerts, or any thing of gay relaxation and brilliant amusements, which she formerly entered into with such zeal; and her mother saw, with unfeigned regret, that her health, though apparently good, was gradually becoming impaired.

Hon. Joel Watuga has called several times recently, and been denied seeing Emma, as she could well plead indisposition. Sitting with her mother and Miss May, a sweet morning in the budding spring-time of that eventful year, 1860, the servant brought his Honor's card, and the request of their company. At the urgent solicitation of her mother, Emma reluctantly entered the parlor. It was the first time she had received this gentleman since Arthur Clifton had written her that strange, and as yet, enigmatical note. She did not connect this old Senator with any of the circumstances that could possibly have occa-

sioned this note, and yet she felt a repugnance to entertaining him. He was certainly pleased to see her, and with cordial sincerity he spoke of her kindness in appearing. She endeavored to be polite and affable, but the ironical spirit gained the supremacy, and she was anything but the lively, fascinating, and agreeable young lady that formerly laughed, played, and sang for him ; and often, in a freak of witty mischief, quizzed the old Senator. She heartily rejoiced at his departure, and said as she left the parlor, "What a relief to know that he is gone, and can not come again till next time !" And she smiled, though it was sadly, as her mother remarked in a slight tone of irritation :

"Ah, me, I am at a loss to know what I shall do with you ; you were morose—positively rude this morning. Apparently, you had forgotten all your former winning affability and lady-like etiquette."

"Well, dear mother, I must plead guilty to not much lively spirit or disposition to be pleasant ; I feared I would be stupidly dull and unendurable, and yet you almost forced me to go into the parlor, and besides, you know I have no 'special' predilection for this old man."

"You surprise me every day more and more, with your want of proper appreciation of your best friends and most worthy acquaintances."

Emma did not reply, but turned and left the room, while she felt that life was indeed a "waste of wearisome hours," and she thought that if all the future were to be as the last few months had been, that she would gladly escape the monotony and misery of its coming hours, and quietly lie down in that valley of repose where the ills and cares of life all cease, and

the mysterious dream of death separates the human form from the immortal soul.

Days wore on—bright spring days, when earth, air, and sky seemed redolent with vernal beauty and bliss ; she was tacitly indifferent and apathetic ; she exercised no resisting spirit of buoyancy, and the occasional smile that lit her face was as if “in memoriam” of former joy ; she was ever dreaming of the past ; she preferred reflecting over the days of yore, when she pictured happiness in the future—the happiness of to-morrow of which so many hope, and which too often proves

“It is the gay *to-morrow* of the mind,  
That never comes.”

Life was growing dull and devoid of interest ; she had wealth, and yet she often wished to be one of the busy workers who, by enduring and courageous spirit, earn “stitch by stitch” their “daily bread.” She had no knowledge, but that gleaned from superficial observation, of the noble plans of philanthropy and doing good, by seeking the abode of poverty and oppression : though liberal to almost prodigality, whenever the opportunity presented itself, yet she was no “good Samaritan,” or “angel of mercy,” for she had hitherto known but happiness ; for though she oft wept beside her father’s grave, and looked with tear-stained cheeks on the marble shaft of the stately monument that covered his earthly remains, yet she had learned resignation in the hope of a reunion in Heaven ; but this new-born sorrow gives promise of no such happy adunation. The “angel of charity” has not yet wakened the latent

power within of her ability to bring comfort to the poor and needy, the weak and faint; and by thus sprinkling the dew of gladness and sympathy over the drooping and sorrow-laden paths of fellow beings, render less acute the great grief that has made a wretched Naufrage of the hopes that once ladened the bark of her life with faith and happiness.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Her heart was chilled ;  
And, dead to all its softest sympathies,  
It cherished but one feeling, hopeless love,—  
Love, stronger by endurance, ever growing  
With the decay of life and all its powers.

PERCIVAL.

LITTLE care the selfish crowd of the busy world for the agony of many who, mimosa-like, have sensitive hearts, that keep cherished records of the days of yore, to which they turn and dream over in memory's blissful golden reveries ; and though sad, yet it is a soothing sadness, preferable to all the joy of the present, or hope for the future. The egotistical world, the busy actors in life's drama, show but little, if any, genuine sympathy for mourning hearts. Gay faces, whereon sorrow has left no corroding lines of sadness, glad voices, that have no intonation from the chilling echo of despair—buoyant spirits, that have no grim visage of disappointment to mock them—merry smiles and light, pleasant words, that gush from hearts unburdened by a secret sorrow—such are the idols of the world, mostly lauded, and ever eagerly sought. Perhaps it is best ; for life, with its busy, perplexing cares, throws a sombre shadow around our “heart of hearts.”

There are very few who have not some sad sorrow of their own ; few who have not bowed in bitter grief, who have not wept over broken hopes, and, as cast-

ing their spirits thought backward, and gathering in the retrospect of their faded days of joy and faith; turning from the remembrance of blighted hopes and happiness long flown, they indeed feel that gaiety, joy and mirth, are the only antidotes to such bitter memories, and seeking to draw a potent veil of Lethæan power o'er the past, they too plunge into the cold, unfeeling and selfish world, and make one of its politic body.

Emma Emerson moved with an air of proud resignation, and calm endurance, amid the throng of friends and visitors: she would gladly have escaped from the scenes that once had filled her young heart with life and healthful mirth. She participated in balls, parties, excursions, and pic-nics—not with an eye and tone of zest and enjoyment, but with a chilling *hauteur* that did not make her the captivating and irresistible being of a few months previous. Her face seemed to have forgotten the charm of its brilliant smile, and she was rapidly becoming an icicle of despair—her very soul freezing into proud indifference, amid a wealth of social joy, and as the very “centre star” of a circle of intellect and fashion.—Mrs. Emerson became anxious, and quite solicitous on account of her continual desire for quiet retirement and seclusion from all the gay life that had hitherto attracted attention and interested her.—Speaking to Miss May in reference to the matter, she said—

“You must really assist me to devise some plan to arouse Emma from her enigmatical manner and apathetic style. I have been daily hoping to see a happy change come over her gloomy spirit, but instead of an awakening of her gay, animated fervor, she seems

more depressed. What is the cause? Whence springs this unaccountable conduct?"

"I am unable to divine, my dear sister. It appears that we cannot win her confidence; though it is quite evident that she is not the careless, indifferent girl that she would have us believe. The very efforts she uses to hide her sadness are the most positive assurances of her gloom."

"What shall we do? What do you propose as best calculated to produce an agreeable change?"

"I scarcely know, but I presume traveling would be interesting: she has always been fond of new scenery; has, I ever imagined, an appreciative heart and head, very susceptible to the beauties of art, and the sublimity of nature."

"I must no longer neglect the matter. I feel really unhappy when I observe, as I sometimes do, the attempted resignation that oft lurks in her most social smiles and tones. I can not bear to see her calm, dejected style, for she is the strongest link that now binds me to the world."

With keen perceptibility, Miss May imagined that she had fathomed Emma's secret; yet she had merely "circumstantial evidence," and so far had failed to win one word of acknowledgment in corroboration of her suspicions. Emma has certainly resolved to keep her disappointment in her own breast, and thus it has a more powerful sway over her heart. To have the sympathy of a friend, to be able to tell our sorrows, and weep our tears of irrepressible grief on the bosom of one whose soul throbs in responsive anguish, and who soothes us with the sweet, soft voice of tender appreciation and enduring affection,—ah! it is a solace beyond expression: the power of language is



weak and inadequate to convey the potency of human sympathy—the sympathy and love of a warm and faithful friend. It is this feeling of kindred spirits that makes the heart feel morally better, elevates the mind, purifies and makes holier our joy, and more sacred our grief.

At the tea table, Mrs. Emerson spoke to Emma in reference to her desire of taking some step to relieve the monotony of their every day life, saying—

“Your aunt May and myself have decided that it is time that we were planning a trip for this season: you appear uninterested in all that is around you—I would like to visit some pleasant resort that you think would be productive of an agreeable change in us all.”

“Have you selected or determined where you prefer going?”

“We have made no choice, but will leave that to you, as it is for your especial benefit that we wish to go.”

“Then I am in favor of Niagara. I think if there is any thing that would please, interest, and expand my intellect and heart of appreciation, it would be a visit to some of the truly grand and imposing beauties of nature, which I have so often pictured in my mind’s eye, and Niagara is the pet dream of my girlhood.”

“A very choice selection. I am perfectly willing to go there, or any where that you prefer. Suppose we write to your cousins Victor and Clara Desonges? You promised last summer that they should be of our party this season.”

“Ah, that will be truly pleasant, dear mother; I had rather be with Clara—who certainly takes the palm

as a charming, but haughty brunette—and watch her captivate, with her lustrous black eyes and queenly manner, the bevy who will throng around her. Victor, I presume, will feel quite dignified, and it is surely time, for he is twenty-one, a graduate, and quite handsome I know. I had rather be with them than any of our relatives. It appears that Molly Elby will never return home again—I think she is certainly well pleased with ‘Georgia Scenes.’”

With a smile of unusual spirit, Emma arose from the table, and we soon hear her rich-toned voice joining in the chorus of a lively melody, that Miss May is singing at the piano.

Two weeks after, and the Emersons—with the addition of Victor, Clara, and Mrs. Desonges—are on their route to Niagara Falls. Emma was charmed with the beautiful scenery that greeted her eager eyes *en route*. She seemed to have aroused from her indifference, and to have forgotten her grief in the novelty and gaiety that met her on all sides.

The season being a gay one, and just in the zenith blaze of attraction, visitors crowding from every section, it was not without difficulty that they were comfortably located. However, they are now very pleasantly and agreeably provided with cool, airy apartments, and good accommodation, at one of the best and most desirable hotels at the Falls.

A few hours after their arrival, Victor Desonges came to his sister's room, and with a brotherly privilege he peered into the half-open door with a smile, asking her to guess whom he had luckily met.

“Yes, Sis, you and Cousin Emma are generally so expert at unraveling every puzzle that I can devise,

that I think I'll try you again; and this time you are not apt to be so quick witted."

"O, you are a provoking wretch! I dare say it is some dashing fop, a neat parcel of whiskers, patent leather boots, and raitan arrangement, gotten up, regardless of exterior cost and embellishment,—but really, brother, don't be so provoking; tell me who you have found here!"

"I am not so generous towards a young lady who can speak so disparagingly of those nice young fellows you call fops: however, I don't come under that head, except the whiskers."

With a mischievous smile, he smoothed his silken mustache that adorned his lip, and added—

"I'd like to weary your patience a little, just now, as penance for your irony to my sex."

"You are a teasing young man, and I warn you, my dear brother Victor, that your name is not synonymous with your power when you attempt to tease me. Don't you think he is provoking, Cousin Emma?"

"Yes, I must admit he is very much inclined to be quizzical; but do enlighten us, we give up."

And Emma looked at him with a sweet smile of patience.

"You are a beautiful picture of composure, Cousin Emma. I shall not elucidate the matter here; but come to the sitting-room, if you please, as the young fop has been waiting some time. O, you need not be so particular about your toilet," said he, as his sister turned to her mirror; "I dare say this gentleman has seen you both in morning habit and carpet slippers."

"Who can it be?" queried the two as they walked to the sitting-room near their apartments, with Vic-

tor, who enjoyed their anxiety not a little ; and who was so excessively fond of teasing, wearying, and provoking the curiosity of his sister, that he often forgot etiquette.

As they entered, Lionel Mortimer greeted them.

"This is a charming surprise !" exclaimed Clara.

"How perfectly delighted I am to meet you both here, two of the fairest daughters of my sunny South ! You are looking peculiarly sweet and interesting, Cousin Emma. I had heard that you were not the same gay Emma who blessed my boyhood's sight—but I see that you are only changed for the more beautiful."

As he directed his remarks to Emma, and held, with a gentle yet fervent pressure, the hand she had joyously extended to him, he felt a thrill of pleasure rush over his frame, and knew that hope had sprung to life again !

"Cousin Clara, you are even now plotting various conquests for this season. I am fearful that there are many who will heartily regret having met your gay, animated, and captivating face."

"O, no, Cousin Lionel, I am determined to force Emma to take her position among the beauties here ; and if she does attempt to, I believe she will be queen of the circle, and that wicked brother of mine, I think, imagined that he would be *Victor* of his sex, but he will be entirely eclipsed by the *Lion*, whom we have fortunately met, and who, I am sure, well deserves the title I bestow."

"You are playing the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' to perfection, my petted Sis, but do not waste any of your malice and irony on your brother and cousins' names ; don't try to pun any more.'

Clara laughed merrily at her brother, and turned to Lionel, who was speaking to Emma, for had there been an angel in his presence he would have forgotten the heavenly visitant if she had been there: had there been a Hebe near he would have turned first to her—the bright being whom he had loved from early boyhood, who had been the dawn-star of his world. Victor smiled and said, as he glanced at Lionel and Emma—

“Now, do not interrupt them, Clara; you are always forgetting that you are sometimes a secondary consideration.”

“We will banish you immediately if you use any such ungallant allusions. I can yield no assent to anything that would induce Cousin Clara to believe that she is a ‘secondary consideration’ with any one—not even her teasing brother Victor,” replied Lionel, who well knew the racy and predominant spirit of his Cousin Victor, who delighted in quizzing and teasing every young lady he met, and was almost unmerciful in his playful irony and piquancy with his sister.

“Are you from Oak Lawn, or your law-office in Washington?”

“I am more recently from the Capitol than Oak Lawn. Washington City is unendurable in the summer to me; and I left the old musty library of law-books and other matters, and started to Virginia, but met Miss Molly Elby on her way to the ‘spring region,’ who informed me you were here. She is so intensely Southern that she would not come on hither, though her party were all very willing. She said she would like to be with Cousin Emma and her party; but then she intended seeing every nook

and corner that is inviting, as a retreat, in the South, ere she gives this part of the world her attention personally."

"That is Molly's spirit. I know she is rather disposed to dislike even the beauties of nature, because they happen to be in Northren bounds; and, indeed, one cannot but feel that the present position of affairs are culminating rapidly into a very dangerous sectional strife."

"Yes; I feel that the ensuing Presidential election will more perpetually cement the two sections, or else make an unhappy and unpropitious separation."

"Well, I am Breckinridge, heart and soul. Sis and Cousin Emma, you know, are on the Bell platform. They are devoted to the *Union* ticket," said Victor, with a meaning emphasis.

"Not so fast, Cousin Victor. I am not much of a politician, but I will not deny that I admire the Union ticket. I, however, prefer Breckenridge and Lane; for I desire that the South will either have her rights in the Union, or maintain them proudly and bravely out of it."

"Bravo! Cousin Emma! You are just my style. But come, let us leave politics for wiser heads. I am in no mood to reflect on the portentous future."

A few mornings after, and our party leave the hotel with an efficient guide for the Falls. They paused a long while at the "old curiosity shop."

• • Passing on, Emma and Clara, with enthusiastic delight, beheld the rushing torrent which

"In beautiful wildness whirls away,  
Wasting its wealth in feathery spray."

Standing at Point View they gazed upon the broad cataract, as it tumultuously swept down the unfathomable precipice in fearful grandeur. The water boils up like an ocean of crested foam, the spray rises in clouds which loom heavily and sombre-like around, or are borne away upon the current of wind; and rainbows, beautiful as we often behold span the heavens, encircle this wonderful and stupendous work of nature.

"How grand, magnificent, terrible, and yet beautiful!" exclaimed Emma.

"Perfectly indescribable! No language can give a just conception of its imposing majesty," replied Victor, who for once was calmed into serious spirit and positive tone.

"It is truly a grand scene, and one all pens, however much endowed with poetic fire, brilliant imagination, and potent description, have vainly attempted to give a true ideal sketch of. It is certainly one of the grandest scenes of our New World—pouring so majestically out from the hand of the Great I Am. But this is only a partial view; let us get nearer. Take my arm, Cousin Emma, while we follow our guide."

They visit Iris Island, beautifully situated in the very midst of the Falls, and affording elegant views from all sides. Emma and Clara could not endure the tremendous and perpetual roar of the cataract, and the party soon retraced their steps to Point View. Here, two hundred feet below the rock on which they stand, lie the waters of the river, closed in by huge rock walls; while, far off in the distance, which "lends enchantment to the view," are forest growth and vernal meadows, blooming orchards,

and partial glimpses of villages, making beautiful rural scenery.

"What a romantic spot! It was here, if I remember right, Vanderlyn sketched one of his most beautiful paintings of the Falls. My mind is lost in reflection. I would fain express my admiration, yet all eulogy is tame. Weak words fail to paint the sublime beauty of this scene. As I stand and gaze on the cataract, my soul echoes the praise of Heaven while the mighty chorus of the foaming waters are pouring unceasingly onward, and the earth beneath my feet seems to tremble. Byron's picture of old ocean in his 'Childe Harold' will convey a slight idea of what I feel:

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
. . . Dark heaving . . . sublime,  
The image of eternity!"

Even the words of this master mind but poorly express the grandeur. There was not as much aptitude as I thought."

"Yes, those lines I really admire, and consider them fine and quite *apropos*," said Lionel Mortimer.

At the same time, Clara Desonges replied:

"Why, Emma, you are sentimental, *a la mode*; for my part, I do admire this stupendous waterfall, the grand, majestic Niagara, the pet wonder of America, but it is too terrific to quote any sweet morsel of Byron."

"You will be better pleased with the pretty villages, and other charming scenery, that surround the Falls."



"Yes, I imagine so. Cousin Lionel, are there not many spots of interest, and worthy of our admiration? You have visited here before, and consequently should be conversant with all the attractive views."

"Yes, there are many, such as Ingraham's Cave, Bath, Moss, Navy, and other fair islands—Biddle Stair-case, Horseshoe, and many other points of interest, on our American side; then the jaunt over the Suspension Bridge, and the view from the Canadian bank."

"Indeed I shall be more delighted than I anticipated."

Emma, with her hat in hand, approached them saying:

"I am rather weary; I feel almost exhausted with fatigue and the sublimity of the scene. Suppose we retrace our steps?"

"Certainly, as you please, Emma."

They walked leisurely, enjoying animated conversation, as they each attempted to give, in verbal shape, ideas of what they had experienced in viewing the peculiar fascination and unrivaled beauty of the Falls.

Morning, afternoon, and evenings were passed in lively and merry spirit, in excursions, rides, parties, and the various amusements incidental to such gay resorts.

Emma was rapidly cheating memory of its sad power, and, as weeks flew swiftly by, her spirit became infused with her old-time animation and winning fervor—the rosebuds again bloomed in tender freshness on her cheeks, her lips were often wreathed in merry and irresistible smiles, and her deep, soul-

speaking eyes how they were lit up with their peculiar fascination!—ah, truly there were no such bright and beautiful eyes as her's among even the gay belles of-Niagara.

As all things have their commencements, so they must necessarily have their conclusions. The last ball of this season comes off the ensuing week. It was quite amusing, the fluttering of fair forms, like angel spirits, gliding here and there, consulting and deciding on the most appropriate costume for this grand ball, which was to be the conclusion of many a flirtation that had been engaging the time and attention of, we fear, too many during the past month.

Emma did not take an active interest, as one would have imagined. She was probably a little too indifferent as to whether she should rival all others, and carry off the indisputable title of belle; yet that very indifference favors her complete success. She apparently has taken Ben Johnson's ideas of beauty:

“Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes *simplicity* a grace.”

“Reading again; why, Miss Emerson, you are a literary devotee, I must unhesitatingly declare.”

“No, Miss Kitty, not exactly that—but come in, and revive my despondency with some of your piquant and racy ideas.”

“Certainly, if you will put up that volume of Hemans, and close Percival, that is lying open near you. I do not wish to come in too close contact with any poetical ideas just now; my brain is already filled with romantic castles in the air.”

Emma put the books aside, and her young lady-friend entered, to pass a very pleasant hour or more

in gossip, the current *on dit* of the fashionable circles, Godey, *bon ton*, and various other just such feminine matters. Kitty Linus was very handsome, quite brilliant and gay, for the daughter of an eloquent divine. Her father was a very devout Episcopal pastor; and yet Kitty had never been debarred from exercising all the gay and impulsive spirit that was consistent with a lively and mirthful girl, and the old State of Maryland could not have had a more agreeable, pleasant, and amiable representative of her fair daughters than Miss Kitty Linus. She was warmly esteemed by Emma, very much admired by Lionel Mortimer, and considered a charming person by Clara Desonges; as to Victor, we will leave him to give his opinion of our fair Marylander in subsequent pages.

The afternoon of the day of the eventful ball has come. We do not pretend to trace the source whence the information was derived; however, it is generally known among the gay, dashing belles and beauties of fashion, that Miss Emerson, the Southern belle, intends appearing in "white." No particular interest was manifested in the matter, as each were too busy with their own arrangements and decisions; but this afternoon, as one of the young ladies passed our heroine's room, the door being partially open, she paused and looked in: hurrying on with a face of mingled surprise and vexation, she said as she entered her friend Kitty Linus' apartment, "I declare, Kitty, I have just caught sight of something which annoys me no little."

"What! is it any great phenomenon, my dear Miss Pier?"

"Yes, indeed; or I consider it such. I am fearful,

if we can't prevail on Miss Emerson to change her intention, and wear some rather gaudy and flashy dress instead of that superb white that I see arranged so magnificently, we will all fall short of any conquests; that I suppose you don't take to yourself, for I believe you have made a complete affair of her cousin Victor Desonges; but then, Kitty, my dear Kitty, you must see if you can't assist us 'forlorn damsels' to get this cold, proud beauty to assume a style a little less similar to the white-robed angel, or seraph, that she is intending to-night."

"But how can I aid you if I desired—how set about it?"

"Why, easily enough; *accidentally* of course. Go into her room, express perfect surprise at the idea of her wearing such a plain, unassuming dress on this brilliant occasion. Now do, it is no harm; for she, I believe, is coldly indifferent to the homage and admiration of every man in the universe. She is a perfect Pygmalion, and has never yet been thawed, or warmed into passionate life by the divine breath of fond and appreciative love."

"Neither has my superb Miss Ellen Pier, nor will she ever be, I very much fear."

"Nonsense, Kitty! I have determined on bringing just so many of the biped creatures on their knees at my shrine; just so many devotees I've vowed to convert ere I think of yielding my heart or hand."

"And when you do, I suppose it will be wealth, position and ambition that will woo and win the proud, peerless Ellen, not *puerile* love?"

"No more ungenerous innuendoes. I could love devotedly if I chose; but men, I think, are far too fickle for me to waste my ardor and devotion upon."

But Miss Emerson—that's the point. Will you not do me the favor I've asked—please, Kitty?"

"It is rather foreign to my usual style; but I presume, in order to please you, I may make the attempt, though I dislike to."

A few moments after, and the latter entered Emma's room; seeing her engaged writing a letter, in a voice of unassumed surprise, Miss Kitty inquired: "Why, Miss Emerson, are you going to the ball, or have you decided not to be visible on this brilliant occasion?"

"Nothing of the kind; I certainly intend to be present, however I may appear a little careless; but my toilet is neither very tedious nor elaborate, and I am now writing a letter long since due, to one of my dearest friends, Molly Elby, whom I am sure Miss Kitty would much esteem, and I trust some day to introduce you to each other."

During Emma's reply, her friend was examining the beautiful white dress, that spread its gauzy folds of delicate softness, purity, and elegance over the couch. As Emma concluded, she turned and queried:

"Is this your dress for this evening?"

"Yes; and quite a plain and unattractive one, I fear you think?"

"I must admit, that though it is very pretty and charming in its simplicity, yet I really would appear in a more magnificent and radiant style, were I in your place."

"I regret that you do not admire my selection. I regret it the more, because Cousin Victor believes your taste to be perfect, and I will acknowledge he has infused a similar idea into my cranium."

With a deep blush, Kitty answered—

"My taste is not so excellent, and by no means infallible, but I cannot say that I much admire this. That blue tissue, that beautiful tarlton, or rich pink satin, would become you more,—your complexion, though suitable to all colors, yet is decidedly the most finely set off in blue, and I really think you should wear that color."

This, we must do Kitty the justice to say, was her positive opinion.

"I am really sorry that we did not speak of this ere now; white is always my favorite; blue is very becoming to me, I believe, yet I prefer white."

"White is a pure, beautiful, and very appropriate dress; but then there are so very few who are sufficiently poetical and sensitive, to appreciate the chaste and elegant taste that prompts one of your age, position and style to appear in the ermine—an immaculate dress. Do you not think you had better reject this snowy robe, and be our 'blue angel' to-night?"

"I regret that it is now too late to make the change; I have had my wardrobe packed, knowing we would leave very soon—all my party dresses are put up at least."

Kitty could say no more; she felt a tinge of puerile insignificance as she thought of the selfish, envious motives that had chiefly prompted her advice, and in a gay tone she bade Emma look her sweetest.

"Yes, don your sweet and bewitching smiles; look as you ever do, radiant and beautiful. Your Cousin Victor is so proud of the fact, that the belle of this season is his dear and charming Cousin Emma."

"Thank you for such enthusiastic flattery. I say thank you, because it is so rare that we meet with one of your frank and unselfish nature. I think that

Kitty's warm heart will suit the luxurious clime of one of our extreme Southern States; and I know of some one who very much desires to transplant her in his native soil."

"Beware, no jesting—I must acknowledge that I feel no light interest in the one to whom you allude."

"No, I am quite serious; Cousin Victor is perfectly devoted, and I feel a real pride to think, that mayhap—"

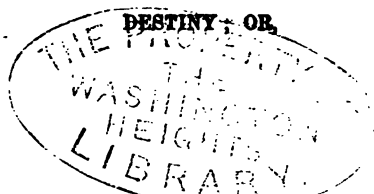
"Spare my blushes, you winning one!" exclaimed Kitty; and bending over Emma, she pressed a fond kiss upon her brow, and wheeling round passed out of the room.

Love certainly is a potent spell; and one who loves warmly and well, always makes a better friend, firmer and more determined in truth, sincerity and faith. Kitty Linus had gone into that room with a very different intention, but she could not carry out her deceptive plan; especially as she did not desire any superiority over her young friend: yet she might have carried her persuasion to a nearer and more certain fruition—but then it was *his* cousin, the proud beauty of whom he boasted; and she could not find it in her heart to speak falsely to her. Love taught her *truth*. Love made her shrink from an ungenerous deception; and for *Victor Desonges'* sake she would not, could not advise what was actuated by mere envy and egotistical vanity. Love truly refines our every sense. Loving we become more generous, truthful, faithful and sympathetic.

'Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest  
For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!  
How could we thence be weaned to die without despair?'

In the stormy ocean of life, love is the ever bright Pharos whose beacon-light directs us, as we pilot our bark. The light of a loving heart illuminates and points the way to terrestrial happiness ; and it is this holy, heaven-born angel that most certainly guides us to that "better rest above."





## CHAPTER XV.

She was not very beautiful, if it be beauty's test,  
 To match a classic model when perfectly at rest,  
 And she did not look bewitching, if witchery it be,  
 To have a forehead and a lip transparent as the sea!

\* \* \* \* \*

Said I she was not beautiful? her eyes upon your sight,  
 Broke with the lambient purity, of planetary light;  
 And an *intellectual* beauty, like a light within a vase,  
 Touched every line with glory of her animated face.

WILLIS.

At nine o'clock the Emerson party entered the brilliantly-lighted ball room. Many looks of admiration, smiles and bows of recognition greet them as they move amid the throng. Emma Emerson and Clara Desonges are certainly two of the fairest, and most beautiful representatives that our sunny South could have in such a scene. Their cordial smiles, unpretending excellence, spirit of ardor and winning enthusiasm, and their intellectual superiority, made one feel a thrill of just satisfaction and pride to claim them as peerless daughters of our dear "South-land." We could not refrain from contrasting the many different styles of loveliness and elegance here presented, and impartially we turn to Emma, as the most perfect picture of our mind's ideality of the pure and beautiful—her fleecy crape, white as the "driven snow," her rich and luxurious ringlets, waving free over her snowy neck, with none of that extravagant and superfluous adornment that too often spoils the

charming effect of the exquisite natural outlines of a well-arched and graceful throat and neck—there was but a white, wax-like japonica, confined in the dark ripples of her curls by a diamond pin, whose ten radiant sets were artistically wreathed in a circle of gold. Her jewels were pearls, and even their untarnished richness did not cast any unpleasant contrast on her fair, and delicate complexion. There are many, very many beautiful, captivating and magnificent ones present, but with Emma, eyes, lips, features and form, all were *in* such perfect harmony and exquisite symmetry. With Dryden we may say—

———“her features

Seem to be drawn by love's own hand, by love,  
*Himself in love.*”

Lionel Mortimer and Emma are dancing in a quadrille near. Involuntarily we reflect on the fatality that so unhappily prevented a mutual love; strange that their early preference was not more perfectly expanded in our heroine's heart. He may search the wide world and will not find one more thoroughly capable of making his life happy, cheering his way with fond and devotional care, buoying him “onward and upward” in his soul's lofty aspiration. There are but few who, at least by their choice and untrammelled selection, seem to place a sufficient estimate on the power that one, linked to you, as it were your destiny, has over your actions. Nothing is more elevating than the influence of a noble, pure, and cultivated wife; it is she who, with loving smiles and soft voice of sincere praise can ever buoy you on to the fulfillment of the brilliant aspirations of thy ambitious heart. How much, how very much

of a man's success in all the affairs of life is entirely under the control of the one he has chosen as the star of his destiny! With her unwavering love, her woman's hopeful heart, and woman's soothing sympathy, she can smooth with potent power the path over which you tread, and with her radiant smiles of trust and devotion, make you,

"Dare do *all* that may become a man."

Such a heart, such a soul, did Lionel Mortimer crave, and in his Cousin Emma, he imagined that he had found the noble spirit for which he was yearning; but unfortunately destiny decreed that the dream of his boyhood should not be realized in the life of his manhood; and they were separated by that "divinity that shaped" her love, and that unresisting tide of fate that, with a peculiar and unyielding spell, taught her to worship "but too well" at a shrine, the idol of which, in its most glorious hour, had crumbled into decay, and imbued her spirit with the dark shadow of mysterious doubt and disappointment,

Clara and many others are out on the promenade. Emma and Lionel joined them at the conclusion of the quadrille, the cool and refreshing night air being far more preferable than the brilliantly gay and heated ball-room. Victor, after going through the mazy and exhilarating exercise of a waltz with Miss Linus, resigned her to the care of the claimant for the coming Lancers, and joined the party of his sister and cousins.

"How are you enjoying yourself, sister?" What if you here too, Cousin Emma! Come, we cannot have you sitting out in the moonlight talking love and nonsense to a favored few; it is a dangerous experi-

ment and a selfish exclusion. I protest against the cheatery. I have been vexed at you both evincing such apathetic indifference, and desire not to mingle with the crowd." Leaning nearer to them he said, *sotto-voce*, "Just tell me when or where either of you have beheld a more captivating nymph than Miss Kitty. How magnificently she is dressed! she displays fine taste. That gold cloth rose attached by that ruby pin to her pearly bosom—*s'dearth*, what would I give to be that flower—just near enough to feel the fluttering of that dear heart, and when my little ephemeral life was ended, fade delightfully upon that breast!" With a sigh he paused. Lionel laughed at his hyperbolic extravagance, and his sister replied:

"What a boyish idea! Brother, you have been studying Tom Moore, or some other disciple of panegyrical nonsense; if you want to have a good effect on a sensible girl, I beg you to rid yourself of such a puerile style."

"O, I pray you, Miss Critic, do not smile so derisively; you must know I am not capable of making a speech to suit such a very sensible girl as my sister Clara. I am rejoiced to know that the fair young lady in question is not as skeptical as yourself; but really I do wish I was that flower—enviable rose!"

"But you are not, and fairies no longer visit our sphere to transform such teasing imps, as you are especially, into pure floral gems. Miss Kitty is very elegantly attired, but her style is, I think, rather too flashy and ostentatious."

"Indeed! 'too flashy and ostentatious.' Pshaw! I knew that would be your decision. I was terribly anxious and apprehensive until I met you and Cousin Emma, and observed your toilets. O, you can't

imagine how much I was relieved. I feared you would both appear in some *modest dun-colored* silks, in order to have it said you were so *unpresuming* and so very retiring (?)."

This mock sarcasm was interrupted by the trumpet sounding for the next dance.

Emma, Robert Talbot, Clara and Lionel Mortimer entered as Victor Desonges hurried off in quest of his "rosebush," as his sister mischievously called Miss Kitty Linus. Emma's *vis-a-vis* was her Aunt May and Mr. Ernest Bernard, quite a young gallant, with a tenderly-nurtured mustache, and a collar *a la* Byron.

The two girls were perplexed as they recognized Miss May and her very attentive partner; and unable to resist the inclination, Clara drew near, and softly said:

"Aunt May is a riddle that time alone will solve; she would give either one of us a gratuitous curtain lecture, unendurable in length and irony, were she to see us so very agreeable to such a decided young fop, and yet she is now putting on her most affable smiles."

Emma was amused at the evident concern that Clara expressed in the matter, who, like the gay creature she was, soon forgot the circumstance in the animating figures of the Lancers.

"Have you not been pleased and agreeably entertained this evening?" queried Robert Talbot, who is no stranger in the prior events, having been introduced in these pages previous to the death of our heroine's father.

Emma was in the act of replying in the affirmative, when she caught sight of her mother and Mrs.

Desonges, promenading with an elderly gentleman. They came quite near, and she almost sighed aloud as she recognized the Hon. Joel Watuga. They advanced, and with a courteous bow he greeted her :

“Ah, this is charming, to meet, so unexpectedly, with my especial friends.”

Emma replied politely. She felt that this old gentleman must see her aversion, and would spare her the pain of being unpleasantly cold, by not being obtrusive and pointedly attentive ; but he, though very observing in general, apparently did not see any such evidences, but attributed the nervous tremor and unavoidable restraint in her manner to a cause more flattering to his vanity.

Robert Talbot arose from his seat ; she could not summon courage enough to detain him, and yet she deplored the idea of his chair being occupied by the Hon. Joel Watuga. Her fears were not visionary. Scarcely had Talbot proffered, ere his seat was most graciously accepted. The old Senator was truly delighted with the meeting, which, in his enthusiasm, he called “unexpected,” apparently forgetting the positive knowledge he had of their party being at Niagara ; probably he thought it more romantic and effective to call it by the misnomer “*unexpected*.”

Emma answered his many queries for a while very politely, and yet with her usual icy tone ; she had become convinced that he knew her dislike to him as an admirer, at least with the serious intention that actuated him, and she felt that instead of boring her by marked admiration, he should have thrown aside the folly that had characterized him in the past, and have treated her with the fatherly respect and esteem

that she would have gratefully received and appreciated from this elderly gentleman, who, though worthy and intellectual, yet could not reasonably expect to win the heart of such a blooming and passionate being as our heroine. Fortunately, Lionel Mortimer came to where she was sitting, and, after a few remarks to the Hon. Joel Watuga, he solicited his cousin for the next dance, which she gladly consented to, and, taking his arm, with a most respectful bow she excused herself, and passed off, leaving the old Senator quite perplexed at her *sang froid* manner.

A change, sudden as it was unaccountable to Lionel Mortimer, had come over Emma; the cold smile came back, joy did not sparkle from her eyes, but ironical pride and indifference seemed to actuate her every movement; she looked, as she felt, sad. Misery, indeed, was the offspring of a meeting with this Caccodæmon of her life; there was no congruity with happiness and this "evil spirit," as she termed him, which, like a shadow, had followed her for a long time, and broken in upon the sun-rays of her life's hope. It appeared to her that her very existence had grown blank and full of despair since she had known his intentions; she had suffered intensely, and an inward monitor whispered that this same person was in some manner connected with her sorrow and disappointment; but she had almost effectively learned that woman's "destiny" is to "suffer and be strong," and she firmly resisted, as she thought, all outward demonstration of her gloom: when she smiled, she was not aware of the repelling scorn that mingled in the very dimples of her beautiful cheeks; when she spoke, she did not observe

the irony of her most affable remarks. Mistaken one, she knew not the fact, that her eye, smile and tone, woven together by a skillful observer, were the undeniable evidences of a disappointed and proudly wretched heart.

Mrs. Emerson mentioned to her sister, Mrs. Desonges, the desired matrimonial alliance of her daughter and the esteemed Senator.

"Why, I have never heard this spoken of before, sister Emerson—are there such intentions seriously existing?"

"I am sure that he has very positive and serious intentions, and that he much desires to make a lasting link in our family."

"Indeed! That is not consistent with one of his remarkable good sense and sound logic. He would not marry a young lady minus the heart; and he surely does not flatter himself that he could ever gain more than a *worldly* claim on her hand even."

"Well, I see no particular cause to prevent her loving him: he is very intellectual, socially and morally refined, very wealthy, and will make, I believe, a model husband."

"You are mistaken, I fear. Dearly as I love honor, wealth, and position, were my Clara a poor, penniless girl, yet in the bloom of youth, beauty, and hope, I would not give her to this Mr. Watuga. And Emma is far more sensitive and fastidious than Clara, and would feel bitter repugnance to such a step, because he is too elderly to be esteemed, only with a fatherly regard."

"You surprise me, indeed you do—see, there comes the gentleman."

Mrs. Desonges smiled at her sister, as the person in



question seated himself near them. As he sat conversing, she looked at him attentively, and with a better eye than her sister for judging human nature, she decided that he was talented, and probably very worthy; yet an old and egotistical man, not calculated to make any young and warm-hearted girl happy. He left them in about half an hour; and with the air of one who has convinced another of their error, Mrs. Emerson asked—

“Is not your opinion somewhat changed? You did not think him so interesting, so kindly, and yet respectfully attentive?”

“No, I am not changed. I admit that he is a refined, intellectual, and worthy gentleman, but certainly too elderly. He could scarcely aspire to the vanity of gaining our sister May’s hand and heart, who is many years Emma’s senior.”

“Well, Emma shall use her own option. I am of the opinion that she knows the value and intrinsic worth of such a person as Hon. Joel Watuga, and that she will not act rashly or injudiciously; yet I shall let her decide the matter as she chooses.”

“Yes, yes, my sister; remember she is finely moulded, sensitive, enthusiastic, and remarkably ardent. She is your only one: her happiness, I know, must be your chief aim—then do not give your mimosa flower to one unsympathetic and unloving—do not bestow such a gem on one who will dim with sorrow’s tear its beautiful lustre. Youth clings to and worships at the shrine of youth. Let hearts bloom and blend in early life, and the future will yield a store of mutual happiness. Do not misgraft the bud—let congenial souls lavish their wealth of mutual affection, for it is a miserable farce this mar-

rying for position, wealth, or ambition—yes, for anything but love—pure, true, and holy love!”

It was two o'clock. Many of the fair beauties, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and snowy necks, are folding talmas, nubias, and mariposas around their graceful forms, and linking their arm with some favorite escort, are passing from the scene of the night's gaiety.

Victor Desonges is whispering softly in the ear of “*somebody*,” as he wraps the chenile gently around the dark-haired one at his side; placing the little dimpled hand on his arm, he calls her “*My Kitty*.” This has been a night long to be remembered by these two; and with a swelling heart of hope and faith, he feels a proud thrill of joy as he talks in love's low, and yet potent tones, to his affianced bride. Propitious has been the night for the gay yet warm-hearted Victor, and his loving Kitty; and we do not doubt but what we will yet give a more *explanatory scene* as the termination of the events of this last ball of this season at Niagara.

Hon. Joel Watuga was rather piqued at the cool treatment of the entire party: he left, homeward bound, on the first train. Emma would doubtless have slumbered more sweetly and comfortably, had she known that, ere her eyes greeted Sol in his morning beams of glory, he was whizzing away from them as fast as steam could carry him.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Farewell, gay life, awhile,  
We leave thee, and the roar  
Of the dashing Niagara's tide,  
In billows foaming o'er,  
The cataracts, the cascades,  
And islands grand to view—  
We leave to greet the shades  
Of home's sunny hue. ROSALIE.

A momentary meeting, quickly fleeting,  
That left the heart wildly beating,  
That woke again the vision's sleeping—  
Woke the Past in a wail of weeping. ROSALIE.

Our party, en route home, paused at a very pretty little rural town, to recruit, by a good refreshing night's slumber, free from the jars and slams incidental to a nap on the cars. Victor Desonges declares he is wasting into a shadow of his former self, from the want of

“Nature's soothing, calm restorer—balmy sleep.”

Clara asserts that it is a heart-grief with which he is suffering, and prescribes a sure and speedy remedy, which he will not avail himself of, as it is found in Lethe's fabled stream of forgetfulness.

It was a small, yet quite an inviting town at which they stopped, situated on a picturesque elevation, in a cool, mountainous portion of the State, with pretty, white cottages, so neat and charming in their cleanli-

ness, and comfortable appearance. Many visited it as a recreation from commercial activity, it being a delightful resort for those who merely sought rest from the turmoil, heat and dust of a city life in the summer months of ennui and monotony. Emma bathed her face in the cold mountain spring water, changed her dusty traveling habit for a cool, white evening-dress, and joined Clara, who was out on the piazza admiring this pretty little town. It was late in the afternoon, a bevy of ladies were promenading, and quite a number passing by on horseback. A light buggy, with a magnificent pair of horses, drew up in front of the hotel, and attracted Clara's attention; speaking to her cousin, who was watching, with sympathetic animation, a group of "wee ones" in their exhilarating sport on the green, she said:

"Look, Emma, I declare these dark bays are such beautiful horses!"

Emma approached; as she did so, a gentleman sprang into the vehicle, and taking the reins from the boy, he called out:

"Come, Clifton, do not keep me waiting an age."

The next moment a tall, and noble-looking man, seated himself beside the speaker. Emma could scarcely see through the tears which gathered in her eyes as with nervous hand she grasped the cast-iron railing, looking earnestly down on Arthur Clifton. Voluntarily, perhaps from force of habit, he raised his eyes: little imagining whose sweet and witching yet sad face would meet his gaze, he recognized those blue-black orbs as they rested intently on him, and with a passionate tremor, he touched his companion's arm, saying:

"Drive on, Alvan, I pray you drive on." He lifted his hat, and bowed his head in graceful and respectful recognition, as he passed swiftly from her view.

"O! Emma, dear cousin, how pale you are, and so agitated! what is the meaning of all this? Do come in and rest yourself, you look so weary—indeed you look ghastly."

"Nay, Clara, I had rather rest my form, my mourning heart, in the grave, whence I would be assured that I would never more awaken in this world of deceit, mystery and sorrow!"

"Why, what are you so miserably gloomy about? Come, slumber away your misanthropic sadness! Take a drop or two of the elixir of hope—that is my life-cordial, you know, and I advise you to follow my prescription." And Clara drew her unresistingly into their room.

"Now let me bathe your warm brow, and then you must sleep till tea-time, or if not sleep, why dream."

With a merry smile, she reached the cologne stand, and with the cooling essence, she moistened her cousin's flushed brow and cheeks, which were now covered in deep, rosy blushes, the consequent reaction of the previous palor and marble whiteness. Drawing the venetian blinds together, she left her cousin Emma alone, as desired, and again walked out to view the scenery around; but her mind was now filled with surprise—this little affair had made a significant revelation; she felt that she had caught one thread in the web of mystery that had gathered around the heart of our heroine. She was wandering back in memory's hall, and she vividly remem-

bered where she had seen this same young Clifton ; she recollected his attention and arduous devotion to her cousin ; she felt a vague fear that the young Kentuckian and her proud and peerless cousin, Emma, had

“Loved not wisely but too well,”

and that some imagined slight, or the dark spirit of mistrust, had come in their path, and spoiled the golden dream of mutual and warm love. She stood pondering, and in quiet meditation, while Emma, in anguish, whispered sadly, as she closed her eyes :

“Ah, better, better had I but died, blessed with the assurance of his love ! A brighter, better destiny, than to live to see this bitter day ! then would I have sunk into my last slumber, blessed with the belief of holy and mutual love—then would I never have clasped the vision of the past, and felt the nothingness of joy, of all the wealth, honor and position that the world can give ! Why, O, why should my heart be so true, so faithful, and unchanging in its devotion to one so fickle and inconstant ! Ah, my soul had not learned the politic lesson of deceit, but, waking from its apathy of girlish indifference, I gave, with trusting woman’s spirit, the heart’s first love ! O, fate !”

Could we lift the veil of cold pride from many a heart, we fear that we would often find such sad, yet proudly despairing spirits, that keep their grief locked closely in their own breast, coldly and calmly dying—yes, dying with that “slow but sure decay” that destroys the soul and existence of buoyant hope and joy ; that withers up that fount of purity and truth, the first warm, passionate love of the heart, which,

if it is sadly "blighted buddeth not again," but leaves the soul a desert of misery, indifference and pride.

There are moments in life in which the sorrow of years is felt—the sorrow that is doomed to fill all the future with its dark shadow of despair. This momentary glimpse of one that even now she fondly and unchangingly loved, was one of those moments of anguish that bring anew, and with an irresistible shock, all the sorrow of the past, and press it in the few moments of the present, tinging all the future with disappointment and gloom.

Early morning found our party all ready and waiting for the train. With the swift velocity of steam, the depot where the Desonges were to separate from them was soon reached. It was sad to Emma to say "good-bye" to those she loved so dearly, and in whose lively company she often forgot her sadness; her face was tear-stained as she said, "It is almost impossible, dear Clara, to give you up as well as Victor; but I suppose what

'Fate imposes we must needs abide,'

yet it is with no little reluctance."

"We will meet again very soon; you know you are to go to Maryland with Clara and myself, next spring," replied Victor, with a happy smile. Turning to his sister, he continued: "Come, Sis, mother and I are deuced tired waiting for you and Cousin Emma to give the farewell kiss and last good-bye. If you think that you will 'bo hoo' much more, I advise you to get Lionel to take up a charitable collection of pocket-handkerchiefs, as your little one is pretty

well saturated now, and by Jove you can't borrow the pretty heart's-ease embroidered one in my pocket."

The remark had the desired effect; and rousing from her sadness, his sister answered: "Oh, no; I suppose that is to be preserved as a sacred memento—a *gage d'amour* from your 'Maryland rosebush.' Take care, brother; you may find thorns there yet."

Thus gaily they parted, with radiant smiles dimpling each fair cheek in spirit of mirth, pleasure and hope.

"Home again!" exclaimed Emma, as Lionel Mortimer assisted her into the phaeton that met them at the depot of C——, and in a few moments she was indeed "home again." Walking the same gravel lawn, shut out from the world by a wealth of luxuriant shades, joyously she greeted the familiar garden statuary, and sought with eager eye the favorite shrubs and plants that peered out from their various shadows and limbs, that stood as guardians around the white marble, or bronze forms, or bent lovingly over the delicate floral gems; and her frame thrilled with delight, and her lips joyfully echoed, reciprocally, the warm greetings that met her on all sides. Lionel Mortimer is indeed her friend, and they walk and converse together once again in social and unrestrained manner; for once love has *not* turned to hate, by cold indifference or want of mutuality, and though we have poetical prophecy denying such a conclusion—

"Friendship may end in love, but love in friendship never,"

yet we can declare that this is a false prophecy, at least in this case. Lionel Mortimer is no hypothetical picture, but a living, breathing and noble man.



"How I regret Molly Elby's absence from home! she is now in Virginia. I deeply regret not seeing the dear, good girl."

"I suppose you do—Aunt May, did you ever see a girl who could not sit and peruse a letter from some dear being, and make half dozen 'regrets?'—But jesting aside, Richmond must have peculiar charms for Miss Molly; I wager that she is swaying 'dominion' over one-half the hearts of the Richmonddites. She almost captivated me, once upon a time."

"Very frank. I vow you are a fine fellow, Sir Lionel, to divulge your manly inconstancy and freaks of fancy so candidly, to two of the dear gossiping creatures who, you know that ye lords of creation affirm, can't keep a secret."

"A truce to your irony, Aunt May,"—just then the door-bell sounded, and Lionel turned from his aunt to his cousin Emma, saying: "Smooth those beautiful ringlets and wear a smile of welcome, for some one has come."

"Only an idle visitor, to quiz me unmercifully about my tour. I think your suggestion, Aunt May, would have been a capital plan, to have noted all items of style, manner, reception, scenery and a few off-hand crayonings, and had them printed to circulate among the curious and inquiring."

"It would have been a splendid idea. I should have called it 'Stray Wanderings, by Miss Emma Emerson.' I opine that, as the publishers say, it would pay."

"Thank you, Cousin Lionel, for your complimentary decision of my ability as an imaginary authoress."

Hon. Watuga arose and greeted them most cordially as the three entered the parlor. "Happy to see you; delighted that you are again at home, Miss Emma."

"I assure you that it is quite pleasant to be again at home. You have been a rover this summer as well as ourselves."

He was delighted at this slight notice, and with a jovial spirit, he conversed with her of the past summer's excursion. In reply to the inquiry of Lionel Mortimer of the news of the city, he said:

"There is nothing very particular. By the way, we have a very talented young physician, Dr. Wade Alban, who is now in partnership with our esteemed physician and surgeon, Dr. Evarad Bond. That is all the business transformation that I have taken any special notice of. But I must confess, that this young Alban has won my favor already."

Emma knew that name; she had heard Arthur Clifton speak of his friend and college chum, Wade Alban, of Maryland, who, he predicted, would be one of the most learned and successful M.D.'s extant. How strange that he was there, located in her native city! She could not divert her thoughts from meditating on the strange fatality and mystery of many things, and Hon. Watuga vainly endeavored to interest and entertain her. She became quietly reflective, and only replied in monosyllables.

The next morning Emma and Lionel were playing a game of chess; the office-boy brought the morning mail—papers, magazines, and two letters—one for Lionel from Victor Desonges, the other for Emma. The chirography was not familiar; she supposed it was from some lady friend, as the address was rather

delicately written. Opening it, to her surprise, it bore the signature of Robert Talbot, Jr. She could not conceal her astonishment, and Lionel exclaimed :

"It is a billet-doux, I'll wager ; be generous, and do let me enjoy its contents. It will be reviving to hear the lucubrations, panegyrical expressions, and other symptoms of folly penned by some half-crazed fellow."

Leaning near, and endeavoring to procure the pink-lined envelope, he threw over the chess-board, making havoc of kings, castles, knights, and other characters that compose that intellectual game. Disregarding the accident, he continued :

"I pity them, if they are in love with my bewitching cousin. I believe you perfect, except a heart which—hear me through," said he, as she started to interrupt him—"I do not doubt you have ; but you will keep it too long bound up amid the icebergs of politic indifference and skepticism."

"Do not say my heart is cold ; it would be nearer right, had you said broken."

"No, not 'broken'—that cannot be your fate ; some one will always love you—yes, all must love you. Do you not remember those two expressive lines in Bailey's Festus :

'The beautiful are never desolate,  
But some one always love them?'

The quotation is apropos : but do let me see the letter !"

"No, I prefer not."

"Who is it from, tell me ? I will not betray confidence."

"Your friend, Robert Talbot."

"Poor Bob! I pity him! Why, he should not have lost the opportunity of declaring verbally! I prefer that style, though it requires one to 'screw their courage to the sticking point.'"

"I will go to my library and peruse the letter; but I really think you are premature in your conclusions of its style."

"O, no! stay here. I insist that you let me see you peruse it. I am anxious to observe the effect such things have on ladies; and I warrant that I can give you a synopsis of your answer."

"Wise, I declare! I shall regret very much if he has learned to adore me. I suppose he could say

'I love you, I adore you—  
But I'm talking in my sleep.'

And Rory O'More declares that dreams go by contrary, and I shall beg to be excused from participating in the dreamy infatuation."

"You are too sarcastic. Often have you laughed, when a butterfly of a school-girl, at Aunt May, for being fastidious, too cold and proud, and consequently leading a life of selfishness so long—take care, bright-eyed and beautiful one, you are taking polka-time steps to the same destiny."

"Your warning is kind. I am aware that one should not slight the incense of a sincere heart. But I have only latterly learned to appreciate Aunt May's conduct in this case. She, you know, loved in early youth. Some sad mystery blighted the trust, prevented the happy consummation of the engagement, and she has nobly, most nobly, disdained to bestow her hand without her heart; though a sad fate, she prefers it to any such alternative."

"But her gay laugh, ironical criticism, and non-chalent manner does not argue much in favor of a sadly disappointed heart. O, you angel creatures! the way to your affection is through an ocean of fears and tears; but I am sure our Aunt May will never suffer from a *broken heart*."

"Do not think that when the eye beams brightly, the cheek is smiling, and the voice gay, that the heart is equally as blessed. Bear in mind that

'Breaking hearts

Require a drapery to conceal their throbs  
From cold, inquiring eyes, and it must be  
Ample, and rich, that so their gaze may not  
Explore what lies beneath.'

A sadly breaking heart is always morbidly proud and sensitive."

"That sentiment was sweetly and aptly quoted. But really, Cousin Emma, I believe that as regards flirtation,

'Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat.'

I deplore the folly of flirting though, and I do not believe any high-toned man, or woman, will be guilty of the deception. It does very well for a young Miss in her teens, and it is excusable, to some extent, in a wild college boy; but when each take their position in society—the one as a refined and lovely woman, the other as an honorable, proud, and intelligent man—then I think it is a debasing and highly immoral amusement, unworthy the time and attention of any man or woman. The modicum of sweet in a gay flirtation is mixed with a drug of bitterness. Emma's reply to Robert Talbot was kind, and yet

positively refusing the proffered hand, heart, and destiny ; tendering to him in lieu of her love, sincere respect and friendship. As she sat glancing over the answer to his respectful, yet impassioned declaration of warmest admiration and intense love, a chill crept over her, as she thought of the unhappiness the response would possibly occasion his manly heart. She had met a keen disappointment, and she could sympathize ; true, she did not

“Lay the flattering unction to her soul,”

that, as his missive declared, her “love alone could make him happy,” yet the positive abnegation of her reply, though in frank, friendly tone, she doubted not would cause an unpleasant gloom, *pro tem*. Bowing her head in sad musings, as the stars twinkled with laughing eyes of lucid beauty through the lattice of her window, she felt her utter worthlessness, living without purpose, aim or hope ; yet she had not the spirit to rouse, meet the ordeal, and awake from her apathy, or turn to some noble, worthy purpose—an adnascent branch of fragile nature, she felt that she was a nonentity, a useless waif of vanity, amid life’s busy workers. “O, spirit of patience, angel of hope, teach me to submissively watch, pray, and wait ; let my lips in spirit of truth utter the deep, soul-stirring words of holy inspiration, ‘*Thy will* be done, O, Lord,’ for I am no pliant Proteus to assume transformation at option, but must bow to unyielding Fate.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

Alas, for earthly joy and hope and love,  
Thus stricken down e'en in its holiest hour,  
What deep heart-wringing anguish must they prove,  
Who live to weep the blasted tree or flower!

Mrs. EMBURY.

DISAPPOINTMENT is the very centre of all life's misery. We can not be human and not burthen our memory with a sad heaviness of the thoughts of happier days; for even the most wretched and miserable have known some hours fraught with bliss, replete with hope, and cheering them onward—and in retrospect the knowledge of grief, of human fickleness, and deceitful treachery, bears hard upon the heart of youth; it crushes the expanding soul of faith, blights hope in the spring time of existence, and teaches the first strong and effectual lessons of doubt and skepticism.

Arthur Clifton had scarcely made one positive step in the wave of Lethe, had but partially imbibed the first potion of forgetfulness, when a momentary glance, a brief glimpse of the form, a flash from the eyes, that he had early, aye, had only loved, passing like a vision over his way, unnerved his heart, and made him curse his fate. By the side of his boyhood friend, Wade Alvan, he sat like a statue, coldly and calmly speaking of the landscape before him, not alluding to the glimpse that he had caught of Emma Emerson. The moon arose beautifully. Like an Italian eve, the moon was up and beaming clearly and purely around, and yet it was not night, but that

strange, bewitching mingling of twilight and moonlight, that soft, fleecy robing of the earth when daylight has scarcely faded in the western sky, and Luna in her peerless glory, shoots forth her silver quiverings, wildly irregular, making snowy scenery of hills and plains, and soothingly moving the heart to dreamy revery.

As the two drove slowly along, carelessly conversing on various topics, Alvan queried :

"Clifton, who was that bright, beautiful being, clad in white, standing in the piazza at the hotel? Must I believe that Emma Emerson has not been your first, nor your last love?"

"Alvan, do you really accuse me of such hypocrisy? Ye gods! what have I done that friends, the friends of my boyhood, look suspiciously on me? Do you not know that that vision was"—he paused while his brow flushed, and his eyes grew more brightly piercing as he pronounced that magic name, "Emma, my evil star! She has burst upon my path in meteoric swiftness, at a time when she could most unman, most victimize me. Like the martyr of ancient mythology, I am tantalized, victimized, and kept wretched. Brought in sight of the coveted fruit wooed, and made to deem it mine own whenever I choose to pluck it; but just as I would have in ecstasy fed upon the delectable nectar of bliss, it rises high above my reach, and, because it is unattainable, looks more captivating to my view. O, believe me, Alvan,

———"I am a man  
More sinned against than sinning.

I am a miserably duped and unhappy wretch."



"I do not doubt your truth; but there is a vague something creeping on my mind. I am a man of first impressions, who, as it were, tastes of people, judges their hearts and their sincerity at first sight. Clifton, that being has not 'duped' you; she is equally a 'duped' one; her sweet, sad face, and intense gaze, all I observed—no, my dear friend, that white-robed angel of a woman, if she is Emma—the Emma you love and worship, she is yours yet, in heart at least, let the hand be given where it may. I am going to locate in her native city, and I believe it will be my good fate to reinstate you, to ferret out this mystery. It is said she will marry a talented old Senator this fall. Well, I am dubious; let Madam Rumor say what she will, I am determined to form her acquaintance, and fathom the riddle, or there's no truth in me."

"Ah, Alvan, do not lead me to live in the sweet dream of happiness and love again. The world is doubtless full of such aching hearts as mine own, hearts that wander callous strangers over the universe, hoarding in memory's pictured hall, a bright recollection of some fond ideal, or probably a momentary reality of blissful love, that faded away and left the soul more desolate for having known the ecstasy and joy of its power. Just so must all bright, beautiful things come to confusion; and yet, every woman I meet appears to 'lay on Macduff' and flirt with a vengeance."

In a few days we meet these two friends at a fashionable resort, which is in the immediate route to Arthur Clifton's Kentucky home. While here, Clifton met a young lady with whom he was highly pleased. Strange to say, she was the exact opposite

of our heorine; yet in the brilliant society of the attractive Julia Calton, he apparently forgets the existence of any other. Her raven-hued eyes, jetty hair, proud and arrogant style, were quite irresistible: she received the homage of the admiring crowd as her just deserts, and treated the favoring admirers with a condescending politeness. Arthur Clifton paid her special attention, and his vanity was flattered at being received with marked respect and cordiality; and he followed this gay, proud being like her shadow. Dr. Alvan watched with interest this eager, budding passion, and he began to fear that Arthur Clifton had not truly and purely loved the Southern flower—the womanly beauty of Emma Emerson. He began to suspect that his boyhood friend was wandering from his olden style of truth and devotion. Standing one afternoon apart from the gay bevy, he said—“Come to our room, Clifton, I desire to suggest something to you of a little importance, or at least I think so.”

Arm in arm they walked off—ere reaching Alvan’s apartment, they caught sight of Miss Calton, in all her splendid beauty, mounted on a magnificent horse, cantering slowly from the spring near.

“See, Alvan—ye gods! woman will drive me mad with her inconsistency, her deceit and folly. No longer than last evening Miss Calton vowed to me that she detested Wilkes Charlton; and now see—see, Alvan, with your own eyes how respectfully, even devotedly, she is listening to the pop-in-jay of a man by her side, who is none other than the same mustached monkey!”

“Why are you so interested—she is nothing to you, Clifton?”

"Interested!—pshaw, no, I'll never so much as be interested in the fickle sex again; no sir, never!"

And he closed his lips with a firm stoical expression that plainly evinced positive *decision*. Thinking it now unnecessary to suggest the subject he had intended, it being relative to the pointed attention being paid Miss Calton, Dr. Alvan stood with his friend looking on the gay parties who were to be seen on all sides, walking, conversing, and lounging about over the beautiful scenery of this romantic "watering place."

Arthur Clifton forgot the motive for leaving the crowd, and in a meditative mood leaned with folded arms against a spreading water oak, apparently buried in profound reflection. A few days subsequent we find him at home, yet even here he had no very strong tie. His mother had long been sleeping in the silent city of the dead: his father was a proud old man, whose health had deprived him of holding the position of honor and ambition that he had long occupied. Brothers and sisters were scattered here and there, in the calm enjoyment of domestic peace and happiness. Go where he would, all was blank and dull to him—he gave no joy, and he received none; for unto him who gives joy is it meted in return; but the cold iceberg of a man who kindles not the torch of joy for another knows but little, very little of earthly happiness.

At the request and suggestion of his father and many friends, he entered the practice with a popular, talented and successful lawyer in his native town. He devoted time, talent, wealth and passion to his pursuit, and truly does he bid fair to revive the honor, the brilliancy, and captivating power of

potent oratory of the gradually crumbling fame of the Clifton family. With determined spirit he went bravely to work to win a name, a place on the peak of ambition and glory, and fill a niche in the temple of the gifted and the noble. He closed his ears to all the soft-toned adulations of the "*womanly sirens*" (as he termed them) that filled his path, looked chillingly on the bright faces that ventured to smile on him, and almost replied churlishly to any blandishments. He had certainly set his heart firmly, strongly, and determinedly against all desire or hope of woman's love as the "vanity of vanities." He only opened his heart, his innermost soul to Alvan—to the world's fawning crew he was the cold, formal man, who knew no idol more congenial to his feeling of worship than Blackstone, and similar text-books. He had no worldly deity outside of his office library.

Dr. Alvan had long since left for the South. The office-boy came in at the usual hour with the evening mail. He threw aside the old law volume, and noticing a letter addressed to himself, opened it.

"Egad, Alvan is a true friend—kind-hearted fellow—faithful Wade, you at least redeem the deceit of all the world beside, by your firm and unwavering truth."

As he read he grew more absorbed, and perused the latter clause of his friend's letter audibly—

"The Emersons have returned—that you know. I have also heard that Miss Emerson is to be led to the altar at no distant day by that self-same Senator, Hon. Joel Watuga. *On dit*, they will marry—I don't credit rumor. I think the good Madame is humbugged this time. A few days since I was introduced to the gentleman. As your rival I expected to see quite an Adonis. My surprise was no little when I

beheld a very kind-looking, amiable gentleman, yet puffed up with vanity and conceit, about fifty-nine or probably older—but a very *pretty wig* he wears. I tell you, Clifton, it is a hoax, a mere sensation report. True, he is no doubt very anxious to win such a prize as Miss Emerson is said to be; and his wealth, intellect, and position are all very favorable, but then the young lady in question does not stand in need of any those things—her wealth is almost equal to his, her position as good, and from both sides of the parental tree she inherits rich intellect—she is not going to sell herself when the exigencies do not demand the sacrifice. I shall form her acquaintance soon. Her Cousin Lionel Mortimer and I are becoming fast friends. She is very secluded and selfish, I must say, as she receives but little company, and that most elegant and select, and goes out only with her Cousin Lionel Mortimer. There is a profound mystery in her manner and style, and I am determined to attempt to unravel it.”

Astonishment, hope, and joy were strongly mingled in Arthur Clifton’s face, and taking a pen he replied immediately to his friend Dr. Alvan’s communication, bidding him to speed the analysis—and that he was once again wandering in the mazy and delightful clime of hope and fond expectation.

How quickly does the ray of hope creep through the crevice of our heart, even in its deepest grief—like a powerful medicine, it baffles the dull opiate of misery, and woos us from grim despair. Arthur Clifton was impatient with hope :

“Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore, where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Joy kneels at morning's rosy prime,  
In worship to the rising sun.

JAMES G. BROOKS

I've known many that did act a joy  
In which they had no part.

L. E. L.

"WHAT excellent news! Cousin Lionel tells me that Clara and Victor Desonges are coming with their father to C— in a brief time. Uncle Desonges has important business that calls him through here, and they intend accompanying him this far. Is it not reviving news, Aunt May?"

"Yes, quite so; I am anxious and ever pleased to meet Clara's frank smile; and Victor's teasing mischief would be acceptable, as relief to the present monotony."

"Yes, Cousin Victor's mischief is just the panacea to cure our dull spirits. Heigh, ho!—there's the door bell."

Hon. Joel Watuga's card was handed her the next moment—she threw it carelessly on the silver-waiter, saying—

"Indisposed."

With ill-concealed chagrin, the old gentleman received the cool dismissal, and he really began to believe that fate was against him.

A week subsequent, and the expected ones have

arrived. An inexhaustible amount of queries are passing between Emma and Clara. Victor declares that he has something to inform Miss May.

"What is it—anything of moment?"

"We will see; but first, do you remember Mr. Ernest Bernard?"

"Certainly I do. But why or wherefore of him?"

"Growing quizzical? What a good share of mother-Eve is inherent in all feminines!"

"Not so fast, Victor; I am quite willing to hear the bit of gossip, yet I think I could manage to do without it altogether."

"Moorish in your sarcasm—but to the point. Ernest Bernard and I correspond: among other items of importance that he confides to me, he has told me, *sub-rosa*, of his predilection for Miss May Mortimer; drew a disparaging comparison of the material difference in such whimsical young ladies as my Cousin Emma and sister; and, in conclusion, asked of his probable success in making a Mrs. Bernard of our paragon."

"What did you reply?"

"Why, I intimated that you was a cold, platonic piece of perfection, minus a heart, and I advised him not to think of such an impossibility."

"Victor, you should not have been so severe on me, or so discouraging to him," said Miss May, evidently not very well pleased.

Noticing her chagrin, with a gay laugh he replied:

"It is merely a jest—I thought I would test your memory of the person alluded to. But candidly, Mr. Bernard and I do correspond."

Ere Miss May could reply, Clara said:

"Suppose we try brother's memory of a certain

beauty he met at Niagara—I'll vouch it is peculiarly retentive. I have heard little else but some panegirical eulogy of Miss Kitty Linus for months. I am wearied with the name, and shall be delighted to say '*sister*,' merely for a change, if nothing more."

"Nonsense, Clara; you have no right to forget etiquette and interfere in our conversation."

"It is only fair play. As you are so fond of teasing others, you should not object to being quizzed occasionally," said Miss May.

Emma laughed at the ill-concealed perplexity of Victor, who, turning, and seeing the mirth lurking in smiles around her mouth and dimpling her cheeks, began, as a relief, to tease her.

"Come, Cousin Emma, keep very quiet; I am unmerciful, and will not spare even you, whom I believe I can annoy, perplex, and perhaps vex."

"I am not fearful of your power, as I am not very easily teased."

"We'll see. I suppose as an introductory, I'll ask if you have any remembrance of a certain shadow of yours who answers to the name of Robert Talbot?"

Emma looked at Lionel Mortimer. Regarding him for a moment, she was satisfied that he had not mentioned the reception of a certain letter, and with a calm face she answered:

"I never forget pleasant friends and agreeable associates, I assure you; my memory is not so traitorously callous."

"You are a puzzle any way—quiet and calm about everybody and everything. I am sometimes tempted to believe that you have been disappointed in some romantic affair of the heart."



She did not reply, but smiled rather sadly, as she thought how little her gay cousin imagined what a tender chord he was so rudely touching, while he rattled on, with many surmises as to the cause of her cold indifference, and concluded by affirming that she was either an "iceberg or a mimosa," which two characters were so opposite that it was difficult to tell what drew forth the antagonistic similes.

It is a beautiful afternoon for the fall season, so much more charming and inviting than usual that we see a gay party of equestrians just emerging from the avenue of the carriage-drive at Mrs. Emerson's. As they glide by, we observe that there is an acquisition of a gentleman to the usual bevy of relatives.

Lionel and Miss May are in advance, Victor and his Cousin Emma follow, while Clara Desonges with Lionel Mortimer's friend, Dr. Alvan, bring up the rear.

Victor was, as we generally see him, in a lively, volatile flow of mirth. Turning to Emma, he said:

"You look quite natural this afternoon, like the bright-eyed nymph of a school-girl that you used to be. What a pity that the dear young creatures should expand into gay flirts! by Jove! I vow its a misery and a sin."

"Ah, if you please, remember, my young sir, that college freshmen are soon transformed into wicked wretches, called by the misnomer 'young gentlemen,' which is equally as deplorable."

"That is a fact I had almost forgotten; but we can't begin to cope with young ladies in the field of coquetry."

"Pardon me if I disagree with you. A gentleman, according to the rules of etiquette, must usually

seek the lady ; consequently, he is the one who introduces the flirtation, for, by seeking her society, he gives an evidence of his admiration as friend or lover, and it is through his vanity that most all the nonsense and heartless amusement of flirting arises."

"I grant you ; but I rather believe that you, dear angels, would try to draw us into the vortex of that fashionable farce, even if we were inclined otherwise, and what a woman sets her head on and determines to do is generally done."

"Are you so unbelieving and skeptical on woman's truth and love?"

"No, happily, my experience teaches me implicit faith. I believe that love is life's end ; it is a strange mixture of joy and pain, of trust and mistrust, hope and despair. I vow that love is almost too pure and heavenly, too sensitive, for worldly use."

"I will always take friendship in preference to love. It is the abstract of that passion, yet a purer flame ; it is the essence, refined and purified ; and next to parental affection, friendship is the angel unison of kindred souls, that grows more firm, flows with a deeper current of faith, as life becomes clouded with sorrow and gloom."

"Do not underrate love too much. Suppose we are sometimes sadly and woefully deceived, or disappointed, bear in mind that

'Joy never feasts so high  
As when her first course is of misery.'

I do not think that there is any one who does not have, sooner or later, some rays from the sunlight of love scattered over their path, making a sweet halo of joy."

"Nor I. Every life has two sides—the bright and the gloomy. The chief object is to know how to appreciate the beams of sunlight, and how to most bravely meet the darkness and shadow. Strange as it seems, yet most all joys have their counter-part sorrows, and the tear of sorrow is chased away by the bright smile of joy."

"Yes; we all have a divination of the tempest and sunshine; but see, Lionel and Miss May have caught some of Byron's ideas of horsemanship, from the way they are flying."

"Indeed they have. Suppose we take pattern?"

"Capital."

With a touch of their riding whips, their steeds bound off. The evening wind, in zephyr softness, sports with Emma's ringlets; her cheeks are rosy, and her eyes sparkle with gleeful excitement. She looks queenlike and beautiful as with grace and animation she guides her favorite horse, "Mazeppa," whose proudly-arched neck, and haughty movements add a charm to the picture as he chafes his bit, and carries with superior ease his rider, seeming conscious of the intrinsic, as well as external beauty and worth of his burden.

On they speed. Lionel and Miss May had now slackened their gait, and almost entirely paused, to wait the coming of these two.

"Swift Victor make the quotation suitable,

'Away, away, my steed and I  
Upon the pinions of the wind,'"

said Lionel, with a merry laugh, just as Emma dashed up, and left Victor several paces in the rear. They were all soon together, and conversing gaily.

"This is delightful sport, and such a pretty plot of woods! Did I reside here I would ride many an afternoon."

"And so would I, Clara, did I always have just such a pleasant party of social companions."

"Oh, I should not be as fastidious as you are; I could easily select some agreeable gallant, who would be ever ready at my call, and rarely allow a charming day to pass without a horseback excursion."

"But, Clara," interrupted Victor, "Magnolia Farm is equally as romantic, and yet, when at home I can scarcely ever get you to put your dainty foot in the stirrup."

"No wonder, brother; you take me hunting around the farm, over hills, leaping ditches and hedges, and, wretch that you are, you often try to get me bewildered in some inextricable valley or thicket; and who cares to ride where you can see no one, and no one see you?"

"O, now I take it; you desire to ride in the suburbs of a fashionable city, and have persons see and admire the graceful Miss Clara—ha, ha, ha! That's a joke worth telling."

She bit her lip, and was vexed at his ridicule, especially in the presence of the quiet and attentive gentleman who rode by her side; but she saw that Dr. Alvan took the sarcasm and mirth of her brother as it should be, and soon forgot her momentary displeasure, and smiled as heartily as any of the others at Victor's tirade and criticism on the wonderful love of admiration in all woman-kind. The rising moon was beaming lucidly clear, and the old tree boughs were whispering softly to the cool night breeze, as the party dismounted. Though cordially invited to

pass the evening with them, Dr. Alban was compelled to decline, owing to a business engagement; yet he much regretted that he could not accept the courteous invitation, as he desired, most earnestly to cultivate the acquaintance which had recently been formed with this party, through the kindness of his friend, Lionel Mortimer, to whom he had grown very much devoted. He admired Emma's easy grace and unaffected style, was already in the way to a strong friendship with the gay Victor, while he felt an indescribable sentiment for the dark-eyed brunette, Clara. As he rode to his office he was busy forming many a "castle in the air."

Gazing on the beauty of the night in quiet thought, Emma did not heed approaching footsteps. Softly laying his hand on her arm, Lionel whispered:

"Alone and sad—remember Byron has warned us of musing thus in the moonlight; he assures us

‘There is a dangerous silence in that hour,  
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self-control.’

This will not do, Miss May. Clara, Victor and I claim you."

"Do you know, Cousin Lionel, that the moon reminds me of my own career through the night of life?"

"Perhaps Miss Landon is ruining your too sensitive nature by her sad lyre. She calls 'Earth the mirror of the moon,' and the stars

‘Are as the court around her throne:  
She is a *beauty* and a *queen*.  
But what of this? She is *alone*.’

Is not the latter your point of comparison?"

"No," said Emma, with a turn of witty repartee,

'Tis necessity,  
To which the gods most yield."

Let us join the circle in the sitting-room."

A revulsion of feeling, often experienced, came over Emma, and with spirit and fervor she sang, and played piece after piece most inspiringly. Searching her music folios, Victor at last found his favorite, and as she was rising to leave the piano, he placed it before her, saying :—

"Play this gem for my benefit."

She glanced at the piece, and quickly answered :

"Excuse me. I cannot sing any more to-night."

"But it is my favorite ; do, please !"

"It is a beauty—my favorite of all that opera. I yield my seat to Aunt May."

"Miss May, come play me this dear old song, '*You'll remember me.*' Will you not ? Cousin Emma declines."

"Certainly."

Taking her seat at the instrument, she sang it softly and sweetly. Emma's heart beat quickly as she listened to the song, which she had not trusted herself to attempt to sing, only when entirely alone, since she breathed the melody to the listening ear of Arthur Clifton. A thousand memories seemed rousing into life by the magic effect of its thrilling pathos. Once it breathed of faithful remembrance and joy ; now it whispered in low, sad cadence, but a mournful requiem of the past. How often we lament the power of fate, yet unheeding our tears and woe !

"Fate whirls on the bark," and we are forced in the destined path to tread. With Emma, the fate

imposed is fearfully sad: that of living out a life, with no strong tie of happy love—without the hope of ever re-kindling the flame of her former mutual affliction—but with a sensitive spirit, to weep over the sepulchre of that buried love; yet in power, and soul of faith, she will “hope on, hope ever!”

“Are you going to the ball to-morrow night, Cousin Emma?”

“I suppose so. Aunt May and Clara would persist in attending; and I acquiesced.”

“Surely you cannot object to attending. You are fond of the military, and should always be present at their balls.”

“I do not particularly object. I have grown quite indifferent though to such amusement.”

“I vouch that we will have a gay time. For my part, I shall try to sate myself with the ‘divine waltz’ for awhile, as I leave soon for my old law office, where I should have been two weeks since.”

“O, no, say not that! Always be willing to pass any pleasant time that you may in this pilgrimage of life. With me, unfortunately, gay life has no fascination. I feel that all my future is to be dull and wearisome. What is life but a mere bubble, soon to burst into the sphere of eternity!”

“You are too sad. Do, I beseech you, tell me what change has come over your heart—your soul—yes, tintured your lips with misery, which is easily perceived in your tone of cold irony or indifference, and imbrued your heart with sadness?”

“Genuine sorrow is the succeeding course that we all receive, who feast, in early life, at the board of Hope. I might say more; but I disdain to com-

plain. I am content to nurse my grief (if I have any) in my own breast."

"I trust I have not wounded you. Do not believe that I would knowingly do such a dastardly act. You smile with your lip, and yet I can see your heart echoes not to the gaiety—joy is merely counterfeited in your apparent mirth. O, Emma, if you knew how much I love you as sister, cousin and friend, you would tell me all your grief, trustingly as a brother."

"Forbear—be content to see me smile; do not desire to unmask my soul. Perhaps, as Moore says, there is

‘One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its black shade alike o’er our joys and woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting.’

Possibly, I am too morbidly sensitive."

As Lionel was about to reply, Miss May and Clara seated themselves on the steps near, to arrange the few buds and flowers that they had gathered. Emma glided into the hall, and up the winding stairs to her room, while he spoke to Clara.

"Whom are you tying these flowers so carefully and tasty for?"

"I do not know—perhaps

‘I’ve culled them, kind one, just for you,  
And bound them with this strip of blue!’

What think you of my sentimental quotation?" she queried, with mock gravity.

"I suppose as a gallant young man, I ought to reply, beautiful, sweet, exquisite, and other nonsensical



words ; but with the smile I see playing so mischievously around that rosy mouth of yours, I shall say no such thing."

"Your colors are flying high this afternoon ; as the newspapers say, you must be 'independent in all things, neutral in none'—*nimporte*, Emma looks pettish ; I believe she dislikes that we favored the ball to-morrow night."

"No, she is annoyed, I fear me, by more important matter."

"Pray, what important nonsense have you two been hunting up ? She has no personal sorrow to make her so sad, and yet I do have my suspicions, and am often tempted to ask her about—"

She did not finish the sentence as Emma stepped to her side, saying :

"Really, these are pretty flowers for this season."

"Yes, very pretty ; and do you believe it, this witch of a cousin of mine declared with a sweet bit of poetry, about 'kind one, true and blue,' that she had gathered and arranged them for me ?"

"Quite *apropos*—love's sweetest incense and purest language speak from flowers ; and on the altar of friendship there is not a more fitting gift as an emblem of sincerity and truth."

"To this last-named feeling—friendship pure and holy—I offer you, Sir Lionel, this posey, which I hope may be a potent *souvenir* of eternal kind feelings."

"And I, fair Cousin Clara, graciously thank you, and receive it as a memento of—"

"Bravo ! encore—why, Lionel, I am elated with the polish of the donor's language. Go on, I'll admire that of the recipient, I know—come, proceed ; you were beginning a beautiful extract from your soul of

eloquence!" exclaimed Victor, who had just returned from a buggy drive with Dr. Alvan.

As usual, his presence was the signal for cheerful gossip and news. No one could fail to feel the effect of his gaiety.

It is the night of the military ball. Emma and Lionel, Miss May and Victor, and Dr. Alvan and Clara are entering the "military hall." The music has begun: softly and sweetly it floats upon the air; wave after wave of delicious sounds waft into the ear, and many manly forms, with their graceful partners, are gliding through the invigorating amusement of the fabled Terpsichore.

Dr. Alvan and Clara are promenading; he spoke of getting a glance of her the past summer—conversed of their tour to Niagara, and referred to the beauty, grace and accomplishments of her Cousin Emma; he apparently was giving his thoughts verbal shape in quite a random style, but with a premeditated intent he observed:

"I have a friend who has the pleasure of an acquaintance with your fair cousin. Without sight he taught me to admire and respect her. He met your party a summer or two since at the Springs of Virginia: he was, I believe, a devotee at Miss Emerson's shrine."

"To whom do you refer?—she has had so many devotees, been so universally admired, that my memory is not always retentive."

"Arthur Clifton, from Kentucky, my college chum."

"O, yes, I do remember him. We met him at 'Capon.' I believe he was her constant companion for weeks in all our rides, walks, fishing strolls, and most often her partner in the dance. We teased her no

little, and accused them of a predilection, but that was in the 'long-ago.' She never speaks of him—has forgotten the person and occurrence, no doubt, though I know she will be delighted to learn you are so well-acquainted with one she once evidently esteemed."

"My friend Arthur is successfully reviving all the honor, as an orator and barrister, of the Clifton name. I look upon him as the rising star of Kentucky—but you dwellers of this sunny land, the hot-house wherein eloquence and impassioned oratory are matured, would not think him so eloquently captivating, perhaps, in his happy manner and style."

"I am not so egotistical as regards my own chivalrous South, but I believe we can well compare with any section. Our enthusiasm and ardor are the life of our existence; and even now we are near a crisis that none of us can comprehend the magnitude of—I tremble for the future: I am impressed with a fear of the coming events—dark shadows are already casting their clouds over us," replied Clara; who often forgot the intensity of her expressions in the impulse and love that lived in every throb of her woman's heart for her dear native South.

The moon had dropped to sleep beneath a drapery of clouds, and only a few little twinkling stars, like patient watchers, waiting the coming of Aurora's earliest blush, were now glittering on the ebon brow of night. The old town clock slowly pealed out three strokes as the bevy of gay ones left the scene of the night's entertainment, while a stillness in striking contrast to the revelry and mirth of a few hours previous, now reigned over the deserted hall. How many lives, like this now silent, deserted hall—once full of light, brilliant, and captivating scenes of joy,

hope, and brightness, where the proud heart of man folded to his bosom the gentle form of a devoted being, whose woman's soul thrilled with mutual faith and devotion! All is joy and hope—the future is radiant with the sun-glow of happy, trusting love—the world is to them a bed of roses, or a paradise on earth. But there comes a change, as if in “the twinkling of an eye,” the fiend of mistrust, cool deceit, freezing indifference, or some mystical transition, like a leaden sprite, throws a dark shadow over all, and silent gloom and sorrow roam over the deserted hearts, leaving the blackness of darkness, where once all was brightness, love and joy.

## CHAPTER XIX.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we may.

SHAKESPEARE.

—Happy they!—the happiest of their kind—  
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

THOMPSON.

THE eventful month of December, 1860, has dawned upon our sunny land—that month which is prefatory of the startling events and changes that are coming to us in the dim future, which in the mercy of God is wisely veiled from human view. The future is, indeed, the domain of God, and it were but idle labor to seek to unravel its hidden path. It would not be well for us to know what fate has decreed, or what will positively occur hereafter. However, the present events have their own significance, and cast their own meaning in reflection on our own minds. We must with “the mind’s eye” cautiously study, as it were, the whole *personnel* of the changes that have been made; in order to have a just conception of what is going on, we can look *toward* the *future* only *through* the *window* of the *present*. Happy, unsuspecting hearts are slumbering in peaceful homes, but the demon of anger is chafing to be unchained from the dominion of reason and honor, and the sword of terror and destruction is eager to be drawn by the hand of revengeful hate from its scabbard, where it has

lain, as in a charmed repose, for years, to sweep its glittering edge, swayed by demoniac passion, wielding death's quartering steel like a scythe in the stalworth yeoman's hand, opening the "purple testament of bloody war," laying waste the spirit of amity, peace, and good-will.

The sons of the South, like her sturdy oaks—aye, her native "green bays" of chivalry, true to her interest, "will change but in dying"—prick their already sensitive ears and listen, with mournful yet resolute faces, to the muttering discord that fills the land. Come what may—

"Let us be backed with God, and with the seas,  
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves,  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies."

The sympathizers of John Brown and his disciples, endorsers of the abolition platform, countenancers of the Helper book principles, and supporters of the antagonistical spirit of Puritanical New England—all these peculiar sentiments and policies have conspired together, and placed the highest gift in the donation of a people upon those who are imbued with bitter hate and avowed animosity toward the South and her peculiar institutions.

The brave and heroic State of South Carolina has already seceded from the old United States Government, and has invited her sister Southern States to unite with her in forming a separate and distinct nationality. Her chivalrous citizens have already taken prompt steps to arm, and protect their rights, and military companies are forming. Regiments of valorous and determined sons of the "Old Palmetto"

are being perfected, and all things are assuming an attitude of self-reliance.

In the meanwhile time passes on. The 9th of January, 1861, Mississippi withdrew; Alabama and Florida, the evergreen land of the ocean, followed on the 11th; Georgia rallied to her sisters' call on the 20th, Louisiana on the 26th, and Texas on the 1st of February linked the "Lone Star State" to the destiny of the seceding powers. Thus, in less than a month after the election of the Black Republican ticket, we had a heptarchy—seven resolute and heroic States had passed the Rubicon, and separated from the abolition brotherhood. All the South seemed awaking into impulsive life and vigorous activity, and the smiles of the fair sex did no little toward buoying on the sons of the South to their proud position.

Our heroine was all impulsive ardor for her native South-land; she had a soul infused with characteristic spirit and energy, and was one among the first "feminine rebels" who unhesitatingly faced the ordeal, and lauded with woman's praise and approving smiles the "wise heads" who, with indomitable courage, had carried her State so fearlessly out of the wreck of the old Federal Government.

Lionel Mortimer deserted his law books, and was in the field as the commander of a gallant regiment; and it was to his corps of volunteers that our heroine presented one of the first banners of our separate nationality.

It was a bright day, that shone with the sunshine of hope and faith, when, in fine military order and effect, a regiment of appreciative hearts and heads received a tasty banner from their lady friends, at

the hand of the beautiful Emma Emerson, with a very appropriate address, as follows :

RESPECTED GENTLEMEN AND SOLDIERS :—With no ordinary feeling of interest do I attempt the fulfillment of the wishes of the young ladies who have selected me as their representative in the events that are to transpire to-day. I regret that they should have placed the duty on me. However, the regret is prompted through fear of my inability to be a potent interpreter and faithful transmitter of their patriotic inspirations ; yet I will cheerfully attempt to convince you that our fondest prayers are, and shall ever be, sincerely offered to Him who rules the destiny of all, in behalf of the patriot band of chivalrous Southrons who have linked their fate with that of our young Confederacy. In the rapid national transformation the revolutionizing spirit is swaying all.—State, city, town, and village, wish to give a speciality of their favor by heroic acts of loyalty to our cause. May watchwords from true hearts ever ring out upon the air, and be wafted to the heedful ear of a united and unflinching Southern people. In the union of our forefathers we had our share of trial and trouble. We adequately won and proudly wore our crown of independence and glory ; from the hot haste and enmity of politicians, the United States became involved in a political struggle, the issue of which we are now to realize. A party antagonistical to our rights and best interests have been elected and placed in the highest position of honor and trust. The world abroad must take such proceedings as an exponent of the nobility, pride, and true intellectuality of our entire country, if we tacitly submit to such sectional rule ; but with spirit becoming the



scions of an independent people we would not longer sacrifice our State Rights, Southern honor, and manhood, to the deceitful Judas, who had already so often betrayed us into momentary satisfaction by their puerile compromises and non-intervention policy. Seven of our Southern States have seceded from the old Federal Union, and begun a Provisional Government. We have a beautiful constellation, seven bright stars beaming with the fire of patriotic enthusiasm ; and yet with unfeigned regret we behold with what tardy steps some of our sister Southern States approach the crisis. They linger too long, we fear ; languidly they pause on the peaceful side, as they doubtless think, of the fated Rubicon. Well, be it so—we at least with intrepid hearts and linked hands of unity and brotherhood, are now pledged for all the coming good or ill of fate. The young ladies, being debarred from participating in the more active service, pending the changes of these momentous times, have wrought this flag, which they desire me to present—and I assure you not one thread of this banner, with its wreath of embroidery and stars of freedom, were inserted but by hands that had rather wither useless at their owners' side than to submit to the sectional tyrants of Puritanical republicanism !

Accept this as an earnest of our high appreciation, Keep it with unblemished and inviolate honor and faith. May it float free and proudly on the civic or the battle field, as the star of your hope, the Constantine apparition to buoy you onward. Not by any means desiring such a deplorable disaster as civil war, yet if we can not evade it, if we are not met with a spirit of mutual forbearance, if we cannot teach them that we desire peace, and have solicited

and preferred a peaceful separation, then we must brook the storm—and we look to you, our military defenders, as our protectors. You are the stronghold, the fortress of our independence. The end cannot now be seen in dim outline; but by courage, patience, and faithful discharge of duty and firm reliance on God, may we sail over the ocean of the future to the land of success and liberty! Lastly, may this be received and preserved, not folded in the armory of your corps, but kissing the breeze, and assuring the beholder that our spirits are infused with sincere pride, unerring devotion and faith to the honor and interest of our Confederacy. Take it, ye defenders of our native soil, and if the stern necessity of duty calls you to the battle field, go forth, as victors to

———“ Exult in the battle’s acclaim  
Or look to yon heaven from a death-bed of fame!”

A talented young officer replied briefly, but eloquently, with thanks to the fair ones who had donated the flag, and pledging himself as the representative of his brother volunteers, that all would remember to unwaveringly do their duty; closing with an appropriate quotation from Hydaspes:

“I am a soldier, and my craft demands  
That whereso duty calls within earth’s compass,  
Or the unmeasured scope of fathomless ocean,  
I do forthwith obey.”

Amid all the excitement incidental to such a rapid change of national affairs, Emma has almost forgotten her heart sorrow. Victor Desonges is out in the whirlpool of the spirit of war; he felt a tinge of

regret as he saw the position of Maryland, the home of his affianced bride, and to which State, in a few weeks, he is going, to bring home the idol of his passionate heart, to bloom in mature beauty in the luxurious clime of his nativity.

Wild and startling are the changes of this life; but a brief time since, and the chords of brotherhood were still uncut—at least, the “Gordian knot” was not severed; but the South, with characteristic impulse, has at last manfully faced the crisis, and with truth to her interest and honor, redeeming her hitherto too yielding and vacillating conduct, she has found the hand of an Alexander, who has had the nerve to dis sever the last binding tie that has linked us to a Union, in whose league we have, for years past, been cunningly robbed of just and equal rights. The Plato of the new Pantheon, Emerson, the Phillip (Wendell) of this modern Athens, and Theodore Parker, with all the puling, canting worshipers of the *Ebony Idol* of the Abolition crew, with Miss Stowe who is the “Clio” of this cloudy assemblage of philanthropists, all disciples of the Chapin doctrine, endorsed by the cold, cool Seward, who learned lessons of political wisdom in the Machiavelian school; and thousands of similar hearts and heads may now exult in the partial success that has crowned their conspiracy, with the spirit of demoniac hatred and envy, and will be pointed to by future generations as the unenviable inaugurators of a war which may yet stain with bloody gore many pages of a history with its life-drops. Sworn enemies to our rights, reviling our peculiar institution, pointing to our slaves as a blot—a blur, upon the escutcheon of our fair name, they seem to forget the

thousand *white slaves* that teem in their own midst, and whose drudgery and miserable condition is totally incomparable to that of our happy and contented Southern negroes, whose ease, happiness and prosperity, paradoxical as it may appear, is produced by the effect of that very bondage over which the tender-hearted abolitionists so much lament. With their crocodile tears, and their infatuated spirit, they have ranted, preached, prayed, lectured and raved to the listening ears of brother and sister Puritan, until they have wrought the introductory at least to the drama for which they so long have panted. The note of war is sounding over our sunny land, and we indeed feel that the "irrepressible conflict" has begun. To where and to what extent it may spread, God alone knows—in Him we trust as faithful supporters of "States' Rights, and Liberty," as inheritors of freedom in thought and action, as proud scions of those who formed the cradle and nursed into beautiful life the patriotic fire of Freedom in the New World; and as the living heirs of the true-hearted chivalry who bore their equal, aye, fully equal share in the sufferings, and that indomitable courage that crowned our immortal Washington as the Father of his Country, who, with his cotemporary patriots, was the founder and supporter of the doctrine of Independence, and from which we have gathered the inspiring motto of "Liberty and States' Rights; Equality in the Union, or Independence *out of it*."

It was a chilly day in early spring—our heroine was sitting in deep meditation. The book which she had been reading was closed in her hand, and she was wandering in the charming sphere of ideality, thinking of Arthur Clifton. A strange throb of hope beat

in her heart, and an inexplainable fancy of an ultimate fulfillment of her destiny, in the consummation of her deep and soul-absorbing love, by the happy fruition of their youthful dream of bliss, was filling her eye with the electric spark of buoyant hope.

Kentucky, as many of the border States, was calling for conventions, peace meetings, and all such unproductive assemblages. She wonders what Arthur will do in the political transformation and changes ; she prays that he will come to the standard of the South, and she believes he will—for he was passionate and proud, and must show that pride, and love, and admiration for a gallant people, by joining his fate to that of her sunny land ; and if he does, may not fate yet restore him to her ? Ah, she is dreaming, and building in the future, and in a few moments of reflection, she is planning events that it will take months, nay, years to complete ; such is the swiftness and power of the mind's conception, we plan in a few moments what will take years to accomplish.—Wonderful mystery is the power of thought !

“ Emma, put aside your book, I have something to say to you.”

“ I am all attention.”

“ Have you not grown tired, sated with admiration, flirtation, and such fashionable nonsense ; to be positive, have you not decided on some suitor as yet ?”

“ Really, dear mother, you are quizzing me !” answered Emma.

“ No, I am not jesting. Have you not become convinced of Hon. Watuga's admiration and love ? He has sought my sanction to formally propose, and I see no valid objection that you can have. Besides,

you have never shown any preference, or predilection, to my recollection, for any one."

"Mother!"

"My daughter, why do you look so agitated, and make such an exclamation of sorrow? Come, you are a real Emerson, with courage and spirit enough at least, to speak of these matters, without unnecessary affectation."

"Then, as you say I have that courage and spirit, I will evince it! I do not love this old gentleman, and you must see and know it! O, mother, can you not really see and know that I do not? You say I have never shown a preference. Too true! I kept all secret from you, for I feared you would not sympathize with me; but I will make my confession now. My heart, in youthful trust, once built up high hopes. I have loved—yes, I admit it frankly! I have loved once—I do not need your look of surprise! I knew that you were unconscious of the fact. That love was, for awhile, happy and mutual; but a dark mystery now veils it. Yet I love on, love ever, trusting for a happy destiny; and I would receive the admiration and love of a paragon of a gentleman with unmoved indifference. My love has become a part of my very being. True, hope is dimly and but darkly glimmering; but while I feel this love and devotion for him who was my *first*, and is my *last* love, I cannot consent to utter a solemn vow in mere mockery.. I will not, I cannot, I must not, barter my woman's truth, passionate love, and heart away!"

Her mother looked, and listened with grave surprise, and a tear stole down her cheek as she saw the ardor, and, yet hopeless, spirit of affection, that she now

but too well knew lived in the bosom of her child. Emma drew nearer, and clasping her arms about her, whispered :

“Mother, dear mother, do not weep ; I pray you, do not. I will be dutiful, fond and obedient to you as when a little prattling child ; but then you can not—you do not wish to make me a miserable and unloving wife, linked through all of life to one I do not, can not love !”

Again a small hand clung in childish confidence to her own ; again she heard the merry voice of the little Emma, and, lastly, but most potent of all arose in her “mind’s eye” the form of her husband, whom she had loved ever warmly and devotedly, and to whose memory she fondly, ardently clung, though years had passed, and she had but the grave as a souvenir of that manly form. Remembering her own young love and trust, she said to ambition, pride and fame “away,” and whispered in Emma’s eager, anxious ear :

“As you will, my daughter ; as you will.” A tear of love and thanks filled Emma’s deep and bewitching eyes, as she knelt in joy for this promise, which sounded as a happy augury—aye, an absolution from all the future misery of life.

At ten o’clock the ensuing day, Hon. Watuga was at our heroine’s home. Emma received his card with more politeness than usual, and soon entered the parlor, recognizing him with cordial friendship. She desired to bring him to a positive declaration now, since she would unhesitatingly reject him. He passed an hour in extreme pleasantness ; speaking of the pending crisis, deplored the probability of civil war, but expressed his determination to fight,

if need be, to the bitter end; and finally left with the matter nearest his heart and hopes still unspoken.

\* \* \* \*

This cool, cloudy Wednesday morning at nine o'clock a large number of friends and relatives were assembled in the Episcopal Church of —, to witness the marriage ceremony of Victor Desonges of Louisiana, to Miss Kitty Linus, eldest daughter of the Rev. Bishop Linus of Maryland. Kitty was rather pale and nervous, and looked almost ethereal in her dress of white, fleecy gauze, as she stood tremblingly by her father's side. A worthy divine, in solemn and impressive voice, read the holy service. Victor was the personification of proud happiness, as he gratefully received this invaluable gift from her reverend sire's hand, and according to custom and as an "*auto defa*," he encircled her finger with a sparkling diamond, symbolic of endless love, fidelity and faith. Happiness falls on pure souls like gentle dew, or the snowy drift on the river's glassy waves, mingling sweetly with its life current and tincturing with Hope's bright coloring all the future. As the massive basis of a Roman bridge forms the greatest part of the mighty structure, so of the human heart—love, holy and happy love, forms the chief support of the beauty and the bliss of man's life, and leads him, with its cheering ray, sustained and soothed by its unwavering constancy, to approach the grave

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Victor and his bride are now at the home of his birth.



A magnificent entertainment is given as an evidence of parental pleasure and love.

Relatives, friends and acquaintances are crowding around the young couple, invoking a kind fate and blissful futurity. Victor, with a face radiant with joy, moves through the throng—with a proud smile, he bears his beautiful young wife, who is leaning gracefully on his arm—his eyes sparkle, and his voice breathes sweetly of hope and contentment as he murmurs softly, treasured words in her listening ear. Every look, act and smile plainly tells that this is the first great love of his life, and that fate has made him one of her “favored few.”

Dr. Alban mingles in the concourse; and we continually find him either by Clara’s side, or seeking that (to him) desirable and pleasant position. We will not attempt a premature elucidation of the sentiment that prompts his actions; but

“La fin couronne l’accore.”

It is certainly a gay, brilliant scene,

“With its many a winding bout,  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.”

Sincerely we pray that no dark clouds of gloomy sorrow may ever encompass the sky of the handsome Victor and his fair bride. The most enviable epithalamium that we may give, we can truthfully accord to him—’tis

“The heart that *never loved another*,  
Throbbing fondly at *his* side!”

The eye that sparkles with pleasure is as brilliant as the scintillation of sun-light that beams from giallalina ground, whose veins of earth seem rich

with golden grains, reflecting orient flashes of beauty beneath Italian sun-rays; and even a homely countenance is radiated with beauty in the reflection of happiness from the rosy face of joy, and the bright eyes of buoyant hope.

## CHAPTER XX.

There is a malady  
 Preys on my heart, that medicine can not reach,  
 Invincible and cureless.

MATURIN'S BERTRAM.

I am forgotten, forgotten, and by you.  
 My heart is sad 'neath sorrow's reign;  
 It trembled when estranged we grew,  
 Now wildly flutters at thy name.

ROSALIE.

DR. ALVAN and Emma Emerson are, with slow but firm power, cultivating that pure and hallowed spirit of friendship—and where it is true and unerring, such a sentiment is well worthy the time and attention requisite to nurture and expand into beautiful and healthy existence that gem, which, in its soothing power of sympathy and devotion, proclaims it to be of heavenly origin.

The Doctor was a constant and ever-welcome visitor at Emma's home. Many a pleasant walk and refreshing ride, many a sweet song and interesting game of chess they enjoy—in the latter she evinces her deep thought, showing that her mind is not as light and frivolous as many would sometimes imagine. With her, knowledge is an ecstatic joy, study a charming entertainment, infinitely superior in her estimation to the false shadow that so often haunts the human heart, that false shadow—pleasure: which hallucination, if we drink very deeply of, even in vain imagination, we soon sip dregs of bitterness from the

chalice wherein we thought but to quaff unfailing nectar. Unhappily such is too true of the *ennui* and sated indifference arising from uninterrupted pleasure; but an earnest and devout study of the good, the pure, and the intellectual, will make the mind happy in its superior and God-like refinement—lifting the thoughts far above this sordid world, with all its deceit and unworthy principles, which actuate, to all appearances, a majority. A love of the good opens the heart to an admiration of the true, and that admiration penetrates the soul and teaches the worth of the pure—and it is through these harmonious actions and powers over the human heart and soul, that man is taught to bow down, to worship and appreciate the spirit of piety and virtue.

This pleasant afternoon Dr. Alvan and Emma are walking through the Park. They are now sitting in a bowery-like nook, near the water-fount. The spray is dashing high and falling in feathery lightness around—merry girls and boys are sporting here and there in joyous spirit, which is ever the happy guest of juvenile hearts. Many themes of varied import and interest they converse on. Speaking of the desires and projects of ambition and pride, he made the query :

“Miss Emma, tell me what you would deem life’s greatest success?”

“Indeed, you take me by surprise. I suppose you think I’ll immediately decide on a ‘*judicious match*,’ as the world generally would say—but I think life’s greatest success is a joyous, happy and contented heart. A good and pure conscience is the life of content, and by far the most desirable piece of personal property that one can possess.”

"That is a strange assertion for you—rather a queer decision. I would have imagined that a happy heart consisted in true devotion; and that you would consider that as life's greatest success."

"One year ago, and I would have made you that reply; but I have learned that, though love is the true happiness of life, yet all are not permitted to enjoy that happiness, which springs from the assurance of blessed and mutual affection. Ah, I often think that I would gladly be a child again—yes, as one of those merry and light-hearted 'wee-ones' who are sporting near."

"Are you so soon tired of being the beautiful and admired Miss Emerson? You must not veil your sorrow from me. Remember that I am your true friend, who willingly would do and dare much to see you very happy. But how I talk! what can you, my sweet young friend, ever have known of gloom?"

"Your interrogation is quite natural—'what have I ever known of gloom?' Why, a volume would not more than contain the little cares and sorrows that I have known; and, I suppose, every one can recur to similar incidents in their lives. Joy is the linked spirit of content, and is the outburst of a warm and genial ray of hope. When hope dies out of the heart, joy follows."

"Miss Emma, I may be wrongly impressed—if so, I know that you will forgive me—do I err when I think that your indifference and discontent was—"

She looked at him in amazement—he paused, and then added:

"But am I not taking too great a liberty in my feeling of warm friendship?"

"No, proceed, Doctor; I am impatient to hear the conclusion of your remarks."

"You have bade me, and I will continue. I have, with anxious eye, often watched you when you thought me otherwise engaged, and methinks I have noticed a hidden sorrow—a look of resignation or cold smile of indifference, bestowed alike on all your ardent admirers. Forgive me if I offend, but I believe that I know the source of some of your discontent. Shall I tell you candidly what I think?"

"Yes, by all means."

"Then, I ask for your confidence—trust in me, and I vow that you shall never have just cause to upbraid me for misplaced faith in my friendship."

"My confidence I will bestow; you have won from me even now more than any other person in point of frank acknowledgment. For long days I have nursed a spirit of gloomy despair, which I have endeavored to hide by a manner of assumed indifference and pride."

"Tell me all. Possibly I can peer through the shadow and bring out the sunlight of happiness for you again."

"We must return home. I am too morbidly sensitive to permit my song of bitterness to fall perhaps on the careless ear of those who are roaming all around."

"Certainly. I prefer a quiet parlor myself. Take my arm—this ascent is rather too much to climb unaided; like the upward way of life, a friendly, helping hand is often requisite."

In a short walk they enter the lawn, and now in the sitting-room we see the two friends, seated at the west window, as the sunlight is quietly and softly sinking into dreamy twilight.

"Do not forget your promise, friend Emma. I am all anxiety and attention."

"For once I have made a promise of a rash nature, and one, I fear me, I am not capable of fulfilling."

"But you will repose in me a small share of the coveted confidence, will you not?"

Following a natural impulse, she said in a voice that was at first quite tremulous with emotion:

"I have placed my happiness in an inconstant being's keeping. I have loved 'not wisely, but too well,' and have experienced the bitterness, that a true heart can only feel, of seeing the fond dream of my life fade away. I am totally unable to recall my devotion, but am a perfect devotee at the tomb of my buried love—and yet I have labored zealously to prevent the world knowing of my misery; and although it would be truth, yet I would unhesitatingly resent the belief that I am gradually dying of a—broken heart!" She concluded in a calm, haughty voice, which had become intensely proud, and almost defiant, as she gradually acknowledged the fact of her unhappiness. He leaned very near and looked searchingly into her thrilling, deep blue eyes, and as he read in their troubled depths the truth of her remarks, with a voice of unfeigned solicitude he exclaimed:

"I see—I know all: my friend, duped by Madam Rumor, acting in haste and pride, rather than trusting confidence and love. You, equally as proud, and disdaining to ask or seek an explanation, and consequently the separation of two who had never loved before, nor can ever love again. Oh, if Arthur Clifton could know what I do, what I hope I do, that you (whom he has ever fondly, wildly worshiped) love him yet. Say, am I not right? is it not so?"

"Even so. I can throw aside pride now; that name has a magic influence on my heart, and I own what I should blush to confess, that I do love one who has given me cause to detest him."

"Do not be too severe. I can tell you, in truth, that he has been as miserable as you have, nay, more, that he has become a cold misanthrope: and, see here, dear friend, is a late letter from him, asking that I test your memory, and that I tell you all; that he only prays that you will permit one interview, when he may justify his act, beseech your mercy, and tell you how he heard that you were soon to be the bride of another, when your heavenly kiss, the pledge of mutual love, was yet thrilling his passionate heart—how he listened and drank in the cursed gossip that was breathed in his ears—where he heard you declared to be the affianced bride of Hon. Joel Watuga."

"O, Dr. Alvan! do not call that name. Ah, it is indeed linked with the bitterest hours of my life!"

"Was it then a mere fashionable on dit? Ah, it has caused enough misery to have been more than truth. How careful one should be in repeating the mere supposition and current gossip! how often irreparable injury is inflicted on those who are perfectly innocent and unsuspecting!"

"I have never heard the rumor you allude to. True, the gentleman has been an admirer, and, as the world goes, I suppose he is quite worthy, and would be a 'judicious match:' but I—I could not give my hand where my heart had not first gone before, to illuminate with affection's holy power the future's weal or woe."

"Thank heaven that I have found it a mere idle



supposition! true, it has caused you both much sorrow. It has separated for a time kindred hearts, but now happiness will be intensified by the memory of the wretched past. I was with Arthur Clifton last summer; we traveled for weeks together, and finally I left him in his boyhood's home a gloomy man. He has written me often since I have been here. His letters all contain queries of the beautiful Emma, whom he once called his own. He has not loved another, nor will he ever; he cannot forget you, and will die a miserable man, unless you forgive and bless him. Will you not again make him the happy, buoyant Arthur of a year since?"

"Is this indeed true? Does Arthur"—her lips trembled and her heart fluttered as she pronounced his name—"know his error, and O! does he repent his ungenerous act?"

"He does know his rash step and jealous doubt; and long since, had he dared, he would have come a penitent, and implored forgiveness for his hasty pride and doubt."

"O heaven! I thank thee to know that, though our trust and vows were rudely broken, yet he has learned that things are not always what they seem—that woman is not always the one who creates life's misery and despair."

"You speak very unpromisingly of this. Suppose that, by the least intimation of your willingness to forget and forgive, he would come to you a penitent, wretched and miserable man, asking for your love, your heart and hand—would you, could you, deny the boon for which he has tenaciously clung to life?"

"Fear has gained the ascendancy, doubt has mattered trust in my heart, and—ah, me, I know not

what would be the result of such a meeting! Memory rushes over me—his voice, his eye, his very step echoes now in memory's hall, haunting me like some wild dream of mingled pain and joy, but I fear that mutual hope and love have faded from our path for ever."

"Do not look back over the shadowy past—let it be forgotten; live in the present, and for the future."

"The dream of unalloyed joy has passed. I shall never be as perfectly happy as I might have been; the heart that is wildly wrecked in its early devotion cannot but rarely awaken from its dream of misery and indifference, and be taught to woo again the love and faith of yore. No—henceforth, I fear me, I am a hopeless exile from the sunlight of joy and love."

"And there is another who feels this sorrow, who endures wretchedly, despairingly, his exile from your presence and banishment from your smile. I hope, for your sake as well as his, that you will yet welcome this lonely exile, this sad wanderer, back to be blessed—yes, that you may be happy, and generously forgive, and make Arthur Clifton supremely so."

"Absence and pride are powerful enemies to even true love. How do I know that he cares for me as formerly?"

"O, my fair skeptic, trust that to me—only promise to receive him kindly; you will not refuse me that!"

"I would certainly receive him kindly, for how could I find it in my heart to do otherwise? Let the world condemn me for my want of proper resentment if it chooses."

"That is nobly said. Now, good-bye; do not

dream of long ago, but gaze into the bright, the happy future to-night."

She responded to his "good-night" rather sadly, and remained, in quiet seclusion, in a thoughtful yet sweet soliloquy, wandering in ideality over the days of yore. How vainly idle it is to imagine that we will ever forget the past, bury in potent oblivion the days of long ago! It were a cold, cold heart thus to cheat memory of its own. Ah, never, while the soul throbs with vitality, can the heart entirely forget those hours of bliss when the first great joy of our young life awakened into existence—when the heart first realized the import of love, and the youthful pulse responsive throbbed in exquisite bliss to the tone of holy and heavenly-inspired affection. No, fortunately, God has given us retentive memory, and we could not, if we would, forget the one who tutored our young heart in its primary lessons of hope and happiness. Thank heaven that we are not permitted to forget those whom we truly and faithfully love!

Time, with unhastening yet constant step, passed on, and brought its changes to our sunny land. Beauregard was now the name of idolization to the enthusiastic hearts and heads of our native South; for this loved and admired general had given the first lesson of defiance to the insolent hypocritical foe. This chivalrous leader, and his brave soldiers in the "Queen City" of the south Atlantic coast, who felt the first shock of arms, were the nucleus of our Southern army. Star-crowned champions of victory, a proud record you claim in our country's history. For to thee we point, as the first heroes of this war. With the fall of Fort Sumter, that—"bril-

liant and bloodless victory," which did seem to us as an especial smile of approval from Divine power to our gallant soldiers and our cause—with the fall of that Fort, civil war was indeed fully begun. The contemptible subterfuge and artifice of the United States Government, in connection with its reinforcement, etc., is too well known to require any elucidation or detail here. The most careless observer, by a casual review of the conduct of this pretended desire to reinforce the garrison, will readily conclude that it was done in order to force the initiation of this struggle upon the South. If such was not the case, why did not the fleet, so conveniently near, come to its aid? Why did it remain in calm quiet? Why not bring all the available force at hand to the rescue, and thereby give, if possible, a crushing defeat to the Confederates at this first effort? But such was evidently not the desire. The battle of Fort Sumter was brought about by the Abolition Government because they required some, as it were, voluntary collision on the part of the authorities of the seceding States with that of the old Federal wreck, to act upon the popular head and heart of the Northern people—to work upon their fanatical adoration of the Union, in the light of a *sacrilege* committed by these "would-be bold Rebels" against the "best Government in the world," and to have the hostilities inaugurated rather by force of circumstances than any more honest method, or their own volition. The North acted for the purpose of making it appear to the outside world that the Southern people, with their characteristic spirit of chivalry and impulse, had *forced* upon them the horrid war, in which the two sections are destined, we fear, to

be involved; and that, without any desire on the part of the moral, puritanical, and religious Black Republicans. But let appearances tend to whatever reflections they may, all intelligent and unprejudiced minds, both on this continent and the various foreign powers, must admit the valid evidence that the South can in all cases produce, of her desire to part with the *philanthropic* brothers of the North in peace; but were none the less determined to make that separation.

The war trumpet is sounding over the mountains, hills, and dells—through city, town, and village; and the brave hearts, and unflinching heads of our Southern men respond cheerfully to the call of their country. New and thrilling scenes are starting up in the vision of the future. So long has the white wing of the Angel of Peace enfolded us in her gentle shadow of happiness; so continuous has been the calm and uninterrupted flow of worldly prosperity and content, that few are as yet fully alive to the changes that the past months have brought. The hearts of our young men are only dreaming of the glorious victories which they are determined to win in our holy cause; and, as yet, no dark cloud of sorrow has swept over the inspiring and brilliant prefatory pages of this opening drama. But it is not our purpose to write a history of the war, for we would feel that it would be a task poorly accomplished by one so totally unfitted for such a duty. However, with a heart of honest pride, an inherent love for our own native South, we cannot refrain from evincing *woman's usual meddling disposition* (?) and launching forth, occasionally, on the all engrossing theme—the transition and changes of these mo-

mentous times; for which we beg our readers' kind indulgence, and think that the occasion may allow us to add, that our little "waif of romance" was matured in the realms of fancy ere this national struggle had assumed anything more than a "war of words."

"Molly Elby is home. O, how delighted I am!" exclaimed Emma, with an unusually spirited tone. With olden-time mirth she greeted her friend, welcoming her home with unfeigned sincerity. A week glided by very rapidly and pleasantly. Molly and Emma had been absent from each other so long, that they felt very much like fond young lovers we imagine often do—a feeling of exquisite happiness in being together, and a desire to monopolize each other by a selfish exclusion from general society and everyday visitants.

"How delightful to have you with me! It does appear as if years, instead of months, had passed since we parted. Is this not a beautiful day; and do you not predict a lovely one for the picnic to-morrow?"

"Judging from the fair sky, I should unhesitatingly say we will have a bright day. I am very glad, for, oh! Molly, I have a fear that many of the brave and joyous ones, who are to be present with us on this occasion, may never meet in such gay festivity again. Many, indeed all of them, are in a few days to leave, and in a week or two hence will be far away from home."

"Yes—on the tented field. Well, my hopes will be with them."

"I suppose your heart too, unless some of the pleasant friends that you so often speak of have already received it from the hand of Molly dear!"

"None of your quizzing. For my part, I am pining in hopeless love for a very talented young man I wot of, who does not care two straws for my love."

"Then you keep it concealed. Remember the poetical warning of concealed love, and do not let it 'feed upon the damask of your cheeks.'"

"What! would you have me revolutionize courtship, and make a proposal, and offer my own fair (!) self to the '*Lion*' of the State?"

"O, Molly, you are jesting! If you really esteemed Cousin Lionel so highly, you would be a little more interesting when he is near."

"No; it is impossible. I never could say pretty things, and smart appropriate quotations, just in the very nick of time, like you do, to save me. However, I am only a great admirer of Colonel Mortimer's intellect, and I may add, patriotic spirit."

"There is Aunt May with Mr. Bernard. He is a young man whom we formed the acquaintance of last summer; he is very devoted to Aunt May. How I wish Victor Desonges was here to tease them!"

Molly glanced out the window, as Mr. Bernard assisted the lady in question into the buggy; seating himself by her side, they passed from their view.

"Well, he is quite handsome."

"Rather too foppish; but Cousin Clara and I object to him, principally from the fact that he considers us too young and frivolous—mere toys to pass away dull idle chat with. For real, genuine devotion, he gives the palm to more mature ladies, who, he thinks, can better understand and appreciate his sighs, read the language of the eye, and thrill his popin-jay personage by a touch of the pink fingers.

Very nice, complimentary view he takes of our young heads and hearts !”

“ Quite so—but I presume we can do justice to his sighs, and eyes too ; as for admiration, I dare him to get in my way. If he does not fear such girls as we are now, he will when I make a finish of six weeks’ flirtation. I’ll wager I can cure the conceited and consequential Mr. Ernest Bernard !”

“ You are sarcastic ; but I almost wish you would flirt with him a little, and see if he can’t be caught : yet he earnestly intends to keep clear ; though he is rather interesting and agreeable—but he suffers from egotism, I think.”

“ O, yes ; I can tell by the tie of his cravat and the curl of his mustache, setting aside that splendid fitting suit of Parisian cut, that he thinks he is the ‘ chef-d’œuvre ’ of mankind. He will be at the pic-nic. I’ll get Dr. Alvan to aid me—by the bye, the doctor is a most elegant and affable man—yes, I’ll get him to join in, and we’ll bring this fair Adonis down to the feet of a ‘ young and unappreciative frivolous flirt ’ yet.”

“ O, Molly, I feel like pleading for the intended martyr. You do not know but what he in his heart could give just and palliating reasons for his aversion to girls of a gay, coquetting spirit. Let him rest, Aunt May is sufficient to tease him. I dislike to see anything or any one suffer too much, and doubtless he has suffered, and has been harshly taught to form his-expressed opinions of young ladies.”

Thus, Emma felt a reaction of pity and sympathy for the young man, and true to her impulsive nature, she used that sympathy by speaking extenuatingly of his peculiarities.



A large picnic had been arranged for the benefit and pleasure of the brave champions who had eagerly volunteered to defend our sunny land : and by eight o'clock the next morning, quite an animated group, in buggies, carriages and fancy-decked wagons, with gaily-caparisoned horses, drew up at the lawn gate for our party. Miss May rode off with the attentive Ernest Bernard, in a light buggy, Emma's merry face peered from a broad, brown hat, in one of the gaily-decked conveyances, Molly Elby was at her side, Dr. Alvan near by, and it was with light heart they started for the woods. All soon arrived at the appointed spot, which was well chosen for the purpose. In a short distance of the noble stream that wound, with romantic beauty and irregularity, through this section of the State : it was a pleasant and shady grove, where the green leaves and few scattering wild blossoms added peculiar charms to the scene. Soon the band struck up a fascinating schottish, and with volatile spirit the merry ones caught here and there some friend or favorite, and kept time to its exhilarating chords. It was a gay and fascinating scene to watch them as they glided through the mazy dance, to the sweet tones of music, on the platform prepared for the purpose. The woods were alive with the flashing coats of the young soldiery ; grey cloth and brass buttons, with all the taste and display that could be well brought to bear upon their military uniforms, met the eye ; and it was inspiring to see the evident spirit of appreciation that the ladies evinced for the heroic volunteers, who had signified their determination to fight, if need be, to the bitter end, in this sacred and righteous cause.

The cloth was spread, and delicacies, substantial,

and every tempting viand that could be procured, was profusely and nicely prepared. It certainly was a feast; if the table had not been of such substantial foundation as "mother earth," candidly it would have "groaned beneath the weight of good things" so abundantly scattered around.

The afternoon had thrown rather lengthy shadows over the scenery ere the party began to leave this shady dell. In a few minutes after the decision to return, the sky grew dark and the thunder murmured in angry rumbling, as if Jupiter was intent on giving marks of his displeasure by raining down in torrent gushes. The big drops pattered, rapidly falling on the leaves with a soft splashing, musical sound. All were caught in the heavy shower; but hastening to the many conveyances, they were temporarily shielded. Emma, Miss May, Molly Elby, Dr. Alban, and Ernest Bernard, were together. With his good-humored smile, the Doctor teased them considerably as to the ruinous effect the rain would have on their appearance, and feared that they would all suffer as regards their reputation of belles and beauties. To go into the city looking like drenched water-lilies, and their cheeks pale—having been washed of their rosy color by the unfeeling rain—would be disastrous.

"Ah," said he, "I do feel very sad to think of it, ladies."

"No doubt your grief is very deep and poignant," replied Molly Elby, mockingly.

"But no one shall see me—I am going back in a carriage with the blinds up," laughed Miss May.

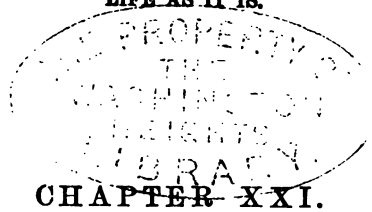
"O, no, I would not suffocate that way; I had much rather be teased—besides, I think my cheeks

will stand the test pretty well—being pale this morning, no one expects to see them rosy now.”

“As to you, Emma, you are always stoically prepared for the worst or the best; but really it is too bad to be caught in such a heavy shower!” said Molly.

In half an hour the clouds passed off; the rain ceased, and with merry faces, gay jests and witticisms the pic-nic party are following, in rapid succession, the light vehicle with its many little flags and streamers, in which our heroine and half a dozen others are sitting. As homeward they drive, they sing sweetly and touchingly the old, yet much-loved ballad, “Home Again.” The scene was certainly a joyous one, and to a sensitive and appreciative soul it was quite enchanting. Daylight poured her last golden beam, shimmering like threads of orient ray through the loop-holes of the tree-limbs; the forest was redolent with fragrant blossoms, and ere they had reached the city—

The tall elm trees of glorious pride,  
Let in the dying rays of light,  
While slowly, witchingly comes on  
The ebon car of dark-eyed night.



## CHAPTER XXI.

What are our hopes?  
 Like garlands, on affliction's forehead worn,  
 Kissed in the morning, and at evening torn.  
 DAVENPORT.

How disappointment tracks  
 The step of hope!  
 MISS LONDON.

ARTHUR CLIFTON was indeed a champion in the cause of the South—bitterly did he deplore the inactivity of his dear native State. He almost wept over her wavering and undecided conduct; and with a spirit of prophetic truth and warning, he pointed to the unenviable destiny that the proud old State was drifting to, steered by the unwise and cunning craftiness of unfaithful pilots. With manly courage and potent oratory he rebuked those who had wooed his loved Kentucky into her position of neutrality. He was a warm and zealous advocate of States' Rights; an ardent and undisguised admirer of the undaunted spirit and determination with which the South had met the issue, and was an avowed Secessionist. After a close and rigid investigation of the legality of the right of secession, he had come forth from the careful research and profound reflection, a confirmed and immovable champion of the rights of the South. He had determined, if his State did not bravely face the ordeal and unwaveringly do her duty, and go to the side of the Southern "Spartans," that he would bid the hunt-

ing grounds and loved spot of his youth and manhood adieu, and at least link his fate and fortune to that of the sunny land. Her heroes and patriots he devoutly admired; and her people were rallying *en masse*, and vowing to meet with wrathful vengeance the impious foes who dare to insult with their hated presence this land of the South; and if necessity should require, to make every mountain pass a "Thermopylæ," and die on their "unbought swords," fighting for Liberty and Freedom!—yea, to immolate the life of every true Southern man upon the altar of their home and rights!

Unfortunately, Arthur Clifton has, by continual and unusual excitement, close application, together with a morbid anxiety and hidden misery, brought on a severe illness. He was slowly but surely recovering when he received a letter from his friend, Dr. Alvan, informing him of a late interview that he had fortunately brought about with Emma Emerson. In truthful confidence the Doctor gave the purport of the conversation already made known in a previous chapter. He bade him cheer up, that he fully believed he was loved warmly, faithfully, and as few women would have done, by the beautiful being who he now knew that Madam Rumor had played with, as she too often does, with cunning falsity. He candidly advised him, that as the facts stood in his view, an explanatory meeting would set all things on their former footing. That it only required an explanation from his lips of his past enigmatical conduct to make a happy termination of this bitter estrangement, and that an enviable destiny would be his. That the fair, bewitching and blue-eyed beauty, the idolized Emma of his passionate and loving heart

would yet be the angel of his life. Arthur Clifton could scarcely credit his sanity as he read and re-read this letter, whose every word seemed burning into his very brain, and he murmured in joyful excitement, as he folded the precious epistle together :

“ Ah ! can this be true ? Happiness for me—happiness with my darling Emma ! Oh, God ! give me a speedy renewal of health, that I may soon visit that city and be blessed with the reality of her love and forgiveness ! ”

Hope ! it is the angel sprite that illuminates the darkest path of life. It is the indigenous ray kindled by trust and faith in our worldly clime. It is the ever-blooming flower of human existence, that springs into fresh life and vigor each day—that spreads over the soil a charm—that buoys up the fainting, desolate one. It is the cheering ray that beams upon the wretched, barren waste of despair, and soothes and comforts with magic potency the breaking and miserable hearted.

With a face radiant with new throbbing joy, an eye of brilliant anticipation, a smile of waiting and yet impatient anxiety, Arthur at once replied to his friend. He thanked the Doctor warmly and most sincerely for his mediation, requesting him not to let the matter be forgotten ; that he had been confined to his chamber for some time quite ill, and that he was now chafing under the restraint of not being permitted to even hope to arrange matters and come to his friend under several weeks. But he could now endure his suffering, in the blissful reflection of the coming hour when he could beg the forgiveness, the pity and kind compassion of one whom he had ever and only loved. His letter was lengthy, its tone and

style like the writer, passionate and hopeful. Once again the sunlight of happiness is throwing its glorious reflection of faith and joy around the soul of Arthur Clifton, and he is dreaming golden dreams of the future. Ah, too many, thus forgetful of the present, are building in the dim, shadowy pathway of futurity. There are but few who are content with the happiness of the present, with the bliss of to-day, but human-like we are all yearning for the alluring and tempting pleasures that fancy paints in the "tomorrow" of life—those fond days of ideality which are always whispering of their blessed fruition in the *future!*

A few weeks rolled very slowly away; days were lengthy and tedious in their duration to the impatient Arthur, and ere his physical health would warrant the fatigue incidental to travel, he had determined to leave for the South. He could not be prevailed on to defer his departure; he was warned of his bodily inability to undergo, nay, even to commence the trip. Excitement and activity were very deleterious to him, yet he would listen to no voice of admonition, and he left without further delay, with a friend who fortunately was going the same route. However, his haste proved his bane, and the afternoon of the first day found him too weak to proceed. With evident disappointment and ill-humored chagrin, he was obliged to turn his face homeward, which he did as reluctantly as if he was turning from the last dream of joy that hope held in her magic realm for his devoted yet miserable heart.

Again he is in his chamber, where he is racked with raging fever, parching lips, and hot, burning brow. It was fortunate that his best friends were

near him to give him kind and watchful attention, and without too much prying curiosity or surprise to hear his incoherent ravings. He was continually calling "Emma," then "Alvan," and often in bitter tones he would curse some wretch who had been the source of much misery to him.

Standing at the side of his couch, the good old physician watched him in anxious solicitude, as in a wandering, almost insane state, he begun talking softly and piteously, with an eager and yet plaintive voice.

Reaching forth, as if clasping the fair hand of her he loved, he murmured, as he nervously clasped that of the physician :

"Here, I give you back your heart, Emma. O! Emma, I give it back, for now, O, God! you do not love me! Yes, take it—take the gem. It is withering for want of its native air and soil of passionate warmth; it is congealing in this cold clime, dying for the balmy air of your sunny South. O cruel, cruel destiny! 'twere better that I should no longer cheat myself with vain hope. O! better had I never known the bliss of happy love, than now to suffer such intense agony. O! Emma, Emma, bright, beautiful, and idolized one, could you but know how wretched I am, how tortured with the agony of doubt and intense suffering!"

It is sadly humiliating to see a noble and intellectual man—that most perfect work of God's creation—suffering mentally and physically; to watch the face grow pallid with despair and gloom, and at the same moment see the form tortured with severe bodily pain.

Arthur Clifton's mind was alive with tormenting



fears and fancies; he grew boyishly impatient as he gradually began to recover; and it was as if attempting to guard a maniac, in their doomed division from the outside world, to keep this unhappy and restless convalescent confined to his room the time essentially requisite. He was a man of passionate temper, haste and pride; his recovery appeared to him as slow beyond endurance, and he insisted that he only required exercise in the free and bracing atmosphere to hasten the renewal of his impaired health. He was in perfect despair when informed by his physician that to the warm climate of the South he must not think of going in many, many days, aye weeks. Disappointment, such bitter disappointment, he could scarcely brook, and yet, as he caught sight of his pale brow, wan cheeks, and emaciated form in the mirror, his own good sense confirmed the unpleasant decree. Ah! what soul has not known the blighting sting of disappointment? The young, the gay, the beautiful, and the good, all are alike its victims. It looms up from the sunniest skies; it meets us in the gayest hour, and, with hideous smile, it bids defiance to our strongest efforts. It wraps the mantle of sorrow around many a fair form, spreads desolation, and pours its work of devastation with an epidemical power over the pathway of all. It crushes the hopes of faith, clouds the sun-ray of happiness, and with a malicious sneer it floats in the air we breathe, and hangs lowering over our way in the brightest hours of existence. Disappointment, could thy reign of bitterness and sorrow o'er the mortal frame be forever crushed, and thy name and influence blotted from the pages of man's probationary life, then we would gather ambrosial sweets from this earth, and

our harps would again swell with the old Anacreontic tones of Eden days and halcyon hours.

How vain is the human mind, presumptuously puffed up with a few years of worldly conceit and knowledge! We fear that there are too many who, like Arthur Clifton, are often tempted in meeting life's varied troubles and disappointments, to mistrust the heavenly Hand that guides and directs our footsteps. Yet, we must all surely feel, that a good and wise Providence guards and guides us in the wandering, labyrinthian pathway of life. If we will firmly trust and rely on the goodness and omnipotent wisdom of that kind Guardian above, we will learn to cheerfully meet the "ills and cares" of fate. If our hearts are infused with a love and trusting confidence in Heaven, we may well smile at the trials and sorrows of this probationary existence—as we nestle, with faith and holy devotion, under the shadow of the Divine wing of protection, looking hopefully to that soul-life beyond the valley of death. If those we love are separated from us in this sphere, we have the poetical prophecy to console us, even in this greatest of misery, and can joyously suffer on, sustained by the belief that "There, *up* there, 'tis heart to heart!" O, indeed, if there were no balm of hope to soothe, no palm beyond this passionate and scheming life—if there was no holy and delightful Isle of Rest—no realm above of blessed absolution from this earthly turmoil of vanity, vexation, and grief—then indeed were life a bitter mockery, and the love-touched visions of happiness and ethereal bliss given us in this terrestrial sphere, a cheating delusion, and the immortal soul a mere hallucination. But the soul feels its eternality (if such a word

is admissible) of existence in its every vital throb. The grasping and yearning that we have in this life for the good, the pure, and the angelic, are alone convincing evidence of the reality of that heaven above, where, in reciprocal truth and love, the redeemed and disembodied soul may lavish its long pent-up devotion. What a beautiful dream to the lonely and desolate in this world, to picture, in vivid ideality, the happy reunion in that clime above of the "loved and lost !" Relying on such happy meeting in that beatifical abode, may the setting sun of life sink in peace, and the voice of faith, like the music of God's sweetest angel, Israfel, sing a pæan of welcome to our immortal soul !

## CHAPTER XXII.

Oh! love, love well, but only once, for never shall the dream  
Of youthful hope return again on life's dark rolling stream.

MRS. NORTON.

I love thee, and I feel  
That on the fountain of my heart a seal  
Is set to keep its waters pure and bright  
For thee.

SHELLEY

"You have positively decided to remain near your boyhood's home. I am pleased with the decision, my son."

"Yes; I have determined on my long matured plan of beginning life as a merchant; and, as Kitty is neutral in the matter, I have also concluded to reside at Magnolia Farm. It will be convenient to you. What do you say to it, father? I wish to arrange everything ere I go into the army, which I shall certainly do in a few months, unless things take a better turn than I fear they may."

"As you please. I am agreeably disappointed in you, Victor. Proudly do I admit it. I had thought that you would waste more of your time in happy leisure. I see that you have a praiseworthy desire to begin an independent life. My coöperation, aid, and advice, in every respect, are most cheerfully yours."

"Thank you. I had rather be in some active business than otherwise. I have yawned, and loitered away enough valuable time. We will, as soon as possible, make the arrangements to reside at Magnolia. Excuse me for being in haste; but I am anx-

ious to see Kitty moving in our household, as the good angel of our home; besides, the times demand action."

"Yes, yes! We will overlook your anxiety to leave the paternal roof, owing to circumstances," said Victor's father, as his son passed from the library to his wife's apartment.

"Put up your book, Kitty. I am here to tell you that I have concluded to make you the dignified mistress of Magnolia—are you pleased?" And the gay man of twenty-two looked seriously anxious as he paused for a response.

"Pleased! O, yes—always pleased with whatever you do."

"Sweet flatterer! I fear that I will let you spoil me with your witching eyes and winning smile! Ah! there is such a magical power in your every look and tone—such joy to be with you, near you, breathing the same air, that I shall never be at rest only when by your side. Well, life is real—love, to me, has proved no humbug, but a panacea for every evil and gloom. I am going to the city with father this morning, and must reluctantly say good-bye—yes, almost as reluctantly as I did the eventful night of the ball at Niagara."

Kitty blushed and smiled at this allusion to the propitious hour of their mutual acknowledgment and vows of love. He stooped over the rocker in which she sat and pressed his lips to her brow, and the next moment disappeared. Looking from the window near, she called Clara, who was arranging a bunch of flowers with great care.

"Come up, Sis; I am all alone, and we can have a nice chit-chat."

"Indeed; 'all alone!' Then I am coming, ere

Victor, with his usual egotism, gets there, and absorbs your entire attention."

Adding the last bud to the bouquet, she arose, scattering the velvet leaves that had fallen from the various flowers that she had been arranging, as if a March wind had been doing damage with the delicate floral buds and blossoms, instead of a pair of slender girlish hands. Entering, she said, as she gave her flowers to Kitty:

"Are these not delicious and pretty? I have gathered them for you, knowing you are so passionately fond of flowers."

"Thank you. These are very sweet. How kind you are, Clara!"

"Let me place them in the vase. By the bye, where is that brother of mine? I want to tease him, and make him decide to remain near us."

"That is just what I was going to tell you. We are to reside at Magnolia. He is gone with father to the city this morning."

"O, I am delighted with the choice; I can visit you there almost the same as if you were only in your room here. Often will I throw on my hat, have my pony caught, and come flying over to see you, and stay just as long as I please without any fear of intruding."

"That will be pleasant to us both. We will have a nice apartment fitted up, and reserved for our wild, yet loveable sister; and the less it is vacated the more will I be pleased."

Clara was silent, busily scheming, and thinking of many plans of happiness for the future, while Kitty sat in quiet content, looking out on the scenery. Suddenly Clara exclaimed, "I declare I have been

dreaming ever so long! Well, forgive me, I am naturally thoughtless of others' enjoyment—unfortunately too selfish.”

“Day dreams are very pleasant; such delightful recreation from the dull monotony of the reality of life.”

“Yes; but I sometimes dream over such a delightful fate in prospective, that I am startled often from my reverie to hear that still small voice, warning by whisper, ’twas but a dream—a fond, delusive dream, such as many have found was a mere castle in the air. I forget the power of destiny, and appear by my actions to think the fortress of my joy is impenetrable by the keen arrows of sadness or disappointment.”

“No matter; I would always look on the golden side of life. It does no harm to dream of the happiness that we may never be permitted to realize.”

“No, it does no harm; but it is very aggravating, to say the least of it. Why, I am getting logical. This will never do—hand me your pet; I see you have been reading some of his captivating ideas. I will read you my favorite of all his short poems.”

Kitty handed the volume of Byron, and moving her chair side of her sister's, she asked:

“What is your favorite? I have never heard you admire poetry often.”

“O, no; I have no great passion for poets or poetry; there are a few, however, of our classic bards, that I do tolerate with some little spark of admiration. I am particularly fond of ‘Childe Harold,’ like ‘Manfred,’ the ‘Prisoner of Chillon;’ but above all, I admire the ‘Dream.’ There is an attraction in

it for my heart that has fairly printed some of its beautiful and touching lines on my memory."

Turning to this exquisite piece, we leave them engaged in the charming entertainment, as Clara, with a voice of pathos, is reading aloud Byron's "Dream."

The day wore away, and twilight was folding its shadowy mantle over the woods around as Victor, accompanied by Dr. Alvan, rode up to the old lawn gate.

"Why, Dr. Alvan! How glad we are to see you!" exclaimed Clara, as she cordially extended her hand, which he pressed with fervor, as he replied to her kind welcome.

"It is such an unexpected treat to meet an esteemed friend, and hear direct from those we love. How are Emma, Aunt Emerson, Miss May—O, I shall tease you unmercifully till I hear all the news."

The doctor had many things to tell her—messages from her cousin, Emma Emerson, and various others, which he had gladly received, and was now faithfully delivering.

Victor and his young wife were as happy in meeting each other as if they had endured several days of absence, instead of only so many hours. A delectable evening ensued.

The next morning, Victor and the doctor having engagements for the greater part of the day, left early for the city, not returning till five in the afternoon. Clara was just stepping off the old rock door-step, with hat and gloves on, as Dr. Alvan, turning the corner in the park, came in view, and asked, "Where are you bound to, Miss Clara?"

"Going to walk. Kitty is deeply interested in a pencil sketch, and I have grown tired of books, music and single-handed (!) back-gammon."



"Let me be your companion in this stroll? It will freshen me after being in the city all day, and my thoughts flying to this quiet, pleasant spot, and I wishing to be here."

"Certainly. I am glad to have company."

"Well, you must pilot me this time—so lead the way, or direct which of those pretty winding paths we are to follow."

With a mischievous smile, she threw back the long veil on her hat, and, taking his proffered arm, they moved off as Victor approached, and having heard the conversation, he called out:

"Take care, Doctor! if you don't keep wide awake, Clara will bewilder and lose you on purpose in some of these valleys and dells."

"Never fear, I am willing to be guided by her," answered Dr. Alvan.

They wandered on, conversing very gaily and animatedly, but his mirth suddenly subsided, and he walked as if in deep reflection silently by her side for several minutes.

"A penny for your thoughts."

"That high price would not be cheaterly, Miss Clara; but my thoughts, like the clouds this evening, are so scattered that it would take an expert hand to divine or fashion them into intelligible language."

"I suppose you are thinking of business transactions or studying the intrinsic value of some medicinal plant; young M. D.'s very often assume a long face and seek to appear thoughtful, learned and intensely solemn."

"Your sarcasm is not apropos though most adroitly arranged. You are not a good marksman, at least at hitting my thoughts."

"No, I do not pretend at anything very sensible or reflective; but I presume you are thinking of home—your far off home?"

"Wrong again."

"What! are they so promiscuous that I cannot divine a secondary thought?"

"Not varied as regards the object—yet they are diversified with hope and fear. Take off your hat; it should not hide so sweet a face, now the sun no longer shines. Give it to me."

She quietly obeyed, as he drew her hand in his own.

"What a beautiful hand!" he exclaimed, almost unconsciously, as he placed it in his arm.

"Do you really think so, or did you merely say it to flatter me?"

"Flatter you! no, Miss Clara. I could not if I wished to flatter you."

"Then I suppose that my imperfections are so numerous and obvious that you cannot find it in your heart to ridicule me with insipid flattery?"

"I am pleased with you—more pleased every moment I am near you. I think that I may well say 'I am lost unless I fly thee'—that is, if I may not dream of the hour that I can call this beautiful hand mine own. May I hope? Will you give me this hand—be my dear, dark-eyed angel? Comfort me, as *you* only could; and when bowed down with worldly care and sorrow, press this dear hand to my weary head, and with these cool little fingers smooth the, perhaps, white-tinged locks that shade my brow? With loving lips of cheer drop sweet tones of hope and faith, to buoy me ever onward in my career? Will you let me call this dear hand mine?"

"Do you really suppose that you love me, Doctor,-

or is it a mere infatuation? Think well before you reply. When once I give way to love—when I yield my heart and learn to love, I believe that my affection will last unchanged through life; and while I may avert the bitter trial of deceit and disappointment, I have determined to do so.”

“I certainly mean all I have said, Clara; nay, more, for love has made me poor indeed with regard to the power and style of language I would fain use. Believe me, this is no wild, boyish freak of fancy or conceited vanity. No, since first we met, I have silently loved you, and have prayed and hoped to see it returned. May I not have those prayers answered—those fond hopes verified?”

We will not give her answer, yet we think it was a *kind one*, for in a short while they entered, looking very happy, and as he gave her the hat he had been carrying on his arm, she smiled, as the blood rushed to her cheek and brow, and in rather nervous confusion met his deep and tender gaze. Many pleasant hours were passed together—indeed days flew too rapidly, and ere Clara had thought of saying “Good bye” the time for the doctor to return arrived.

“Do not waste the precious hours gathering those pretty flowers. I leave to-morrow, and I am egotistical, and pray you to give me all your time this evening. I am too jealous to permit a flower to receive a smile from that sweet face which I am now soon to be denied the pleasure of seeing her for a time.”

“You are going so soon? O, no, I cannot—really cannot spare you. Just think how awfully dull I will be after you leave!”

“Come to the arbor near, and let us have a quiet conversation.”

Through the garden walk they pass, to a pretty lattice summer-house covered with luxuriant vines of rich foliage. It is indeed a beautiful place to talk of love, hope, and constancy.

"You must know, Clara, that I have a name to win, a reputation to establish in my profession; therefore I must be prompt in my engagements. I am daily becoming more aspiring for your dear sake. It is my ardent wish to be as near worthy of this hand as man can, ere I make it wholly mine. But I shall not wait till I have won fame, or a very high and enviable position—no, I shall make the first steps up the ladder of success; and, with your love and approving smiles, I am confident of being eminently successful. A few months, and I shall return to gain your father's consent to our immediate marriage; and when I obtain his sanction, are you quite sure you will not withhold your own?"

"Yes—quite sure. I do not wish wealth nor an opulent style—no ponderous residence of fashion and grandeur for our home. Your fortune I am content to share, be it brilliant or gloomy. My vows I have made in no idle mood, but thoughtfully and truthfully."

"Thank you for those dear confiding words—for this reassurance. This fall I shall hope to have you by my side as the deity of my life, enshrined deeply in the home of my heart, as well as the earthly spot we may call by that name. Happy with you I could ever be—without you, never. But do not look so sad; be as gay as you were wont to be. Nothing shall mar our faith, trust, and love. No power of fate divide us, only for a brief time, for I do feel assured that you will not forget me, even though we

must part awhile. May I not be content in that delightful belief?" queried the devoted doctor, who, true to the instinct of man's doubtful and mistrusting nature, feared a change. She smiled, sadly however, as she softly murmured:

"Never fear that I will ever change. My love will live through all in all, nay beyond the grave; even in heaven above, I feel that thee, only thee, I will warmly and irrevocably love."

"Bless you, Clara! O, may fate ever bless our mutual love!"

As they passed near the sitting-room, a sound of melody floated, with music's witching power, on the evening zephyr. They paused and listened to the sweet old ballad, "Good-bye, good-bye is a lonely sound." The splendidly toned piano yielded sweet harmony to the accompanying voices.

"O, is it not very touching and applicable? What a fine voice Victor has!"

"Yes; a fine manly one, and his wife has a soft, musical kind of bird-like warbling. But yours, Clara, would, in its peculiar power and pathos, outcharm either. Thine is indeed the siren's plaintive melody."

"I trust that I charm with a better purpose than that fabled goddess?"

"Nay, forgive the simile. I should have said, thine was a voice that echoed sweeter, softer music than a seraph's."

"No flattery, Doctor! but admit that you stand corrected."

"I do, my angel!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Uncertainty!

Fell-demon of our fears! The human soul,  
That can support despair, supports not thee."

"There comes Dr. Alvan. I am glad to welcome him, for, I'll vow, the afternoon has been interminable."

Emma threw aside a magazine over which she had been dreaming instead of reading, and with a cheerful smile entered the sitting-room, where her mother and the doctor were conversing.

"Indeed, Mrs. Emerson, Miss Emma will require no tour for health or gay spirit this season. I am sure no atmosphere, be it ever so balmy and pure, could add a more roseate and charming glow to her cheeks, or give a brighter sparkle to her eyes."

"I am glad to hear you express such an opinion. I propose visiting the Mortimers for a few weeks as a little recreation and change. I am weary of fashionable tours; besides, everything is so excited with war and its many rumors, that I shall prefer quiet and seclusion," said Mrs. Emerson.

"Yes; Oak Lawn is a most appropriate place. A charming rural retreat to carry our young friend to. I suppose that you will not object, Miss Emma?"

"Nay, Doctor; do not coincide so readily with mother. I was waiting to have you prescribe a visit to some foreign land—European antiquities, or, perhaps, the Holy Land; and here you have spoiled all

my plans in half a dozen words. Well, I can hide myself at Oak Lawn for a month or two very contentedly."

"You will doubtless pass the time more pleasantly than at a gay resort."

"Yes. It is a beautiful and romantic spot. Cousin Lionel will be there on a short leave from military duty. I wish Molly Elby was only here to accompany us."

Ere the doctor left, he informed Emma of his predilection for her cousin Clara, the happy return of affection, and the anticipated consummation of their engagement in the fall. While speaking, she grew sad. As he concluded, he asked,

"Why, fair cousin, (in futuro) you look quite gloomy, and have not wished me success and happiness."

"Forgive me, my dear friend! You certainly have my warmest wishes for your supreme joy. I know Clara's truthful and unwavering nature, and fear no sad mistrust or sorrow in the few months of absence to intervene."

"I fear me that though the time is brief, yet it will appear too long to me—but then we will meet, and nothing shall sever dear Clara and I till death overtakes us. To be parted from those we love is a powerful test, a torturing pain. It is to me like one 'dead among the living, or living among the dead.' But I am now living in blissful hope of the future."

"Absence is indeed a severe test. I feel as if I were shut out by impenetrable ice-bergs from the presence of many who are very dear. Molly Elby has bade me good-bye, perhaps forever, as she will soon settle down, the mistress of an old Virginia

home. I miss her more each day; and there are many others quite dear who have bade me adieu, and sought the post of duty. I feel that there are some of those that I'll never greet again. O, the sad changes a few short months have wrought!"

"Before old winter draws his frosty eloak over nature, Clara and I will be happy; and the next thing, most augmentive of my joy, will be the reconciliation of you and —"

"No use to conclude the sentence—I do not think such a thing possible. I have a vague idea that I will never see Arthur Clifton again."

"That is a hypothetical idea. It is true all is enigmatical. I am surprised that he has not long since paid us a visit. He wrote me, as you are aware, that he had been dangerously ill, but was recovering, and would leave for the South in a few days. Something unexpected, as well as unavoidable, has detained him."

"You would teach me to feed upon delusive hope; but I have built too many chateaux of airy locality, only to have them crumble into nothingness at the sound of my own voice."

"Do not give up hope, it is the twin-sister of joy. You will be supremely happy yet."

"No, Doctor, I am trying to teach my heart to be content with its destiny. But, while memory holds her present sway over my soul, happiness can never be mine."

"If you only leave us for Oak Lawn, it is near enough for Arthur Clifton and myself to visit you. He is well acquainted with Lionel Mortimer, and I dare say you will welcome us there."

'Tis midnight in summer. The moon looks like a



world of beauty as she sails, with her retinue of auxiliary lights, proudly through the upper dome, that beautiful sky that shuts out, as it were, from earthly observation the beatifical clime of Heaven. Emma turned from the window, where she had been sitting in deep soliloquy, reliving the days of yore. The world was all calm and quiet; the lamp on her room mantle burned brightly, and the summer winds whispered in the tree leaves near. The tall magnolias almost touched the window-sill, and their glittering leaves and snow-white flowers appeared as if sympathetic companions in her midnight reverie of sadness. With a calm, yet mournful face, she opened her cabinet—a beautiful work of art that her father had brought with him as a memento of his visit to Europe, and which she now treasured as a holy *souvenir*. She opened one of its tiny folds, and drew a velvet case from its secure hiding place. Nervously she pressed the spring, the lid flew open, and she gazed, with a sigh so deeply breathed that it seemed echoing back to her troubled soul, from that miniature-face of Arthur Clifton. She had buried this picture away from her view—months after months had glided by, and yet she had not looked upon it. But now, with an irresistible impulse, she eagerly sought it;—a pretty type of the young Clifton of twenty, who had won so unchangingly her heart's devoted love. It was his gift to her on that last memorable visit. As she looked upon this mimic face, old hopes, old faith, old love—all, all came back to her with redoubled power; and sighing, she murmured:

“O, Arthur! how long shall I be doomed to wait for one familiar word? Trusting in the potency of our divine love, I am waiting, and praying, to meet

you once again. But should we never meet, I shall not forget you. O, no! I pray to never forget you, though your memory is one of pain and grief. I ask, as a special boon of Heaven, that I may never, never be permitted to forget or cease to love you!—Rather than become oblivious to my affection, I would prefer to die—to sink into a premature grave—to go to the lone valley of death, cheered by the blessed thought that I had proved the constancy of my heart's first love! It would be a prouder, better destiny to die in sorrow, with my love unchanged and true to you, than to love another. I would be content to die if I could be assured that in your memory I would ever live as one, who, unlike the worldly herd, proved her deep devotion, faith and love, even unto death!"

There is one sentiment, noble in its truth and fervor, and that is—First Love,—the pure affection that comes to the youthful heart, and woos and wins its devotion, ere the world has inculcated any of its politic theory of artifice. And yet, how often is this holy love nurtured in the after years of life, by the watering of misery's tear? Vainly may pride plead against the impulse of the heart's first, true, and passionate love—in vain may deceit whisper, "You are deceived." Hope murmurs in the ear of the faithful hearted its echo of a firm and unfading trust. Thus with Emma Emerson, she could not—O! no, she *would not* bring herself to the fearful mistrust of the one who had first taught her the blissful dream of love. Appearances might tend to such a sad and bitter reality; yet in her heart she felt it was far happier to suffer the unrest and misery of this enigmatical estrangement—to nourish her devotion, cling to the

memory of the past, and live in the hope of the future joy, than even *try* to forget the manly form of the one she had only loved. Are there not many Emmas in real life, who prefer the *memory* of their buried love to the joy accruing from any new-found source of affection!—who cling to the dream of the past, and whose visions of the future are all gilded in the reflection of the love-light, which still lingers around the sepulchre of those faded days, when joy and hope made holiday in the spring-time of existence?

O! what a world of mystery is this! Two souls meet in mutual faith and devotion, and in that meeting there is a vivid flash of Eden-happiness!—a delicious fountain glittering with the drops of love's ambrosia, or like the impetuous rivulet flowing rapturously to old Ocean, is this bounding stream of joy to the twin-souls of these kindred hearts, now awakened into divine life by the heavenly power of love! But they part. Fate parts them. Following the world's voice of ambition; heeding the warning of false friendship, or bowing at the shrine of pride, they part—each gliding on through the irresistible tide of time, yielding to that

“Divinity that shapes our ends.”

But ere life's bark has drifted to its anchorage, at the dividing river, which separates earth and eternity—ere they have reached that point of bodily dissolution, destiny permits them to meet once again. Is it the same meeting of tumultuous bliss which once throbbed and trembled in your every pulse to hear that voice and meet those eyes of electric power?—Ah, no! Buoyant hope is dead, or the soul of each

has become impregnated with politic feeling. The free impulses of first warm and hallowed love are faded—lost in the grave of the world's cold, proud spirit! Such heart-misery has embittered many a life—taught many a lip to curl in pride, and schooled many an eye to wear a defiant look, and the tongue to deny the faith and confiding purity of earthly love. Life is indeed a strange anomaly of hope and despair, love and hate, scorn and pity—so intermingled, so nearly allied, as to scarcely be separately defined; and yet each peculiarity is forgotten, crushed and annihilated by the hand of that wonderful equalizer of all human beings—the ruler and leveler of all mankind—*Death!*



## CHAPTER XXIV.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave!

CAMPBELL.

No future hour can read my heart like this,  
Save that which breaks it.

MATHEW'S BERTRAM.

THE battle of Manassas has been fought. The 21st of July, 1861,—a day that will live in the annals of our present struggle as one of the most brilliant and successful battles to our cause—is now recorded amid the events of the past. It was a grand scene—one which no pen can paint, nor graphic power of description convey to the mind a just conception of. For hours our brave and unflinching Confederates met the enemy, who were vastly superior in all the appliances of war; and yet our determined soldiers were battling in a cause too noble and holy to waver, and they fought with a cool and self-possessed spirit worthy of veterans. Does not the heart of every Southerner revolt at the circumstances connected with this battle? To think that those who were ever attempting to lead in the van of civilization and philanthropy should not only equip a large, and, as they thought, invincible army, but that the National Congress should adjourn for the purpose of allowing its members to attend this battle,—that crowds of politicians, editors, fashionable beauties, idle loungers,

fops, and numerous others should follow in the track of this "grand army," to behold the dying and wounded, and hear the mourning and piteous sighs of the sufferers, who were the doomed martyrs, whose hearts' blood were to stain the fatal plains,—ah, do not these facts too plainly convince that it was a heartless majority of canting, cowardly braggarts, who fired and fanned into existence this horrid "civil war," and that these same fanatics of the Abolition school are supporting and encouraging the ravaging demon that is stalking abroad, to lay waste and desolate our sunny South? The brilliant uniforms, the streaming banners, and glittering arms of the gaily dressed and well equipped Yankee soldiery—the plain, dotted by plots of green woods here and there—the dim outline of the Blue Ridge—the waking thunders of the booming cannon and artillery—the crack of the trusty rifle, the flash of the sabre, and the roar of shot and shell as they whizzed through the death-charged air—all gave strange and thrilling interest, and tragic beauty to the hitherto quiet forest scenery of this sequestered spot of the "Old Dominion." There Virginia and Alabama stood side by side; and Georgia battled shoulder to shoulder with her sister States. Mississippi valiantly held her own; and North Carolina bravely did her duty, and the "Old Palmetto" added new lustre to the name of Southern chivalry. There each band of Southerners fought with characteristic impulse and determined valor. Lionel Mortimer rode in the thickest of the fight, leading his men on; and nobly did he sustain his reputation for courage and daring. As the exultant shouts of victory met his ear, and he saw the flying, frightened herd, he felt a proud

thrill ; and yet, as he glanced over the scene of carnage, and heard the cry of the wounded and dying, and met the faces of the silent dead, he felt that, though the victory was a glorious trophy—a brilliant page to deck our young nation's history—yet all its honor and eclat would but inadequately palliate the immolation of the many brave and loyal dead who had poured, in generous flow, the libation of their hearts' blood, as drops of liberty's dew, to nourish the plant of Southern Rights and to keep inviolate our hereditary freedom. Manassas is a fitting place for the survivors of this war to raise, in memoriam, fame's marble shaft to the heroic ones who there are sleeping in their last resting spot. But, the desolate hearts and homes whose light of love and joy were dimmed by the ravages of that day's scene, have reared, in the soul's ideality, *affection's* monument, which will but crumble into dust with the decay of the heart that gave it birth.

The tone of rejoicing was softened and subdued by the intermingling of victory and death. A solemn awe hovered over the general joy. Grief, with its cypress bough, twined itself in the wreath of laurel, as the united voices of fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, arose in grateful incense from the heart of our native South. We thanked Heaven for our success, and shed tears of anguish, as memory breathed her saddest requiem for our gallant dead !

August had wasted the golden days of her existence into ephemeral space, and was gently sinking into the arms of Indian Summer—beautiful season that bears such a fancied similitude to the gradual creeping on of the autumn-time of human life.

Colonel Lionel Mortimer is on "leave of absence"

from his division to recruit the thinned ranks of his gallant regiment. He gladly clasped the extended hand of his chum, Henry Midwell, as the latter greeted him at the village depot in a lively voice.

"Good morning, Mortimer! Egad, it is a treat to see you alive, and safe from the dangers and ravages of battle! I hope you are not as love-lorn and despondent as when you carried off, so triumphantly, the laurels of our Institute?"

"Not so much the latter, being convalescent from the effects of my blind devotion. No. I have seen the waste of time in playing the constant lover to my beautiful cousin. I have abandoned all hope there, and now nurse a fresher passion.."

"What! A new idol? Well, I am glad to hear it—although it proves man's inconstancy: however, more of this anon. Come, I am anxious to show you how exceedingly charming my Lillie is since she has glided out of herself into the sweet angel that hovers over and around our happy home, making life to me a bed of roses."

Soon the two entered the gravel walk leading to the neat granite cottage of Henry Midwell—the gay cadet of a few years since, now settled down into a contented Benedict. The beautiful garden and well regulated exterior only accorded with the taste and simple elegance of the interior. Lionel Mortimer was welcomed with unaffected cordiality by Midwell's young wife, as well as his beautiful sister, Fanny. All things moved and looked the personification of neatness and method. An air of joyous contentment beamed from the eye and heart of the master to the smallest domestic. Several days glided away, almost unnoted, so charmed was Lionel Mortimer



with the society, social spirit, and conviviality of his friends.

Fanny Midwell was now an object of undisguised interest. Walking with her this afternoon, all nature wore a brighter glow, and the very air seemed to have a purifying influence upon the sensitive heart of Lionel. With a voice that could well denote its speaker's feelings, he said :

"How charming everything looks in this rural spot! How refreshing to pass such delightful days after being mid the din and excitement of the crowded city, or on the tented field!"

"To one accustomed to the gaiety you refer to, our quiet little village must be inviting. However, I do not think I would grow weary of city life, at least, for a season or two."

"Perhaps not; yet I imagine you would, there is such sameness there. The very name of city is synonymous with deceit. It is an unpleasant way to drag out one's days in a crowded, smothering city."

"Yet such a life is eagerly sought by the gay, the fashionable and intellectual."

"Certainly; I must allow that gay, fashionable life has its fascination. A large and finely-structured city is the proudest aspiration and boast of civilization. What a world of planning, mechanical power, ideality and scheming, are required in the building of a city, and, by the very nature of Christianity we ought to find sympathy, love, and benevolence in this close mingling of thousands of human beings. The grand mansions, fine store-houses, commercial edifices, palatial hotels, magnificent churches, all so approximate, seem as if congenial to the idea or senti-

ment called *sympathy*. Yet, a city is the most sordid, selfish and immoral of all places. There the heart appears to forget its flow of generous impulses, to bury its admiration for the good and pure. Temples of wealth, hearts and heads are devoted to one deity—all bow down to and worship at the same shrine—all adore the one golden idol, and that idol is Mammon!"

"You seem sated with such life, Colonel Mortimer. I suppose the new scenes of bivouac and camp life are very alluring, if only for a change."

"Yes; it is pleasant because of the variety. Let us pause at this grassy plot, and view the beautiful scenery. The air is laden with summer's fading odor; everything is intensely beautiful, owing to your sweet smile and cheerful face."

"You have searched with an eye of susceptible appreciation; this indeed, is a lovely spot," replied Fanny, as she threw off her hat, and sat down on the velvet-like grass.

"Thank you for the compliment, Miss Fanny. The view here is captivating; the lingering rays of the departing day-king is gilding the western heavens. The birds—nature's sweet warblers, are chanting evening vespers in their temple of earthly space. The broad, blue vault above seems bending lovingly over terrestrial things, and the star of evening—Venus, with her sparkling corruscant glory, beams brightly forth, while purple clouds are floating over the sky, as if their lilac hue of sorrow was following in the wake of Sol's departing ray."

"You are a passionate lover of nature, and quite an enthusiastic admirer."

"I do love nature—ardently love the beauty of

nature. It is such impulse, Miss Fanny, such admiration that redeems man from the low and groveling. It is this lifting up of the heart that makes man worthy of the bliss and content of life."

As he concluded, he took from her hand a tuft of grass that she had just gathered, saying:

"I fear me, my fate is a dark one—this blade of grass will be, in its patient language, my redeeming quality."—

"You are a botanist. Every hour discloses new and pleasing traits. Let me think—what is the language of your typical tuft of grass?"—

"Submission, Miss Fanny, is it not?"

"But that does not accord with your past, present, and, I may safely add, future. You have been too successful in all respects."

"I am not so much so as you would imply. I will tell you candidly why I fear such a destiny. From boyhood I loved my beautiful cousin, Emma Emerson; you no doubt have heard your brother allude to the circumstance. When I thought to complete my early dream of happiness, by gaining her heart in return for the passionate one I would have given, I met the cold reply that she loved me warmly and dearly, but only as a relative. Well, this disappointment crushed my joy for a long time, and I sought the hollow and unsatisfactory goal of ambition. I lived, but for the vain laudation of my fellow-man. Gradually, time, neglect, and absence, overcame my love; and though my heart was as a desert waste, yet I toiled on, seeking ambition's smiles in lieu of love, and sought to climb the ladder of fame I am now slowly ascending its winding, treacherous stair. But another love—a pure, holy love, now fills my soul—I adore

a sweet girl, whose gentleness soothes, whose goodness enchants, and who I pray will love me back again—Fanny, I love you!”

He paused for a reply. Her lips quivered, as with deep agitation, and yet she breathed no word. His heart beat with fears which he had thought he would never endure again, as he impatiently asked :

“ Oh, tell me, have I loved again in vain ?”

“ Colonel Mortimer, I prize you highly as a friend, and there was a time that I think I would have loved you—but that time has passed. Too late have you disclosed your feelings. One month ago and I was free ; now I am the promised bride of another. I—”

“ Say no more. Oh, fate has meted me a multiplicity of sorrow in the word disappointment ! I feel that a power supreme rules my destiny. All earthly hope of happiness will soon die from my heart I fear. I feel like a weary pilgrim who had traveled far to the shrine of his adoration, and when nearing the end of his journey was startled by the death bell breaking upon his eager ear and telling him that his idol was dead ! You, Fanny, will live in memory forever. Oh, I am sick of ambition, tired of life ! Alas, ’tis recollection that ruins the happiness of the many ! Bless you, dear being, and may we at least be friends.”

“ Believe me, Colonel Mortimer, I shall proudly claim you as a warm and true friend.”

“ Thank you. Oh, think of my fate ! My life has been fraught with sadness. This moment is a miserable one, and the future is a mere blank, whereon I see but one word inscribed, and that is *wretchedness*. In the past disappointment clouded my sky—the present is the same. The future—oh, I shrink

with all my boasted courage, I shrink from the contemplation. Submission is indeed my only alternative. I was designed for a less blissful life than that of domestic joy. Past, present, and future is nigrescent with the misery of disappointment."

Fanny was quiet. All of the present circumstances were so closely linked with herself that she felt one word of condolence would sound as mere mockery. Turning to her, he looked earnestly at her, and continued:

"I am fated—no one to love me, to give me pride and flush my brow with joy and hope! Your way is smooth to view, and yet often we are deceived. Should you ever meet the dark cloud of adversity, remember Lionel Mortimer. In him you shall find a true friend to the ebb of existence. A friend who would lay down his life to avert sorrow and misery from your way. Remember I ask this as an especial favor."

"Thank you, and oh, believe me, I shall never forget you and your nobility of heart."

"To-night I leave this place. Its tranquillity mocks my sorrow. I will soon be in the field of busy life and martial duty and excitement. Will you not sometimes think of me, a sad wanderer, an exile from all joy? But no, I will not ask you to remember me; it would be unwise on your part and ungenerous on my own. I must recall even the wish to not be forgotten."

No one could detect in Lionel Mortimer's appearance that the evening had proved so unpropitious to his hopes. Henry Midwell did not dream of such a thing, and was quite surprised when his friend remarked:

"I must leave on the nine o'clock train to-night."

"Leave, indeed we cannot spare you. Why, Mortimer, are you so hasty?"

"Midwell, I would gladly remain, but my military as well as personal duty and interest bid me leave."

"Have you heard of any chivalrous exploit that is on foot and in which you desire to figure, or has any particular star made her debut in the fashionable world that makes you anxious to get rid of plain country folks and don the double refined polish of the beau monde?"

"I care not for the most brilliant star of woman-kind; never expect to conquer any of them. I am going heart and soul into the opening war drama to fight, aye, to die if need be for my native South."

"What a sudden change! Yesterday you admired even the trees, and praised each rural cot. Now you appear so royally proud one would suppose you spurned the looks of our cosy village."

"I am only too much tantalized by the content and happiness I see here. I must plunge into the active, soulless world again—meet desolate men like myself, and by the knowledge of their suffering, somewhat palliate my own."

"Ah, well, I see how it is—you only show man's fickle and roving nature."

"Even so."

The train rolled off. Midwell returned to his home of peace and bliss, while Mortimer looked out from the car window upon the fair moonlight in deep soliloquy. His reflections were gloomy. He almost thought that his love for his cousin Emma had made her fate sad, and he murmured:

"The one I loved, with my heart's young, enthu-

siastic passion, turned coldly from me; and now I fear her happiness has been marred by my devotion. Emma was the aurora of my life—the day-star of dawning manhood. She made me ambitious when a student; and then, like many a bright star, she faded from my sky. Fanny was the sunbeam, the noon-tide love, the idol of my mature hope. First and second love have died in bitter disappointment. I am wretched and my heart is growing callous. But away, dull dreams—away, such fitful humor and fancy. Ambition, ambition! I'll woo and win your proud smile. My native South needs strong and unyielding arms to battle for her rights and the perpetuation of her honor. I can at least devote myself to her cause. I may be marked with war scars, but

‘A scar nobly got,  
Or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor:’

and, if I am doomed to meet death amid the booming cannon and thunders of artillery, I will be numbered in the nation's solemn dirge for her martyred heroes' souls—‘Kyrie Eleison’—with mournful tone each living patriot heart will echo the chant.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

Through the shadowy past,  
Like a tomb-searcher, memory ran,  
Lifting each shroud that time had east  
O'er buried hopes.

MOORE'S LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

ARTHUR CLIFTON was in Emma's native town. She was absent. With a sad face, he refused to accompany his friend Dr. Alvan, to Oak Lawn, notwithstanding he was assured by the doctor that he would be joyously welcomed, kindly received; and that love predominated in Emma's heart. He was too much of a skeptic, too misanthropic, to trust love and woman's smile. He strenuously objected, and unhesitatingly refused to go, saying: "Had she been willing to forgive, willing to make me blessed in her love, she would not, she could not have left me to come (as she knew I would) a penitent man, weak with my love and suffering, and have thus disappointed my fond expectation of being permitted to once again behold her face. I shall not go with you, Alvan. Destiny decreed that we should not meet. Perhaps 'tis well; for I may thus have been spared the humiliation of having my heart thrust tauntingly back to my own keeping. My health is almost restored—I shall return home. In a few weeks I shall be out amid the brave defenders of this glorious Southern land. General B—— is a friend of my father's, and has watched over me and my in-



terest with the kindness and solicitude of an elder brother. I have the offer of a position as major on his staff ; I shall now accept it, and fly to the martial scenes and toils of a soldier's life, and thus assist to smother the existence, and blot out the memory of my unhappy love."

"Then you will not make this last effort to see one who I know loves you, and whom you are wronging by your ungenerous doubt and pride."

"No, Alvan ; destiny has separated us, and destiny will eternally divide us. I love—but my love has more of death than the ardent glow of vital, passionate life in it. I am going to battle for her native South. Tell her that I came, and that I, proud man as I am, wept at her unexpected absence, and my bitter disappointment—that I turned from the scenes that brought back, in most thrilling power, her every look and smile—that I turned from the sad, yet loved scenes and retrospection, to go again into the world, a miserable wanderer, with no beacon-light to guide my weary heart ; no ray of hope to cheer my desolate way. Nothing but vain pride and reckless ambition to buoy the desponding soul of the outcast Arthur, whom she has made a melancholy and miserable man."

He felt that he had traveled a long journey to the shrine of his devotion. Like the Spartan youth, he had traveled to the Athens of his heart, to visit the deity of his love, and like the youthful adorer of the great Socrates, he found that he had come the distant way only to be disappointed ; yet, unlike the admirer of this wonderful man of antiquity, he could not visit the tomb of his divinity—he could not, as did the eager boy, gaze long and lingeringly on the

earthly remnant of the object that had elicited his coming ; but like him he wept, and doubtless as the youth of Laconia, Arthur Clifton turned from the disappointment that met him, a wiser, sadder, and less proud being.

Look on this once gay and joyous man—this now despondent Arthur, and think of the tumult, the misery that we must know is brooding over his “heart of hearts.” Think of the dark shadow of gloom that is shrouding, with opaque despair, his misanthropic spirit ; making his very soul recoil from the phantom of dismay that is haunting his path ! Ah, for death to separate those who fondly love, is a much less terrible calamity than the estrangement, by some hasty step of passion, mistrust, or the harsh decree of fate, of two hearts that once sympathized with each other in weal or woe, and are in this sad alienation continually reflecting on what they once were to each other. But the conviction forces itself upon an observing mind, that there are many such desolate ones—many sadly parted beings who have learned from the torturing lessons of that master instructor, Affliction, that the sorrows of life form a more than equal counterpart to the joys of human existence. Indeed more than half of terrestrial life is a trial of bitter disappointment and despair. There are many noble brows that have been prematurely marked by the gloomy clouds concomitant upon the hearts battling with sad adversity. There are many bright eyes that have been too early dimmed by the tear of affliction, of worldly deceit and pride. Yet hope tenaciously clings to the heart, and involuntarily we are all hoping to realize the dreams of youth. We build “fair castles in the air,” and in good faith

anticipate their realization ; forgetting that the history of the whole universe teaches that all earthly hopes must fade, worldly grandeur and vain pomp—all must decay—become nonentity. Retrace the pages of the past—the past within our own brief recollection, or go further back in this review. Look through the window of the historic retrospection with which the master pen of historians have so bountifully enriched memory, giving to the imagination life-like pictures of the grand beauty and imposing magnificence of antiquity, and see ! The palatial temple of the Holy Land has long crumbled into mere dust, and but a few precious stones, of pebble-like size, now greet the eager eye of the pilgrim who wanders, with heart infused with religious fervor, to this sacred spot. The Parthenon—the brilliant jewel of the ancient world, the temple of Minerva—is a pile of ruins, a mere crumbling wreck of what its primitive glory exhibited to an admiring and appreciative age. The Forum of the old Romans a mere cattle market ! The Tarpeian Rock a garden plot ; and the holy stairs, whereon a Claudius and a Cæsar climbed with bended knees, are now—what are they now ? Ruins where the gay, prattling children of the city have made their playground. O ! does not memory weep over the isolated remnants of these relics of nations and people who were, as the sun, the solar orb of glory whence all effulgent rays were reflected on the surrounding scenes ? Should not all bow to destiny, and, as the Orientals, send in our symbol to the conqueror, Time, and the victor champion, Fate ? Should we not yield to the positive knowledge that human hopes, aspirations and attainments must fade into nothingness ? or is it happier to cling to hope, and

permit its allurements to lead us in the labyrinthian path of dreaming futurity?—be a martyr of faith, a Sisyphus on the mount of hope, or an Ixion on the wheel of fortune and destiny?

A month has glided away, and it has brought many changes.

Over the couch of Arthur Clifton, Dr. Alvan is bending. The sad face of the suffering one looks up to his boyhood-friend; his cheeks are pallid and wan, more with mental anxiety and care than physical anguish and debility.

“O, Alvan, how harsh has fate dealt with me! To think that through all the dreary future, I shall now go into the worldly crowd a piteous, maimed, and unlovable man! When I look at this remnant of my arm I feel that fate has, indeed, marked me out for gloomy misery and isolation.”

“Why, Arthur, you are keenly alive to the severity of the world’s opinion. The loss of half an arm does not spoil so noble a man as you are; nor does it mar the love and affection that any true woman’s heart would bestow. No, where love truly exists, that half of an arm will live as a monument of your valor and worth. A spirit of warmest sympathy will endear you now, doubly endear you, to those who sincerely love you.”

“O, if I had but died on the battle-field! I really would have preferred it to the loss of even a part of my arm.”

“Come, grumbler, none of your insinuations that you had rather that I would not have nursed and tended you through this ordeal, and made such a finished cure of your wounds. You must be cheerful, and not go to grumbling, because my love for

you made me desert all, and fly to you the moment I heard you were wounded ; besides, you know that I came laden with the most pathetic messages from that dear Emma, who, I doubt not, is invoking God daily and hourly now for your recovery, and who looked like a fainting angel as I hurriedly informed her of your danger, and my intention of seeking you. Could you have seen her deep, soul-speaking eyes, as she blessed me for my generous impulse and friendship, and have heard the prayer that trembled on her lips, like a solemn chant of low-breathed yet passionate fervor, I am sure you would think that it was well worth your physical suffering to have awakened such a tender glow in the heart of that beautiful being."

"Ah! but had I died then, she would have cherished my memory as one of pleasure. I would have lived in her recollection as the bright, buoyant Clifton of long ago, when nothing marred each and every feature requisite to an athletic and well-formed man. Now, how can I meet her with this stump of an arm?—see or feel her love die away, as it were, as she beholds this maimed spectre of the once proud man who dared to whisper his idolatrous love and devotion into her listening ears, and clasped with passionate embrace that sweet and angelic form! O, God! how can I ever bear it!"

Arthur Clifton was in the battle of Belmont, that memorable event, where our forces stood the fire of triple their number—where many of our heroic defenders met death, and where victory was dearly won. An ugly scar marked his brow, which was hidden by the rich waves of his black, glossy hair, that fell in careless luxuriance and grace over his

high, white forehead. He had also been wounded in the left arm; and his friend, Dr. Alvan, had most elegantly, and with masterly skill, amputated the injured part of the limb, leaving him only the half of that once perfect and symmetrical arm—making him, in his morbidly-sensitive soul, fear the jeer and smile of pity from the world.

In a few days Dr. Alvan left Arthur Clifton rapidly convalescing, and in the care of a kind family of personal friends in Tennessee; telling him, as he bade him “good-bye,” not to be laggard in his recovery, and to hold himself in readiness to be present, in a few weeks, at the consummation of a most important affair in the doctor’s life.

Several weeks passed slowly and very sadly to Arthur Clifton. As he beheld the changed being that war had transformed him into, he felt that all hope of love and happiness had indeed been blotted from the pages of his future. He turned from the old-fashioned full-length mirror in the sitting-room of this plantation-home of the hospitable farmer, where his friend Dr. Alvan had left him, with a countenance that resembled that of a doomed culprit. He felt lonely and quite miserable as he lit a cigar and threw himself dejectedly on the lounge near an open window. Closing his eyes he painted in fancy the bitter, joyless hours of the coming days—the injudiciousness and utter imbecility in him to feed upon the *lotos* food of love’s vain and yet sweet imagination that such a beautiful, proud and exquisite piece of angelical womankind as Emma Emerson could, or would love him now, even through mere pity! Poor, sensitive, shrinking heart!—he forgot that love, such love as is worthy the holy name, can not, nay, *will*

*not* die out because of a few war-gathered scars of honor and patriotic heroism, or perchance a missing limb, whose absence mostly tells of the suffering and valor of their owner, whose remnant of his former self is far preferable to the form and proportions of an Adonis, branded with the hissing word *coward*. To the eyes of a generous and appreciative being, the half-empty sleeve of Arthur Clifton's grey coat is an ensignia of honor that marks him a devotee to liberty. The deep scar, hid away from careless gaze by that wealth of raven-hued hair, will be an incentive to arouse a warmer and more devoted love in the soul of sympathetic woman. He was awakened from his dreamy meditation by the entrance of a servant with a letter.

"What can this be? A white and chastely-covered envelope, such as a young fastidious belle and beauty would choose, and yet this is Alvan's chirography—ah! I see," he exclaimed, as a card fell from the folds of the letter, with the inscription—

"COL. AND MRS. DESONGES,  
At Home,  
*Thursday, Dec. 20th, 8 o'clock, P. M.*"

On the margin of the card was inscribed:

"WADE ALVAN, M. D."  
"MISS CLARA DESONGES."

The style and lettering was elegant and tasty. Dr. Alvan's accompanying letter was an urgent appeal, instead of a request, that he should attend; and, as the 20th of December was rapidly approaching, he had but a short while to waste in vacillating opinions and decisions. At first he determined not to attend.

"No, I will not go; I am yet too much debilitated (more in mind than in body, however,) to undergo the excitement incidental to such an affair as this will be. I will write my apology and prevent his expecting me; but Wade Alvan has been my warm and dearest friend from very boyhood, and has evinced in the past few months an interest and love deeper than man usually entertains for his fellow-man. I would be acting selfishly and rather too ungenerously to stay away, even though it cost me much mental anguish, which I feel it will. There, I know, I shall unavoidably see Emma. Miss Desonges is her cousin; of course, she will be present, and I—poor, maimed, pitiful I!—must undergo the acute misery of meeting her! I can imagine her look of startled surprise, and probably disgust, as she views this ghost-like remnant of myself! Through pity she may bestow a smile of sympathy and sorrow; but ah! not her smile of olden-time love! O! why did fate so rudely mangle and mar even my personal appearance, as well as the joy of my life?"

Pride bade him stay away, but duty and friendship urged him to brook all, and make his friend Alvan happy by complying with his urgent request. As he sought his portfolio for writing-material to reply to his friend's letter, he could not avoid reflecting on the partiality of fate, and with a voice of mingled vexation and sadness, he gave his bitter thoughts verbal flow:

"My youthful friends have, with me, grown to manhood, and have nearly all now a gentle, loving being to shed a halo of joy around their worldly paths. But here am I, the isolated and wretched Clifton; one who gave promise of the most brilliant



destiny of all my boyhood companions—I have no joy but this omniferous passion, this undying love for one who has made happiness a hollow dream, and bliss a shadowy phantom. Well, in wearing out my life thus, I can prove that man does have deep feelings of unchanging affection, which, once firmly centered on an object, will not be torn from its idol; will not give up its spiritual communion and adoration of its deity. Let fate do her worst, I defy her power to rob me of the memory of her I love. Memory, O! I live on it! I feed upon the fruit which I gather from the limbs of the pendant branches of remembrance. My heart and soul are linked by the beautiful chain of recollection which unites the past with the present! O! I thank God for the potency of thought, and the buoyant spirit of dreaming ideality! Many a scene of joy will bear me soothing mental companionship as I glide on to the city of the dead, and at last the sad and miserable Clifton will sink into the grave but little mourned and very soon forgotten. My only happiness through all, Emma, is to worship thee! only thee!—to wear you enshrined in my heart while I live, and to die in the blessed hope to claim thee in that immortal sphere—surely there thou wilt be my spirit's bride!"

He finally wrote a hasty note signifying his intention of being present, if possible; and he was certainly more calm and collected after he had determined to do his duty to his friend, Dr. Alvan, and manfully meet the tide of destiny. We may well believe that it required no little degree of moral courage to contemplate a meeting at such a time and under such circumstances, with one from whom he was so sadly estranged, and one whom he wildly and

idolatrously loved—the more intensely worshiped now that fortune (to all appearances) had placed an insuperable barrier to the mere hope of the ultimate realization of his youthful faith and love.

Deeply he imbibed the draught of bitterness.—No fount of bliss, no sweet oasis bloomed in prospective over the wilderness of life. Even the cup of friendship was, like the waters of Marah, to his soul, bitter—bitter!

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Life is full of grief and wailing,  
Death is champion of the field ;  
Brightest hopes are unavailing  
'Gainst this grim old tyrant's steel.  
Every sense of human feeling  
Is o'erstrung with intense pain ;  
O'er the heart is sadly stealing  
Misery's dull and gloomy reign.

ROSALIE.

THE long anticipated *Thursday, twentieth of December*, has dawned. The morning sun arose with effulgent ray, throwing over the woods around a flood of golden beams. All is bright and joyous ; no clouds appear in the morning sky to cast their gloomy reflections on the gay assembly. At an early hour, many sparkling eyes are open to greet day's orb, and enjoy the bracing and invigorating breeze. The cool air floated over the cheek of many a city beauty, who rejoiced at being permitted to fly from their cage of a city home's dust, tiresomeness and tumult. All are on the *qui-vive*, anxiously awaiting the night.

At ten o'clock Dr. Alvan was seated in a buggy, preparatory to driving to the depot near, to meet Arthur Clifton. With a fine, spirited horse, he drove off, laughing as Victor said to him :

"Hold a tight rein, or Juno will fly away with you !"

As he passed from view, he jestingly replied :

"Never fear ; Juno is too loyal to fly away with me at this peculiar state of affairs !"

What a proud thrill of happiness filled his heart ! Joy was indeed opening a blissful prospective. With Clara's bright smile to cheer him onward, he feared no power to do him harm ; he feared no fate to bring him gloom and shroud the sunlight from his sky. Love had blessed him, and therefore life was unfolding an Eden-time for his devoted soul. A thought of sadness flitted over him, as he remembered Emma's sad smile and anxious eye, and knew that those marks of sorrow were the effect of the unhappy estrangement. He drew largely on the ground of hope ; launched boldly into the stream of faith ; and pictured a scene of reconciliation, which in his heart he fully determined that this meeting at the nuptials of Clara and himself should bring about. Thus, true to his noble nature, he has not forgotten Emma and Arthur ; and like the loyal, mutual friend he is, he will do, and dare much, to replace their old feeling of faith and love ; and may possibly teach them that haste and pride has been their stumbling blocks, not inconstancy nor indifference. As he halts at his destination, we leave him to await the coming train, and return to the gay crowd he has left.

Victor Desonges and his dear Kitty, Miss May, Lionel Mortimer, and many others, are walking over the old grounds. Here and there they pause, to admire some pretty little blossom that peers modestly from its hiding, wooing old winter's sunshine, and decking with floral purity the frosty brow of snowy December. A gay party are lounging in the piazza, talking fashionable nonsense and important on dits. A similar crowd are making pretence at being cold, and shrugging their shoulders like a discomfitted Frenchman, as they hover around the grates, whose

glowing coals shed forth a heat sufficient to warm into comfortable temperature the most platonic hearts or weather-chilled frames.

Clara has in turn deserted each circle, and entered her room. With a voice of honest surprise, she exclaimed :

“What! Cousin Emma, you here, all solitary, and alone! Why, you are really growing cold and gloomy latterly, and—let me see—here are some white tear-drops, almost congealed on your cheeks! This must not be. I have looked for you amid the bevy down stairs, and have been deputed, by several of your ardent admirers—O! don’t look so reproachfully at me for saying ‘admirers,’ probably it would be nearer right to say ‘worshipers,’ though I pity any devotee to your proud heart and cold smile—I am deputed to find the erratic star, and bring her back into her accustomed orbit! Shall I report that I have found you thus alone and sad?”

“I own that my present appearance is suspicious, and my conduct rather egotistical; but I thought no one would miss me. I felt sad, and almost miserable, and I could not resist the temptation of stealing a march on etiquette, in order to be alone with my own reflections. But I am glad that you have found the delinquent.”

“Yes, I am pleased to find the self-exiled beauty. But, Emma, dear cousin, I pray you tell me why you are thus sad? Why in tears on this my wedding-day? True, it is a very critical turn of my life—it is the shaping of the future, for weal or woe. But surely no grim visage has warned you of a bitter fate awaiting me?”

“No, Clara; nothing of the kind. I can see no

cloud in the sky of the future for you ; And O ! I earnestly pray that no sorrow will ever enfold you. I, yes I, but too well know the agony—the anguish of disappointment.”

“Tell me your sorrow—do ; for if I am not made your confidant I shall feel a shadow of gloom to-day, even with all my joy !”

“I have no great sorrow to disclose. Little misery here, bitter sorrow there, sad moments of anxiety, petty care, and trivial disappointment. Nothing so strange ; yet linked together, they have made me sad in my moody reflection this morning. The face is the heart’s mirror, and knowing that I cannot hide my sad soul from those who read the feelings of the heart by the tell-tale countenance, I evaded those who have argus eyes, and are skillful detectives, not wishing to have my sadness commented upon.”

“How proud ! O, Emma, we all have too much pride inherent in us—too much to be happy. I can well remember the time when I thought my pride would never yield enough to permit me to love mortal man. But love has thrown a fold of trust over my soul ; and in the plenitude of that feeling I have forgotten all pride.”

“The silver web of joy is deeply, purely woven about thy heart. The delicate buds of first love were not blighted in sad despair ; but nurtured by a warm mutuality, they have expanded and blossomed till of thy very existence a part. I should feel like envying you, were it not I love you too dearly to be so selfish.”

Thus these two were far off from the gay crowd conversing, while from the window of their retreat they could see through the orange, magnolia’s oaks,

and other evergreen foliage, flitting forms of the guests who were roving through the green-houses and arbors, chatting on the old rustic seats beneath the shadow of the stately trees, or promenading the avenue, over which rows of tall magnolias interlocked their luxurious branches. Through the loop-holes of the green leaves, the sunlight danced in and out like merry little waifs of rosy-cheeked childhood, playing the roguish game of "hide and seek."

The train has just rolled up; the shrill locomotive whistle gives notice of its arrival, and the cars stop. Through the croud thronging the platform, a tall, manly form was looking around as if to greet some expected and familiar face; his eyes brighten, and he smiles as he hears the voice of the one he was anxiously seeking.

"Is this you, Arthur Clifton? Well, my dear fellow, I am decidedly glad to see you."

"Alvan, this is just like you. I so much desired you to meet me here, and yet I thought it rather unreasonable to expect it."

"Not the least unreasonable. But come; give your check to the porter, who is waiting for your baggage; he will get it all right, while we will proceed without further delay. Just step into the buggy, and Juno will carry us almost as on wings of the wind to our destination."

"You are quite animated. Really, Alvan, I never saw you look half so well as you do. This happy affair will make rather a good-looking man of you yet."

"How do you suppose I could be other than animated and good-looking, Arthur? I am proud of

my angel-like wife—that is to be. She is the very personification of goodness and truth—has no equal except her charming cousin Emma. By the bye, you look capital. I am glad of it. There is one whom you will meet here that I am anxious that you should appear to good advantage before. You have improved more than I dared to expect; and that splendid suit of black—plain, yet tasty, gives you a royal appearance. But I forget myself; I really believe Juno will fly with us too swiftly.”

“I am, as usual, very gloomy and blue. ~~I am so~~ accustomed to being sad and melancholy that, I fear me, my presence at this scene will cast a shadow over its gaiety.”

“Nonsense, you misanthropic and despondent fellow!”—

Just then a dog ran near the mettled steed, barking furiously, and the spirited animal dashed off at a miraculous rate. Arthur Clifton grew nervous and pale, as he vainly endeavored to seize the reins and assist Alvan to check the startled horse. The doctor would not permit him to clutch them but momentarily. A hasty curve in the road and sudden spring of the light buggy, and Clifton was thrown from the vehicle. Recovering his foothold, he was not injured by the accident. He called to Alvan to leap from his seat, and thus save his life. The doctor did not hear him. On, on the fleet Juno sped. Dr. Alvan's face crimsoned with fatigue, as he exerted all his physical strength to stop the horse. In his excitement he had unwittingly wound the reins completely around his hands; he plainly saw his critical position, and with bitter voice he exclaimed, “O God! save me! Clara, my beautiful Clara waits for me! O fate, save me!”



With a powerful effort the enraged animal dashed him from his seat and suddenly paused ; the next moment chafing and foaming, she bounded off, rattling and tearing the buggy as she rapidly disappeared. The doctor lay mangled and senseless. Arthur Clifton, who had got into the baggage cart, soon came to the spot. With a cry, he leaped from his seat, and running to the doctor, he called to him, but no answer came. Seizing a can of water in the cart, he poured a portion of it on the doctor, and in a few seconds the form gave signs of returning consciousness.

"Oh, Alvan ! look up ; do not make me more wretched than I am. Speak to me, my boyhood, my manhood, my life's best friend, speak to me !"

"Arthur, I am dying ! An internal wound is killing me—O, Heaven !"

With intense anxiety he listened to him, and in attempting to move the mangled form, he saw the quivering of acute pain, and knew that life was indeed swiftly going.

"Arthur," sighed the suffering one, and as he opened his eyes and gazed upward, he seized his friend's hand, and gasped with a voice of lingering anguish, "Arthur, tell my angel one, my Clara, farewell ! O, C—l—a—r—a !" —

The unfinished sentence died upon his powerless tongue. Arthur Clifton bent over him in silence ; no sound was heard ; he listened to hear the beating of the heart in vain, and with a despairing voice he exclaimed :

"Alvan, O, do not die ! Heavens ! is this the end of all his anticipated joy ? Alvan ! Alvan ! you are not, surely can not be dead ! Dead ! O, how can I

bear the thought? And your Clara! It is bitter, bitter! How he loved her—dying thus wretchedly, her name lingered on his lips, even unto death! Wretched fate—here, George, assist me to place him in your cart; or can you not go and bring a softer and more suitable bier?”

“Yes, Major Clifton; it is only a little way to the house. Let me go and get a carriage, or something else. O, Miss Clara will go mad—I know she will be crazy before night,” said the negro boy who stood near.

“Go—be quick. Tell your master of all.”

Taking the horse from his cart, the servant was soon out of sight. Arthur Clifton gave way to the impulse of his soul. Tears rolled down his manly cheeks, as he sat with the corpse of his dearest friend in his arms. Alone, with the blue sky above, and the dark, wintry woods around, involuntarily he wept as he heard but the pulsing of his own heart, and looked upon the cold, lifeless face of the ill-fated doctor.

“O, that I could have died for you, Alvan! I could have been taken, and left no broken-hearted bride, no one to have wildly mourned for my loss. Fate, grim tyrant! how suddenly you have killed the joy of this truly noble fellow! How rudely you have blighted the bliss of a fond, angelic woman!”

It is indeed a sad, sad destiny—a miserable change. He, the noble, happy man, who had so joyously parted from friends, to meet a warmer and a dearer one, so full of hope, building in the future gorgeous visions of joy! Alas! in the brilliancy of his career, in the noontide of success, he is held by the icy hand of death—cruel and relentless death! In the early

budding and bloom of youth, in the meridian of life, in manhood's proudest hour, to the bent form of age ; everywhere, every condition from the cottage to the palace, thou art the visitant that stalks abroad, entering where least expected. Death is master of all ; at his bidding, the young and beautiful, the true and noble, the wretched and forsaken sink into the silent grave.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

O! wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed  
 The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed,  
 With aching temple, on thy hand reclin'd,  
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind—  
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,  
 And think on all my love to thee and all my woe?

CAMPBELL'S PLEASURE OF HOPE.

No, I can ne'er forget thee,  
 One feeling triumphs over all,  
 This old love still enfolds me  
 With an unyielding thrall.

ROSALIE.

How gloomy and impressive was the scene, mournfully solemn, as a few friends bore the form of Dr. Alvan into a chamber! Every face was sad, every eye was dimmed with tears, as the bier passed with its unhappy and truly unfortunate burden.

At the first intimation of the sad calamity, Clara mourned piteously, and fell lifeless at this sudden stroke of affliction. Ere they had scarcely placed his cold form on the resting prepared, she glided like a mournful spirit into the room, and knelt despairingly at his side. Friends, parents, and relatives, all mingle their tears, all wept for her as she murmured:

"Wade! O, dear me, smile upon me! Shall I never hear your voice again? This is too bitter, too bitter a trial! O, heaven, I implore thee to let me die!—O, let me die, die with him!"

Long did she kneel there, perfectly oblivious to

any one's presence ; and when she was gently moved from his bier, she wept so sadly, so wretchedly and despondently, that the coldest heart must have vibrated in sympathy as they watched the intensity of her grief. Many a proud young man who gazed on the scene would have sacrificed much to have known that he was loved as truly and devotedly by as pure a heart as hers. All was sorrow and gloom. Ah! the happy sunshine and joyous tone of yesterday was but too bright to last.

Night's ebon shadow threw its curtain fold over the earth. As the clock chimes forth the hour which was to have completed his early hopes—made him the proud and happy husband, and her the blushing bride—he lay cold, inanimate, chilled in death, and she is weeping, wildly weeping, over her harsh fate!

The lights burn dimly in the death-chamber. The sad sighing of the wind mourns a wailing requiem, as if lamenting for the dead. By the couch of Dr. Alvan, Arthur Clifton kneels, at a lonely hour of night, with heart sad almost to frenzy. He looked on the marble form, then, with a sigh that seemed to come from the deep recess of his miserable soul, he turns and glides for the first time away, leaving the many others present to guard over the remains of his cherished friend. He seeks solitude, for he feels that his cup of misery is well nigh running over.

The moon had not long been risen ; a few straggling, meteoric rays of this goddess of the night glance in through the Venetian blinds of the private parlor, where, lonely and sadly, Emma Emerson was sitting. She has not been near the corpse of Dr. Alvan. She gazed from this very window, and saw them as they bore him to the house ; she beheld this

solemn scene with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes. Ah! it was poignant grief enough. It produced heart quiverings, made her soul shudder from excess of pain and sympathetic sorrow. She would not trust herself to go to the death-chamber, where lay, in marble-like coldness, the form of this, her true friend—one who was her friend unto the end of life.

Pausing, as he was in the act of passing the door of the apartment, Arthur Clifton saw the shadow of some one near the window. He peered in; one glance, and he well knew who it was, alone and in apparently sad meditation. His heart beat tumultuously: a nervous chill ran over his frame. He stood momentarily irresolute; then, unable to resist the heart's entreaty, his step sounded softly on the yielding plush carpet. Her ear detected the approaching footsteps, and turning her face as he advanced to her side, she met the thrilling, deep-searching eyes of Arthur Clifton!

She remained statue-like, as if chained to her position. Their eyes met. In his soul every fond and treasured hope of reconciliation or forgiveness died away as he beheld this sad and yet superbly beautiful being, looking the life-picture of queenly magnificence. He vainly endeavored to read the language of her eyes. As she turned from him silently and sadly, he drew nearer, and following the impulse of his sensitive and grief-laden soul, he knelt at her side and exclaimed:

"Emma! O, Emma! may I dare to speak and plead my cause—to tell you all? Heaven knows that I have seen my folly—my wild haste; and God has severely punished me for my wronging, by sad mistrust, your pure heart. O, what a moment of

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torturing anguish! Tell me, can I ever be forgiven? I am a weak man now: weak, all pride is dethroned when in the presence of her I love! I am here, Emma! why am I here kneeling, tremblingly and doubtingly? Ah, I was drawn here by repentant pride and the spell of hope. I am a poor wretch waiting for your dear lips to pronounce my doom! I pray you to forgive me—forgive me in memory of your love in the past! Believe me that my spirit is true in its penitence and undying love!”

Bending down near him she said, in a voice of low, tender kindness:

“Forgive! Yes, I gladly forgive you, Arthur, and love you—have loved you through all!”

He passionately clasped the hand she held out to him, and murmured:

“True to the last, Emma! Best beloved—idol of my heart! Again do I hold thy hand in mine own! and through all the future—by my every hope of earthly joy and belief in the heaven above, I will but live to make some amends for my ungenerous and unworthy action, which has so long parted me from my first and my last love!”

“Is this reality! How very strange the decree of destiny! I have often yearned for this meeting! I crush my woman’s pride, and frankly tell you that I have prayed for this moment; and yet I would that a kind Providence had made it less closely linked with such sadness.”

“O, Emma! breathe not a word of sadness—break not the spell of joy that in this reunion, in this happy hour my heart does know! Can you indeed truthfully tell me that you have loved me through this sad estrangement?”

"Your doubt is idle. I have struggled against my love for you; I have tried to bury it away, but I could not; and, at last, yielding to its supreme power, I gave up my vain efforts to forget, and loved you with all my enthusiastic spirit of devotion."

"O, how I shall ever bless the good angel that directed my footsteps to this spot! I was despairing, proud and gloomy as I came on my way here; and a few hours since, as I lingered near the lifeless frame of one who, from boyhood, has been my warmest friend, I felt that all the future was but sorrow for me. But now! O, I can not be called unfeeling to have forgotten my grief, and feel joyous at this meeting, which has brought me to the presence and revealed the constancy of the dearest and noblest woman that earth ever claimed!" As he concluded he leaned nearer. Once again his locks of jet mingled with the rich waving clusters of her dark-brown hair, and lips that have not felt the thrilling power of the pressure of divine love, which sends the blood in ecstatic flow to the passionate heart, and almost paralyzes the soul with its exquisite bliss—lips that have mourned for this moment of holy purity and fervor, met in a delicious kiss of mutual devotion and forgiveness of the past!

"I am happy again. I fear me that a life-time devoted to your exclusive joy and content will be but an inadequate penance for my ungracious conduct. But could you know how I have suffered, your tender pity and sympathizing heart would only the more readily pardon me!"

"Arthur, I willingly forgive you, and only ask you to teach me to forget all the sad past."

"Give me this beautiful hand again—give me thy



pure loving heart again—O, yes, be happy, and thereby make me supremely so!”

“Take the hand, but the heart is not my own to give; it is now, even now, every throb, every pulse yours!”

“Heaven rob me of my existence, if I ever again cause you one moment’s misery. To you I devote my life.”

“Have you never forgotten me, Arthur? No, not that, for you could not quite forget, even if you would: but have you not thought of what a sad ‘destiny’ would be mine if I loved you and never looked back over the days of yore?”

“Yes, dearest Emma, I have sighed over the past, have often relived the days of our meeting. I have often thought that the evening you blessed me with your love, the happy farewell night at Capon, was a bright scene never to be forgotten, a bliss of a lifetime pressed into the space of a few hours; and I have penitently beseeched this meeting and reconciliation. But, Emma, you have surely forgotten, in the enthusiasm of the moment—yes, you have certainly forgotten. I am not the same being in personal appearance as when I first won your heart’s love. Look at this left side; see, there is but the half of that arm that once clasped your angelic form; this negative imperfect limb is now a mere relic of itself. I am, indeed, a sadly maimed, pitiable, and unlovable wretch.”

“O, Arthur! how unjust, how cruel in you to even insinuate that my woman’s heart will not love you more fondly, prize you more dearly, with this evidence of your suffering and loyal admiration of my native South! To me you are more worthy of my

devotion and sincere affection than you ever were. Believe me that true love the fonder clings, and burns with renewed ardor, if the treasured object meets with worldly blight or disappointment."

The ensuing morning a metallic burial casket arrived from the city. Many of Dr. Alvan's friends, who were present, desired to carry his remains to his boyhood's home to be interred. Clara wept, and implored that they should not take him so far away, but place him in their family cemetery.

"O! father, dear brother, I pray you, do not suffer them to carry him from me—even in death I am his. O, no, place him where I may often visit his grave, and live in the past. Do not carry him so far from me; it is ungenerous to ask it. I will not, can not consent!"

"We will not, Miss Clara. I am confident that he would oppose it, and that it would have been his last request to be in death near you; we will certainly bury him wherever you wish," said Arthur Clifton.

"Yes, we will lay him in our family burial-ground. Do not weep so wildly, my dear sister, but more submissively bow to this visitation of Divine power."

O! brother——."

She could not finish the sentence, her voice became inaudible, and she sunk, a pale shadow of grief, into her cousin Emma's arms.

It was a sad sight to behold the gloom that one day had brought over this once gay assembly. It was a solemn and impressive thought to reflect on the sudden change—that of following, in slow and mournful procession, to the grave, one whom

they had come to see fill the happiest destiny of man. They placed him away beneath the cold sod, and as the fresh-dug earth was replaced, and fell with pitiful and mourning echo on the casket's lid, tears flowed from every eye around. In his resting couch of death he will sleep in that mysterious dream with his mother dust over and around him, till the angel messenger shall sound his signal trump, bidding the dead arise and again put on the vestments of the human form. Tall trees wave over his head, a large bending evergreen droops its sorrowful limbs immediately over the fresh mound. The silent mantle of night comes on; the moon, as a pale watcher over the new-made grave, rises, and shines with her white rays of heavenly purity on the spot. We leave him within the grave's dark portal, where mournful zephyrs will breathe out, in sad and Æolian pathos, soft whisperings, murmuring an unceasing elegy to his memory.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The pilgrim swallow cometh  
To her forsaken nest ;  
So must the heart that roameth  
Return to find its rest.

MRS. HALE.

CLARA DESONGES has been dangerously ill since the evening of the burial. A raging fever still confines her to her bed. Weak, and almost heart-broken does she lay on her sick, suffering couch, and pray to die, and be placed beside the fondly loved Wade Alvan. But Heaven has decreed otherwise ; her health is being restored by the most attentive medical power, and the kindest of watching and soothing of sympathetic hearts, together with Divine Providence, who seems to have destined her to live many long, dreary days, perhaps years.

Emma and her mother will remain a month, and though our heroine was sad to again see Arthur Clifton leave her, yet she now feared no power but death to part them. She fully believed that a compassionate and omnipotent One would not crush her happiness in its new bloom of trusting hope. With a reluctant good-bye he departed, to rejoin her when she returns to her home in C——, and then—well, we shall have the sequel presently.

Gradually Clara regains her strength, and a few weeks subsequent, leaning on her Cousin Emma's arm, she draws near to Dr. Alvan's grave, over which

no monument has yet been placed. She desired that it should be left as it is until she is sufficiently restored in her physical and mental suffering, and then she will rear a mausoleum of her heart's own ideality over this sacred spot. She sighs as she kneels beside the mound, and with a subdued and saddened face, looks on the last resting-place of the only one she has loved on earth.

Little know the cold, worldly crowd, the careless, idle "passer-by," the depth of the misery that reigns in such grief-stricken souls. Sorrow treads heavily on the young heart, and leaves thereon a deep impression, even when she departs, throwing her mantle of despair around, and enveloping all the future joy with its shadow of sadness. The poetic assertion seems but too true,

———"Only this is sure,  
In this world naught save *misery* can endure."

After considerable pleading, Emma obtained her Aunt Desonges' consent for Clara to return with them to C—. The month is wasting into a few days, and she has lingered as long as her own anxious heart will permit her to, and yet she would not willingly leave her cousin Clara so desolate and despondent, and she has sought, and obtained, the consent of her parents to carry her with her, where she will see none of the familiar objects that cluster around her path, and bring the memory of the departed one ever forcibly to her mind.

A chilly afternoon, the sad time when the sensitive heart most terribly feels the loss of its cherished and kindred soul; the withering winter season, when nature looks gloomy—Clara, in a garb of deep

mourning, is seated on a plot of evergreen grass that grows near Alvan's grave. The sun was sinking in the western sky, and yet she lingered—it is her last visit to this spot for many days. With a melancholy air she turned to Emma and said :

“O! to think that my brightest hope on earth lies here, entombed forever from my eyes. O! this misery is a blighting and bitter sting. I have known some who were deserving of such a fate as this, but I, what can I have done to have made me the recipient of such sorrow, and such a despairing futurity?”

“Grieve not so, dear Clara. Remember that ‘whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.’ We are all weak and unworthy mortals, who should not dare to question the immutable justice of Heaven; yet I do not censure you—I can not; for your misery is more torturing than death.”

“Do not tell me of anything that I am so deeply impressed with as the power and equity of Omnipotence. I feel that the past has been too joyous. We have been too selfish, and entirely forgetful of the ‘Giver of all good.’ I will try to be more patient under my affliction; yet, in my heart his image alone shall reign through life, even through eternity.”

“For that soul of constancy, which I believe inherent in you, I will never chide you. I believe, as Irving has beautifully declared, that ‘There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn, even from the charm of the living.’ Such I feel is now the language of your heart, and I doubt not will ever be.”

“Yes, it were a cold, callous one that would tell me to forget my grief, blot out his memory, and learn

to love another. Emma, you are my guardian angel. It is chiefly to your kind care that I owe my present convalescence, and you, more than all—you have sympathized with, and soothed me in this bereavement."

"Go home with me, and let me still be near you. I would remain much longer with you, but I should not thus impose on the happiness of another, by requiring him to anxiously wait for months. Arthur writes to me pleadingly to return, that he may seek me at my home. We, as I have told you, have been sadly separated, and I hope you will not think me too selfish in really wishing to be with him."

"No, I cannot. I certainly yield to your request, and go with you. I like Arthur Clifton; he is a feeling and noble man, and it is very evident that he did love Wade dearly."

"Yes, he loved him truly. They were boys together, and college students. I have heard him often speak of Alvan in kindest tones. Though many believe that man never really loves man, only for interest, yet I am sure they loved each other with mutual trust and friendship, unalloyed by such sordid feeling."

The sun had sunk to rest; the long shadows of twilight had grown dull, and the evening star shone like a guardian spirit or beacon light out upon the brow of coming night. The wind whispered lowly, as if this spot was sacred to the very air, as they bade farewell to the family cemetery. Emma wrapped the chenille shawl around her cousin Clara; and as she drew her arm within her own, she saw the tears trembling on her dark lashes, as though the soul was overcharged with sorrow. She paused to

close the iron gate, and whispered, in her heart, a long adieu to Dr. Alvan's grave. She felt it would be many a day ere she revisited here; but she could never forget this faithful friend. Slowly and musingly the two walk from this quiet spot—the one dreaming of the past, the other building in the future.

Three days after, and the Emersons are "home again." There is a new energy and spirit in Emma's every look and tone; she glides around like a good angel, and is gradually wooing, ever and anon, a few wandering smiles to the face of the sad and pale Clara.

Emma's home is not what it once was—ah, no! Time has brought many and varied changes. She never more welcomes with fondness her noble and dearly-loved father; she has not known such happiness in years. She will no more impatiently wait for the gay cadet, Lionel Mortimer, to procure the coveted "leave of absence," and pass jovial Saturdays together; nor does she look for the pretty form of her dear friend, Molly Elby, with her sparkling eye of mirth, as she bounded up the old lawn. Never again will those scenes of olden time, of youthful bliss and girlhood's joy return. They have faded with the past—gone, glimmering into the unfathomable sea of time, never to be revived but in memory's hall. But though she sits, and dreams over all the past, and knows its days will come again "never more!" she has a hope so fond and faithful in the constant love and happiness of the future, that she willingly yields to the power and tide of destiny, and in her mind's eye, she revisits the scenes of other days, and breathes a sigh of gentle sorrow, perhaps she may drop a tear

———"So gentle and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,"



as she musingly leans over the casket wherein the heart keeps its treasured and holy remembrances of the past.

The morning paper was eagerly caught up by Emma, as they sat around the breakfast table. She glanced over it, and her eyes rested on a conspicuous column edged with the black line usual to obituary notices: her cheek crimsoned, and then the flush was succeeded by a slight pallor, as with a calm voice she said:

"The Hon. Joel Watuga is dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed her mother.

"Yes, dead."

Lionel Mortimer, who was present, having stopped to remain with his Aunt Emerson a short time ere his return to the army, received the paper from his cousin Emma, and read, in his clear, full-toned voice, the column commenting on the talent, worth and patriotism of the late Colonel Watuga. He died suddenly at a hospital in Virginia, from exposure in the excessively cold climate, to which he was unaccustomed. His remains were en route, with military escort, to the town of his nativity. With pomp and parade, he will soon be consigned to the grave, and not long ere the name and memory of Watuga will sink into comparative forgettiness. His death did not fall like an ebon spirit of despair on any fondly loving and anxious ear; or chill with sorrow any affectionate heart. He had made no loving tie on earth to be broken. He had lived and died an isolated one; mingling in the world's current of ambition and folly. But we turn from the theme, invoking

"Peace to his ashes."

With unfeigned sadness, Lionel Mortimer bade good-bye to his aunt Emerson; pressed, with a brother's fondness, the brow of his cousin Clara; and imprinting a fervent kiss on Emma's glowing cheek, with quick step he glides to the waiting carriage, where he meets the Rev. Edwin Hale, chaplain of his regiment. As this venerable Christian and patriot shakes, with fatherly joy, Lionel's hand of welcome, and speaks of stirring events of the coming days that are even now casting their shadows over our sunny land—as he listens to the silver-haired divine, the holy disciple of truth and Providence, of God's love and mercy, his thoughts fly to the camp and his brother soldiers. He is eager to enter upon the varied changes that this fluctuating and uncertain warrior-life promises. Hope fills his soul with her own bright hues, and he feels that he may yet fulfill an earthly mission worthy of the best and strongest efforts of man. God speed to him. "Farewell!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

All is sunshine ! gloom has fled  
From 'round my aching heart ;  
Joy, her brightest ray, has spread—  
O, may it ne'er depart.

ROSALIE.

ARTHUR CLIFTON is once again a visitor at Emma's home. He bids her adieu, with the blissful hope that ere another night spreads her ebony wing over the earth, and bids this hour come again, that she will truly be his own beautiful bride. He has passed this evening in the family sitting-room, where he met the happy smiles of Emma, and receives many a kind and maternal admonition from her estimable mother, who pleads to claim her, at least in part, for she certainly feels an unusual love, even for a mother, for this dear and amiable daughter. It is her only jewel—it is all the star that now lingers in her night of life, to cheer, with fond affection, her declining days. She has learned to properly value such a devoted child as her Emma ; and like many a valuable gem which we hold in our possession, she more fully realizes its intrinsic worth when it should, as the donation of love, be transferred to another.

Emma awaits, with thrilling heart, the to-morrow, which will be the "coup de grace" of happiness. A change has come over the spirit of her life, and she is once more the joyful and confiding being of the past.

No ostentatious preparation has been made for this belle and heiress, this beautiful and faithful one, to unite her destiny with this chosen being of her heart's well-tried love. Miss May Mortimer is at Oak Lawn, endeavoring to fill up the void occasioned by Lionel's absence; and the Emersons are too contented in their quiet flow of happiness to arouse into the activity and excitement incidental to any grand entertainment.

Destiny has dealt quite leniently with Arthur and Emma, and is now about to redeem the misery of the past and reward their mutual sufferings and devotion by linking them in the binding tie of blessed and holy love.

Morning dawned—and if we may judge by the bright and unclouded sky that greets the eye as it glances to the blue vault above, we would say that it was an augury of good, augmentive of hope in the propitious consummation of the evening's ceremony.

It is night—the eventful night that will give a coloring to all the future, and whose anniversary will be welcomed on each successive visitation as the advent season of confiding hope and mutual trust.—The parlors are brilliantly lighted—a few select family friends are present; among the number, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Desonges, who are here to witness the completion of Emma's happiness, and to carry home their cherished sister Clara, whose sorrow has doubly endeared her to their hearts.

Emma paused with a throbbing heart before her mirror. What a reflection is thrown back with magic charm and perfect correctness! Lovely and beautiful does she appear in the snowy dress that falls in abundant grace and ethereal lightness around

her exquisite form! Her rich waving curls, dark blue eyes, that are now emitting electric glances of holy inspired faith; cheeks that are tinged with a crimson blush of conflicting thought and emotion, and those lips that are certainly as tempting and "cherry ripe" as the goddess of love ever framed; the delicately curved neck, and the slender, yet well-proportioned arms, all make a most captivating picture—indeed, she was fearfully beautiful; and as Arthur Clifton drew her nervous little hand in his, a thrill of proud joy rushed over his soul, making his heart quiver with delightful pride, as he softly murmured:

"More bewitching, more soul-entrancing and angel-like than ever, Emma, beautiful one!—my bride!"

With a sweet smile she received this compliment; the last ever to be given her by her lover, but only the prelude to many such to be willingly and lavishly bestowed by a loving and loyal husband.

The solemn vow has been breathed. The words have been spoken, which, with a magic power, have linked them heart to heart, and which, by time alone, will be broken!

With joyful eyes the proud and happy Arthur and lovely Emma most graciously receive the blessings and good-wishes of the friends present. Thus have these two proved that love, if it be true love, will live through all time and all life's changes—yes, that *true* love will

"Work out its own redemption!"

May the future unfold a life of bliss for the trust-

ing, forgiving, and constant heart of Emma! May it bear days replete with joy, pride, and pleasure for the noble, penitent, and devoted soul of Arthur!—"Destiny" bring to them the sunlight of peace and content, is our wish, as we say to them—"Farewell!"

Involuntarily we turn to Clara. She is now at home, clad in her garb of mourning. Her cheek of once rather pale hue is flushed with roseate color, plainly telling that the bloom of health is yielding to that tyrant that knows no remorse, and respects neither youth, love, nor beauty. That hectic cheek and hollow cough tell of consumption's swift decay. She is yielding uncomplainingly to its withering power, and seems to reflect with pleasure on the gradual and yet sure decay of her life. The future has no bright hope for her. The rainbow of promise no longer spans the sky of faith. From the past alone she gathers all the joy that fills her way, and it is so intermingled with blight and bitter disappointment, that there is more of gloom than gladness in the brightest retrospection with which retentive memory looks backward in time's sea of yore—yet meekly she bows to her "destiny." She has learned that there is a divine and all-powerful One who marks out the pathway of mortals here below, and that this Providence permits no dereliction, no deviation from the orbit of "destiny."

Each morning she places a fresh vase of rare and beautiful flowers by the side of Dr. Alvan's tomb; and often as she lingers near, her soul holds spiritual communion with this departed one. In love's vivid imagination she feels the reality of this fancied meet-

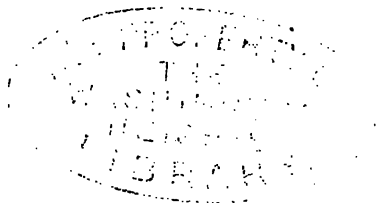
ing! Ah! how many like this sad-hearted one!—Bless—devoutly bless the power of imagination; for are there not many like our broken-hearted Clara, who only enjoy the light of love in the realm of ideality?

As she looks upon the white marble shaft, that points in silent eloquence to heaven, there is a chastening magic in the power of its mute appeal, and she kneels around his grave mingling her sighs with the plaintive moaning of the willow limbs that lean caressingly over this hallowed ground. She was

“ Oft to that spot by tender memory won.”

It is her Mecca—her earthly shrine to which she pays her daily devotions. And now to her—“ Farewell !”

In the language of this flitting life there is no word more full of sorrow, more replete with touching sadness, than that on which we love to dwell, the last and lingering—“ *Farewell !*”



28, 10













